A Canadian Magazine for Everybody

NATIONAL PICTORIAL

TORONTO, ONTARIO

Vol. II., No. 3 FEBRUARY, 1922 Twenty Cents

Fiction and Fashions

Contains

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How Parliament Gets to Work

The "Fairies" of Vancouver

Editorial Comment that is "Different"

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A FOREWORD OR TWO

The NATIONAL PICTORIAL, with this number resumes publication after an interregnum of several months, caused by financial troubles from which it, in common with many another enterprise, suffered during the closing months of 1921. The Magazine has changed hands and is now published by the Strand Press, with head office at 81 Victoria Street, Toronto. It is the intention to follow the high promise of the earlier issues of the Magazine, and to monthly improve upon its appearance and contents until it reaches the ideal to which its new owners aspire, that of being, in truth as well as in name, a National Pictorial review of Canadian life and progress and aspirations.

There is no propaganda behind The NATIONAL PICTORIAL. It has no axes to grind, no enterprise, but its own, to exploit, and no motive but to fill what is believed to be a long felt want (if we may be pardoned for using a hackneyed expression) in providing the people of Canada, and particularly the homes of Canada, with a Magazine that will be worthy of the Canadian people and will develop amongst the people a love for Canada, a faith in Canada, and a pride in Canada which the resources and the history of the Dominion warrant.

Without any desire to disparage the enterprise of our neighbors to the south, the new proprietors of The NATIONAL PICTORIAL are of the opinion that the time has come when Canada can afford to give its support to Canadian magazines and periodicals when they are made as good as those which now form the chief stock in trade of our book sellers and news agents. The large circulation of so many American magazines in Canada is due, not so much to the desire by Canadians to patronize foreign literature, as to the fact that Canada has been sadly lacking in a magazine literature of its own, which would have the virile attractiveness of that presented by the American magazine.

We all know that in the past it has been necessary for our Canadian writers and artists to cross the imaginary line between the two countries in order to find a market for their wares. Thanks largely to the growth of a national spirit, that period in our national life is passing, and it is the hope of the NATIONAL PICTORIAL that it shall become the medium by which the hitherto unrecognized talent of Canadians shall find expression. As a review of world events the NATIONAL PICTORIAL will necessarily have to "survey mankind from Pekin to Peru" and thus, to a certain degree, deal with world affairs and international relations; but its chief aim will be to create a live interest in Canadian art, music and literature. This being the case, a preference will always be given to Canadian contributors, whether they be resident in the Dominion or domiciled across the seas or in the United States, because these Canadiens errants are, after all, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, and entitled to share in the development of Canadian thoughts and aspirations. Such a Canadian policy can, we believe, be carried out in no spirit of narrow-mindedness either to our neighbors to the south or to those in the Motherland; but Canada should always come first in the thoughts and ideals of Canadians. Such, at any rate, is the belief of the new proprietors of the NATIONAL PICTORIAL, and it is in that confident faith in Canadian sentiment and ideals that they have taken up the burden of the original promoters of the enterprise and are convinced that they will receive the warm-hearted support of the Canadian people both on farm and in city.

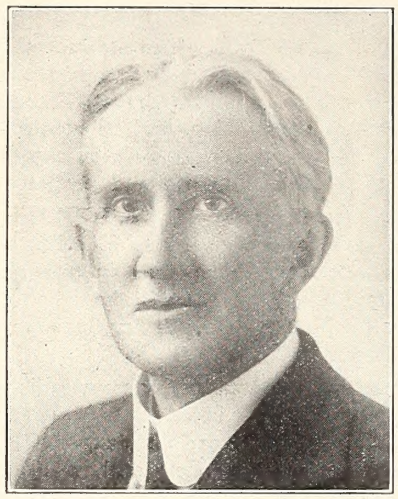
Contributions are invited from Canadian authors and artists. They will be given careful consideration and will, if accepted, be paid for at a rate which will increase as the NATIONAL PICTORIAL grows in circulation and influence. Speaking of circulation, we are delighted to be able to state that, despite the forced suspension of publication, the circulation is growing by leaps and bounds and we feel that we are safe in predicting that before six months have passed our circulation figures will have passed those of any other periodical in Canada. All subscriptions will be automatically extended to cover the months during which the magazine was not published so that no subscriber will suffer loss.

In our opinion personality should not, at first at any rate, enter into the publicity concerning the NATIONAL PICTORIAL. All that it is necessary to say in regard to the editorial control of the magazine is that it now lies in the hands of a journalist of long experience in Canada, as to whose sturdy Canadianism there can be no doubt, and that the managerial end of the enterprise is in the hands of business men whose faith in Canada has been proven by their works and their success by their high standing in the community.

The publication of the NATIONAL PICTORIAL under date of February will enable the publishers to place the magazine on the newstands and in the homes of its subscribers at the same period of the month as the American magazines are now placed on sale, so that in this regard at least the NATIONAL PICTORIAL will be on even footing with its chief competitors.

If you like this issue, as we are sure you will, pass it on to a friend after you have read it, or, better still, advise him or her to buy a copy, thus preserving your own copy for binding, because we can assure you that the NATIONAL PICTORIAL will be well worth saving and re-reading months, aye years, after its current interest has waned.

THE EDITOR SAYS



W. T. ALLISON, M.A., Ph.D.
Literary Editor of the Winnipeg Tribune, one of the keenest analytical reviewers of Canada.

FEBRUARY, 1922

READ IN THIS ISSUE

THE LAND OF BIG THINGS
By E. L. Chicanot.
LEARN HOW TO THINK
By A. M. Pierson
THE HEART OF THE EMPIRE
By Doris Hemming.
THE "FAIRIES" OF VANCOUVER
By Lyn Tallman.
THE FEDERAL PARLIAMENT
By L. A. M. Lovekin.
A GREAT CANADIAN SINGER
By Philip King.

Boasting is no recommendation in the case of an individual, but it is pardonable when it is used in regard to a nation. That's why our leading article this month "The Land of Big Things" is worth while. It's full of information which the average Canadian does not know.

Both our short stories this month are about Canadians. Next month our fiction will be even better.

Do you know that Canada possesses the most wonderful telescope in the world? National Pictorial will tell you about it next month.

With a new Governor-General, a new Premier and Ministry and a new Parliament, the coming session at Ottawa will be historical. That's why we tell of the significance of the ceremonies when Parliament is opened.

A timely subject for February is skating and the article on Fancy Skating in this number tells about the progress of that art in Canada.

You have heard of the mystery of the "Marie Celeste," the bark found deserted at sea. The National Pictorial will in March have a cracker-jack of a story about this unsolved tragedy of the ocean, and it will be by a new Canadian writer at that.

THE NATIONAL PICTORIAL is published by the Strand Press, 81 Victoria Street, Toronto.
R. McLelland, President.

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All subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new addresses.

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Manuscripts must be accompanied by Canadian postage for their return, if unavailable. The National Pictorial assumes no responsibility for unsolicited contributions, except to accord them courteous attention and ordinary care. The National Pictorial does not accept or pay duty on drawings submitted by foreign artists unless the drawings are sent at the order of The National Pictorial or by arrangement.

THE NATIONAL PICTORIAL

"A CANADIAN MAGAZINE FOR EVERYBODY"

VOL. II., NO. 3 **FEBRUARY, 1922** TORONTO, ONT.

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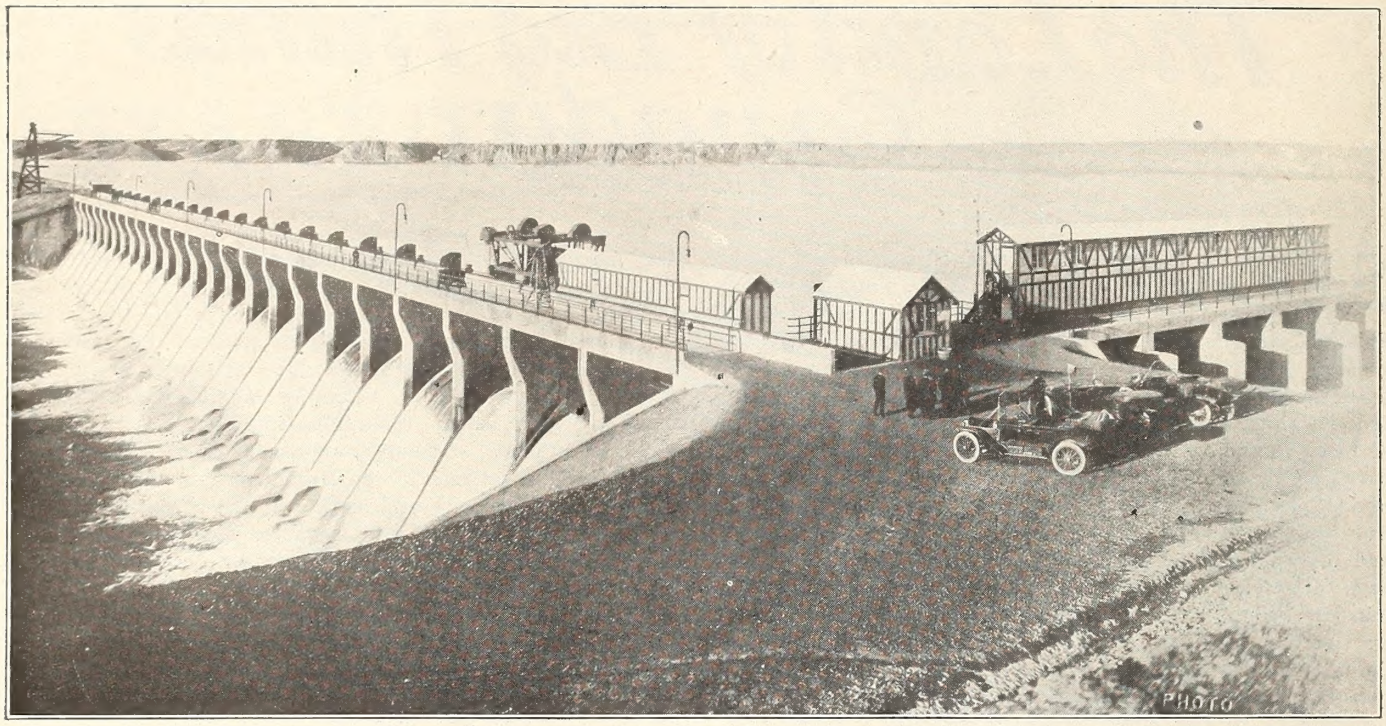
The Land of Big Things
Canada

By E. L. Chicanot

SOME time ago a sadly informed citizen of the Great Republic to the south of us proffered a suggestion that Canada be ceded to the United States to wipe out Great Britain's war debt to that country, thereby exhibiting the grossest ignorance on the fundamentals of inter-Empire relations, the character of the Canadian people, and the sentiments and ideals instigating our race. Somewhat similar occurrences of a like derogatory character, cropping up from time to time, have merely amused Canadians, and few have stopped to wonder just how lightly their country must be regarded elsewhere to give rise to such stupid sentiments. Investigation and analysis of such episodes clearly disclose that they do not have their origin in malevolence, ill-will, or bad feeling, as a minority would have us believe, but prove in the clearest manner that they spring from the most colossal ignorance of the Dominion and Dominion affairs—national status, wealth of resources, national character and sentiment. Voltaire's description of "a few acres of snow" still has a fairly wide acceptance where Canada's phenomenal progress has not formed part of the history curriculum, whilst the vaguest ideas exist as to Dominion government and the compatability of a perfect democracy with a nation a part of an empire.

There is an intercourse between Canada and the United States more frequent and steadily maintained than probably between any two countries of the globe, arising from a border which is in many respects indefinite and imaginary, from a common speech which facilitates intercourse, and mutual business interests causing inter-travel and exchange of peoples. Those citizens of the United States who are in the habit of travelling back and forth over the border cannot but be more or less **au fait** with Canadian conditions, and such misconceptions as have been touched on could scarcely emanate from them. But the United States is a nation of over a hundred million souls, and the minute portion which ever gets across the Canadian border is entirely lost sight of in the tremendous aggregate, and is altogether comparatively puny for the effects of their views to permeate that host. For the main part, the remainder of the people must depend on what history teaches—and Canadian history is very recent—and form on the few fundamentals which persist their con-

WHERE THE WATER POWER OF CANADA SHOWS ITS IMPATIENCE TO GET TO WORK. CANADA RANKS SECOND IN AGGREGATE WATER POWER.



IRRIGATION DAM AT BASSANO, ALBERTA, THE LARGEST ON THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.

ceptions of climate, extent, and the main items of production. Without doubt, there exists the most lamentable ignorance of Canadian geography and history as of a land well within the Arctic circle or of resources as yet unknown and unexplored.

If such a state of ignorance exists in a country so propinquitous to us, the same may be said in a greater degree of many lands across the Atlantic. It was only due to the staunch, unyielding qualities of Canada's delegates to the League of Nations, and their asserting the standing of their country boldly and continually, that the Dominion's national status as it is to-day was recognized, so that foreign delegates, and even British journalists, were astounded on learning the exact relations between Canada and Great Britain and that the home government had no say whatever in Dominion affairs.

The question to be brought out here is just how far Canadians are responsible for the situation; how much of this lack of publicity can be set down against their lack of initiative or their apathy. The government and certain big organizations like the railways are responsible for extensive propaganda through literature, lectures and motion pictures. What does the individual Canadian do? Canadians are not wont to apologize for their Dominion at home. How far are they responsible for spreading the knowledge of its wonders abroad?

Do You Know Canada?

All this hinges on the question: Do Canadians know enough about their own country to talk about it? Do they know its resources, its productions, its tremendous potentialities? Do Canadians react upon the suggestion of insignificance which countries, not greater but more populous than theirs, impugn, heedless of the fact that the building up of a population is a matter within the power of any country—rather is it a problem to build well—but that wealth, the fundamental richness from which all prosperity flows, has been distributed by nature, and can be only exploited and made use of, not created, built, or acquired? Do Canadians know sufficient of Nature's generosity to Canada in her distribution of gifts and with what lavish hand she dealt out upon the land the wonderful things she had to bestow?

For its size, Canada has one of the smallest populations of the globe, amounting to only one-half of one per cent. of the world's people. In contrast, she is potentially one of the richest nations of the globe, has a practical monopoly of certain natural assets, and is in fact large and gigantic in every other respect but that of population. The area of Canada is one-third that of the British Empire, and the Dominion's coast-line totals in length nearly one-half of the circumference of the globe. In Lake Superior, which has an area of 31,800 square miles, Canada has the largest body of fresh water in the world and its most extensive inland fishing ground. Canada, with 12,000 miles of seacoast on the Atlantic and Pacific and 220,000 square mile of freshwater fisheries, possesses the world's most expansive fishing grounds which are potentially its wealthiest. Her forest resources are second to none in their reserves of timber and pulpwood, nominal forest or woodland being estimated at 1,000 million acres, and the actual available area of merchantable timber at 200 million acres. Canada at the present time is the world's greatest fur producer. She is surpassed by only one country in the production of pulp and paper, and takes second place only to the United States in her tremendous wealth of undeveloped water-powers.

Canada has probably the greatest reserve of virgin agricultural land in the world with more than 200,000,000 acres of arable land in the Western Provinces alone as yet untouched by the plough. Yet she has already assumed third place among the wheat growing nations of the globe in her annual production, which, in 1920, reached a total of 263,189,300 bushels. The quality of her product, too, is unsurpassed, and for the past ten years she has consistently carried off the world's first wheat-growing honors at international exhibitions. Similar honors have gone to Manitoba for cattle, and for horses to Alberta.

This "insignificant" young country has a virtual world monopoly in certain valuable mineral deposits, and brings

other nations to her doors for their supplies. With but half of one per cent. of the world's population, she produces 90 per cent. of its cobalt, 88 per cent. of its asbestos, 85 per cent. of its nickel, 12 per cent. of its silver, and 4 per cent. of its gold. She possesses 17 per cent. of the coal resources of the entire globe, and 71 per cent. of the coal reserve of the British Empire. What is said to be the largest coal seam ever discovered, measuring 47 feet, is located at Stellarton, Nova Scotia.

Things to Boast About.

At Niagara Falls, thanks largely to the foresight of Sir Adam Beck, Canada has the greatest development of electrical energy in the world, by which "white coal" the Province of Ontario will soon solve her fuel problem, and which power is bound to make that province one of the greatest manufacturing areas on the continent, if not in the world.

The Canadian Pacific irrigation project in Southern Alberta is the largest scheme of its kind on the American continent, and at Bassano it features the continent's most gigantic dam. The largest grain mills and the largest lift locks in the world are to be found in Canada. The Quebec bridge across the St. Lawrence has the largest span of any bridge yet constructed, and Victoria bridge over the same river at Montreal, ranks third in length among feats of bridge engineering. At Port Arthur, Canada has the largest elevator in the world, with a capacity of ten million bushels, and at Montreal the greatest grain conveying system in the world. On basis of population, Canada has the highest ratio of railway mileage in country, and its National Railways exceed in capacity those of any other country.

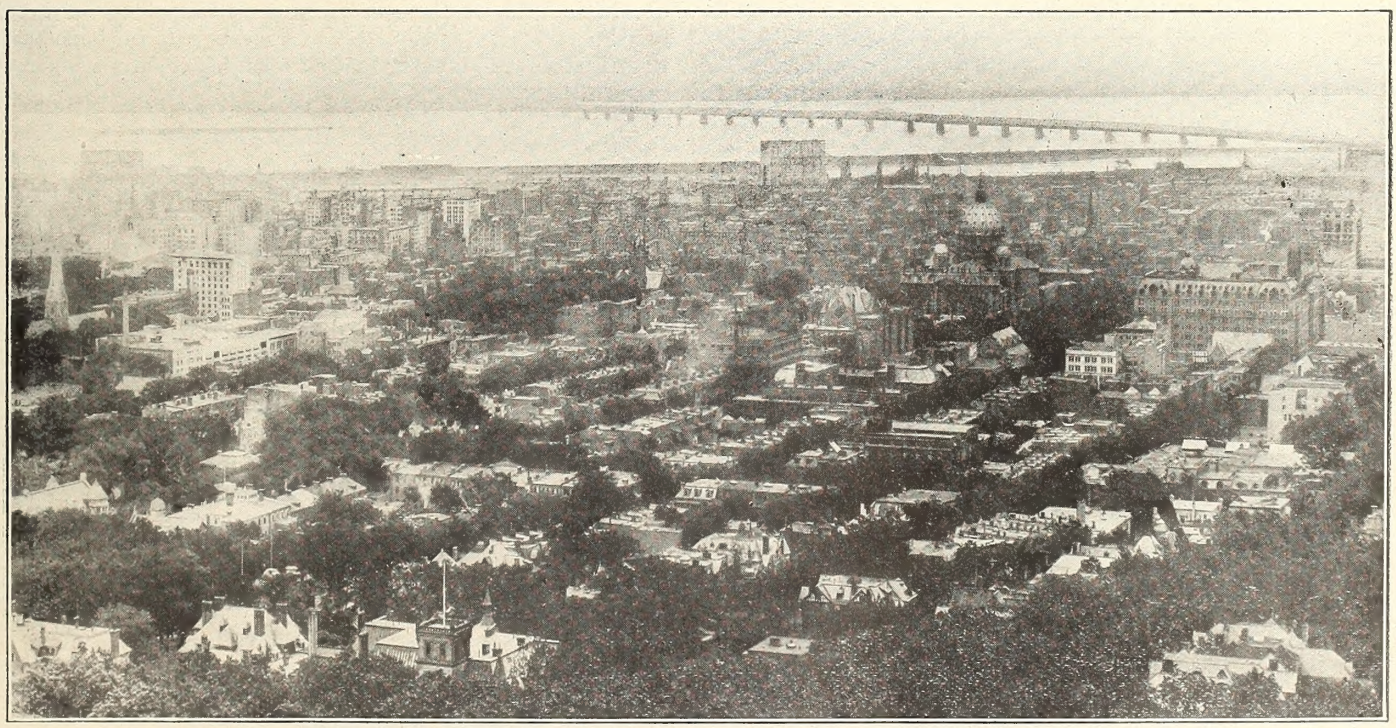
At Peterborough, Canada has the world's highest hydraulic lift-lock; at St. John is the largest suction dredge in the world (18,000 horse power); the world's largest water power tunnel is situated at Niagara Falls; whilst at Gouin, at the head of the St. Maurice River, in Quebec, is located the biggest reservoir in the world. The largest pulp mill of its kind, with a daily capacity of 550 tons of mechanical pulp and 200 tons of chemical pulp, is located at Chicoutimi, Quebec. We might remember, too, that Toronto has the world's largest industrial exhibition, based on its average attendance of over a million persons.

In the agricultural line the biggest ranch in the world is easily that of the North American Reindeer Company, which has granted a concession of 73,750 square miles north of the Churchill River, in Hudson Bay territory, for the domestic rearing of reindeer, cariboo and muskoxen. The Noble farm, at Nobleford, Alberta, constituted the world's largest single farming enterprise with its largest single yield, amounting in value, in 1920, to a million dollars from 515,000 bushels of wheat, oats and rye. On the industrial side, the largest agricultural implement industry in the British Empire is the Massey-Harris at Toronto.

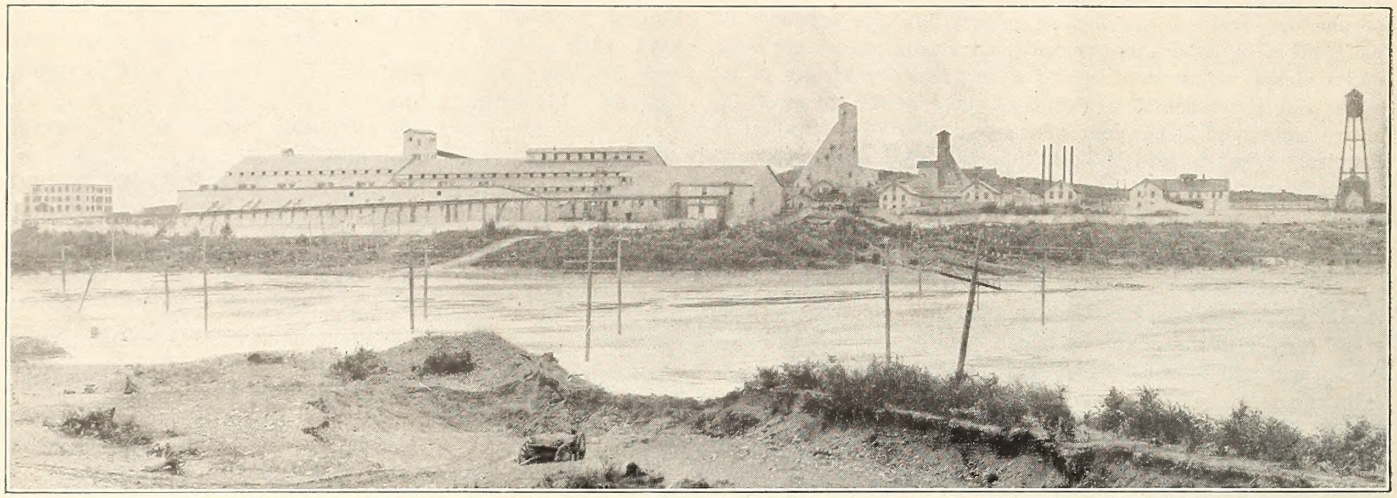
Canada is equally to the fore in mining, with the largest copper mine in the British Empire—the Britannia of British Columbia; the world's largest nickel mine—the Creighton near Sudbury—producing more than half the world's output of nickel; and one of the world's largest gold mines—the Hollinger of New Ontario—producing at the rate of $8,000,000 per year.

The largest game preserve in America is Jasper Park, with an area of 4,400 square miles, and harboring ten thousand Rocky Mountain sheep alone. The largest railway yard in the world, operated by one concern, is that of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Winnipeg, with 258 miles of siding.

These are some of the big things of Canada, natural, engineering and commercial enterprises, assets of the Dominion in which she surpasses all other countries on the globe. This is surely enough to impugn the suggestion of puniness, and prove might and resource, compelling the admiration and



BIRD'S EYEVIEW OF MONTREAL, FIFTH CITY OF THE AMERICAN CONTINENT, SHOWING THE VICTORIA BRIDGE, RANKING THIRD IN LENGTH AMONG WORLD BRIDGES



THE HOLLINGER GOLD MINE IN NORTHERN ONTARIO ONE OF THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

respect of other nations and instilling a pride in achievement and possession in the people of her own fair domain.

The Progress of Fifty-five Years.

Canada is not only a land of big things, a country created in mammoth proportions, where men think titanically and works are performed on a gigantic scale, but she is a land which has exhibited the most phenomenal growth in history. This rapidity of progress is illustrated in any aggregation of pertinent statistics one may seize upon—trade, population, revenue, industries.

In 1867, when the confederation of the provinces was effected, the United Canada had a population of 3,500,000; to-day it is over 9,000,000. Canada's export trade at that time, consisting almost of entirely raw material, amounted to $52,701,720; in 1920 her export trade was $1,287,000,000, including a very substantial amount of manufactured goods. The immigrant tide to Canada in 1867 was 14,666 and in 1913 it had reached 402,432. Though suffering a decline in the period of war, it is fast resuming its old strength, and in 1920, 147,502 immigrants entered the Dominion. The capital invested in industrial concerns in 1867 was less than $78,000,000; to-day it is more than $3,000,000,000.

These are facts which every Canadian should know, a clear understanding of which should thoroughly permeate him to the end that he may successfully refute aspersions of smallness upon his land. A thorough knowledge of the basic facts of the true status of the Dominion in natural wealth and achievement must, with all those who have at heart the good and progress of their land, instill a sense of pride and power which characterizes so often citizens of other nations, not greater but more populous. The past economic history of the Dominion is but a blurred indistinct reflection of her great future, but in it may be visioned the inevitable greatness of industrial and agricultural development.

Know your own country and advertise it!! Help to dispel the widely existent ignorance on the many phases of Dominion greatness. This is the national and patriotic duty of every Canadian traveller or any other who meets with the opportunity of further enlightening himself upon his country's inherent possibilities.

A Canadian National Song

By J. H. ARNETT

Although Mr. Arnett lives in Regina, this poet is almost entirely a Manitoba product. Born in Ontario, he went West in 1879, as a small child, and lived in Manitoba until four years ago. He has written many songs of various kinds, some humorous, some semi-classical, some of an almost "popular" type. All express either some phase of Canadian life or of the life of any common mortal. There is perhaps nothing strikingly new or original about his work, but on the other hand, there is nothing tawdry about either words or music, and everything he writes has a definite human appeal. He ought to meet with great success if he attempts to publish more of his work, because his songs express what people feel, in a way that almost anyone can understand. During the past year Mr. Arnett's "Saskatchewan Song" has swept the province. His new national song, called "Canadians, Arise," is here given:

Canadians, arise!
The call goes out today,
From shore to shore united
We must live 'neath Freedom's sway.
Who are Canadians?
The Ones who love this Land,
Who for our Nation-Empire dear
Will firmly stand.

Canadians, arise!
The call goes out again,
Throughout all the years our heritage
Must sacred still remain.
Who are Canadians?
The spirit of the Slain
Who, fighting, fell to save for us
This vast domain.

for February

Will Canada's Peat Bogs Prove the Solution of Our Fuel Problem?

By MYRTLE LEETA CHERRY

IT seems of late years that every succeeding winter supersedes the last one in the intensity of its fuel problems. Every year we hear the dealers cry, "Coal Shortage! Coal Shortage!" and every year we are forced to pay more and more for every ton of coal that we must use. Indeed, during this last couple of seasons it has been no unusual thing to find that we could not buy coal for our needs, no matter how willing we were to pay the high prices, for the simple reason that there was not sufficient coal coming into Canada to supply our urgent demands. Unfortunately, we have been abjectedly dependent on the wishes and extortions of the coal barons of Pennsylvania, for though Nova Scotia and British Columbia both are possessed of coal deposits, the freight rates make delivery from those quarters a negligable consideration.

Small wonder is it then that Canada is really worried about her fuel problems, for she must think of the future as well as the present; and we are told that at the present rate of consumption, even the huge coal deposits of the United States would be sufficient for us all, only for about another hundred years or so. It is essential then that some new fuel be discovered if Canadians are to have the warmth and comfort in their homes that our cold winters demand, and if the wheels of our great factories are to be kept turning steadily.

Thoroughly understanding the magnitude of the task before it our Canadian Government for some years past has been carrying on exhaustive experiments as to the practicability of using peat as fuel. For, although perhaps it is not generally realized, Canada is particularly rich in peat bogs. There are some 36,000 square miles of excellent peat bogs scattered throughout our Dominion, but of all the Provinces, Ontario takes the lead in the quantity and quality of the great unused peat bogs which are found throughout her many counties; and it may be that at some future date, if experiments prove successful, Ontario will not only be providing herself with an excellent and cheap fuel, but will be able to send quantities to other parts of Canada as well.

Ontario's great wealth of peat bogs in width of distribution and extent is not exceeded by any country of equal area in all the world. This is explained to a great extent by the great suitability of Ontario's climate for the formation of peat bogs. The long rainy seasons occurring twice a year; the long, cold winters to freeze over the bogs, and keep them in perfect preservation; and the long spells of heat and drought which help to dry out the peat; all these are excellent conditions for the perfection of peat bogs. These great peat bogs of Ontario are looked on by the wise eyes of the Department of Mines as quite capable of furnishing a native fuel which would create a new industry of great magnitude, employ labor and capital on a large scale, and utilize resources which are now almost dormant. Of course there are still some difficulties in the way, but we have the assurance of the Government that the peat question is receiving the most thorough consideration and investigation; while Prof. Wilson, of McGill University has assured us that within a radius of forty miles of Toronto are peat bogs which would yield approximately SEVEN MILLION TONS of peat fuel.

In this Canada of ours we really know very little about the use of peat as fuel, but we need only think for a few minutes about the lavish use of peat in the old lands to realize its utility and economic advantages. Scotland and Ireland have burned it in the ordinary air-dried form for many centuries. Germany, Holland, Russia, Denmark, and Sweden all use peat in ever-increasing quantities for domestic purposes, and also in steel and glass furnaces, firing locomotive boilers, generating electricity, and in these countries it is used both in its solid and gaseous forms. Russia uses 7,000,000 tons of peat fuel every year; Sweden uses over 2,000,000 tons each year; and trim little Holland, whose comely housewives are especially neat and thrifty, will use no other fuel, and only peat is used in the Dutch brickyards.

In the European countries (where anthracite is unknown) three kinds of peat fuel are used. First, cut or stick peat which is used by the poorer classes, who dig out the crude peat from a dry or drainable bog, with a specially shaped spade, having a sort of wing on the side of it. This cuts rectangular blocks, which are simply left for a few days to dry, and burned with no further preparation. It is said that a good laborer can dig about 1¼ tons of dried peat in a day. This sort of peat, however, is not feasible in Ontario. The second type is machine peat, or peat which is ground or macerated to a pulp while wet, and then moulded into blocks and dried. This is a compact and better form of peat fuel, which is sold in great quantities in Holland, Germany, Austria, Denmark, Sweden, and Russia, for all sorts of domestic and manufacturing purposes, and is the class of peat most used in Europe except by the peasantry. The third kind is known as peat briquettes, made by artificially drying and compressing powdered peat.

These great peat bogs, which are usually locally known as swamps, are composed of a great thickness of sphagnum moss and a mixture of aquatic plants, and are usually surrounded by a straggling growth of stunted evergreen trees, spruce, cedar and pine. The formation of peat takes place in much the same way that coal was originally formed, except that where fallen and submerged trees were the original basis of coal, the moss and aquatic plants form the ultimate peat. In fact it is said that peat is really incipient coal, and would, if the bogs were left undisturbed, form coal seams for the benefit of the coming generations. Peat, however, possesses a much smaller percentage of sulphur than any kind of coal, and is, therefore, less injurious to grate bars and boiler tubes.

No Ashes to Sift!

As a fuel, peat is most satisfactory. When first placed on the fire, it burns with a short blue flame until the grate spaces are covered with embers, when it emits an intense yellow glow, and a short yellow flame. It gives an intense heat, easily controlled, and a peat fire will not go out until every atom of fuel has been consumed. Peat makes no clinker, but leaves considerable ashes, which are light and powdery; and one of its greatest advantages is its price, for it has been estimated that peat should sell in Ontario for about three dollars per ton at the place of production.

Some attempt has been made in Ontario in the past to place peat on the market as fuel, and indeed, as far back as 1866 an attempt was made to market peat by a man named

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JIMMIE EXPLAINS

By THOMAS B. SHERMAN

Illustrated by PAUL GREGG

(AN ADVENTURE OF A CANADIAN BOY IN NEW YORK)

THE General Manager, himself not more than thirty, turned an indulgent eye upon the dark, slim youth who had just walked into his office.

"Good morning, Jimmie," he said. "What can I do for you?"

"I have been told, Mr. Wilder, that Mr. Meredith is going to leave," said the youth. "If that is true I should like to present myself as an applicant for his position."

The General Manager opened his eyes a bit wider.

"Short and to the point," he said. "Yes, Jimmie, Meredith is going to leave and naturally somebody will be appointed in his place. I must confess, though, that I hadn't thought of you, even though I happen to know that your work has been uniformly excellent. However, if you are the best man for the job, I'd like to know it. Sit down and tell me why you think you'd make a good advertising manager."

"Thank you," said Jimmie, as he drew up a mahogany chair and took a seat.

"If you remember, I came into the Snow White Co. as an artist."

Wilder nodded.

"With your permission," continued Jimmie, "I became a copy writer. This memorandum will give you a fair idea of what my contribution to the department has been over and above routine work." He handed the General Manager a sheaf of typewritten sheets. "Of course, the fact that I am a commercial artist is a point which, I think, you should count in my favor. But there is another consideration—a personal reason why I particularly desire promotion at this time."

The General Manager looked up curiously from a cursory examination of the memorandum.

"I am in a position where I shall shortly need a much larger income than I now have. This, you will probably think, is no affair of yours. But it's your affair up to this extent: You are the person responsible for my being in this, well, interesting and responsible position."

"I?" queried the General Manager. "Why, I've only known you since you've been with the company, Jimmie."

"That's true," admitted Jimmie; "but, nevertheless, if it hadn't been for you I should never have come to work for the Snow White Co. nor would I now be in a position that will presently demand expanded resources."

"Well! You interest me. Would you mind explaining?"

"Not at all," said Jimmie.

The following is what he drew upon to tell Mr. Wilder his story:—

Saturday afternoon was always a trying season for Jimmie Lennox. Offices are emptied and the countless janissaries of trade swarm the streets with shrill cries and hurried movements, persistent in their efforts to make it a holiday. It was, therefore, no propitious time for meditation and Jimmie couldn't afford to do anything else.

Out of that $25 a week which Wilfred Darberling allowed him, he bought occasional prints for his bed-and-living room in Mrs. Donnelly's flat over on Fourth Avenue and kept himself in clothes. He dressed as well as possible, a little better perhaps than his position in life demanded. But gnawing dissatisfaction would have turned into hopeless misery if Jimmie had ever allowed himself to become frowsy. He

"IF YOU REMEMBER, I CAME INTO THE SNOW WHITE CO. AS AN ARTIST

maintained, as far as possible, a sense of physical well-being, but for all of that felt that he had somehow been thwarted of a just destiny. Fate had been wilful and perverse.

The worst of it was that Jimmie couldn't describe his ambition—couldn't put his hand on the inhibition that had kept him an architect's draughtsman for three years. He wanted more beauty, more passion, color and melody. That's all he knew.

Over that article of furniture in his room which was a settee by day and a bed by night, was fastened a newspaper print of Mrs. Hydig Van Horn. He never tired of looking at that serene and lofty brow and the eyes that were imperious without being arrogant. It was the look of breed rather than the look of beauty that produced in Jimmie such a rich variety of sensation. But Jimmie wasn't in love with Mrs. Van Horn—he had no curiosity about her activities in New York, Newport and Palm Beach. She was to him merely the symbol of all that beauty in life which was somehow prohibited to him.

Jimmie put away his tools, put on his coat and walked out into the Saturday afternoon throng. There was nothing he could do but go home—or possibly to the Metropolitan Museum. His progress up Broadway was an indeterminate, hesitant sort of journey composed of numerous, abstracted halts in the middle of the sidewalk. At Thirty-third street the crowd shoved him to the curb. He stopped for a moment and glanced down at the sidewalk. At his feet was a pasteboard strip. He stooped, picked it up, examined it slowly, and found it to be a ticket of admission to the musical piece "Caroline" which was playing at the Knickerbocker Theatre, six blocks up. Jimmie's first impulse was to return the ticket at the box office window. It was not his. On the other hand, he thought, the box office had no more right to it than himself. The owner had lost it, obviously, but its restoration in time to be of any use was impossible now, as it was 2 o'clock and the matinee started at 2.20.

So Jimmie allowed his afternoon to be determined in this way.

His seat was on the aisle in the middle of the house. Shortly after the curtain went up a girl was ushered to the seat next to him. The pit was dark, but when the act was over he turned his head slightly and found the girl looking at him intently.

This was disconcerting, chiefly because it prevented his looking at her. He wanted to look at her. The face he had seen in that first arrested glance had provoked a desire that grew stronger with each moment of denial. He knew that in another moment he must turn his head again even at the risk of being thought the usual brazen ogler. Then the girl spoke:

"Well," she said, "you see I'm here."

It was hardly possible that she could be speaking to him. But her face was turned to him; her voice was pitched so low that any one else could have heard only with difficulty. Jimmie felt his cheeks grow warm.

"I beg your pardon?" he said.

"You see I'm here," she repeated, and embellished her words with an amused smile that broke into a delicate gurgle of laughter.

"Yes," he ventured, "so you are. I would hardly have thought it."

"Why?" she asked.

Jimmie could think of no suitable answer to that. For all that he knew her presence there was entirely reasonable and expected. But if he hesitated much longer he would be lost.

"Why—why, it was difficult for me to imagine myself as being so fortunate as to see you this afternoon." This was lame, but it would serve. The girl laughed again.

"Any girl would have responded to that invitation—any girl with curiosity," she said.

Obviously this meeting was prearranged. It was equally evident that he was supposed to be some one else—and some one, fortunately, the girl had never seen before.

He must do one of two things: continue the deception, a course which he felt would require considerable dexterity, or admit his innocence of the whole affair and renounce the adventure. Ordinarily Jimmie would have come immediately out into the open, for pretensions of any kind were foreign to his nature. But this girl who was laughing at him with so much assurance, this girl who had been led up to him by a Fate which previously had been none too generous, had already touched his imagination. It would be turning his back on his luck to give her up now.

"I felt that I could rely on your curiosity if not your interest," he said. "But tell me—are you glad you came."

"Yes," she said, with a sort of rising inflection that implied a qualification. It was as if she had said: "So far—so good."

"Then we are both satisfied," said Jimmie. "And we can forget the preliminary operations that were necessary to bring us together."

"But that's not fair," she protested. "One of the reasons why I came was to satisfy my curiosity about how you managed to get that letter into my pocket."

"When did you discover it?" he ventured.

"As soon as I got on the ferry boat. It dropped out of my pocket and somebody picked it up and handed it to me. At first I said it wasn't mine, but when I saw how it was addressed: 'To the girl in the blue hat and the tan coat,' I knew it must be for me. Then I opened it and found the note and the ticket."

Jimmie saw a ray of light. The ticket he had used was evidently one of a pair.

"I dropped it in your pocket shortly before that," he told her.

"While I was in the waiting room?" she asked.

"Yes."

Though the situation had no precedent in Jimmie's experience the first threat of panic was gone and Jimmie felt a gratifying return of aplomb. It was an altogether delightful situation, he decided.

The girl gave every evidence of being pleased herself. Her eyes were dancing as she surveyed the well defined contours of Jimmie's face. As for Jimmie, he was hardly in the requisite mood for making an accurate appraisal. Details escaped him. He took in only the abundant, crinkling chestnut hair and a dress of blue serge that seemed simple and inexpensive but might have been both complex and dear.

After awhile the show was on again and in due season the plot was wound up and the curtain dropped for the last time.

When they reached the sidewalk the girl paused for a moment and turned an expectant look on Jimmie.

"Well, Mr. Wilder? You promised an adventure?"

A more experienced cavalier than Jimmie might have been upset by this. When Bracco's Comtesse Coquette strolled into Ricardi's lodgings and told him: "Well, here I am. Tempt me!" his savoir faire wilted on the spot. But this girl caught his embarrassed look and laughed. She understood—she was amused.

"I must confess that my resources are poor," said Jimmie. "It's an adventure for me merely to be with you. I could hardly expect you to share that feeling though."

"Well, what do you expect of me?"

"I expect you to be as illusory as you are now even after I have known you a long time. And I expect you to accept

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Learning How to Think More Efficiently

By ALFRED M. PIERSON

IF anyone were going to tell you that he was going to teach you Differential Calculus, although you did not know the four fundamentals of mathematics—addition, subtraction, multiplication and division—your natural and just decision would be that the proposition was impossible.

In comparison, however, that is exactly what we do in our modern method of education. We attempt to teach people law, medicine, engineering, any of the hundreds of trades and professions, all of which demand an enormous amount of thinking, yet we never teach anyone how to think before he is to start in thinking. It is difficult to imagine anything more absurd, but one does not need to strain the mind very much to realize that this is precisely what continuously happens.

The extraordinary part of this prevailing condition is the fact that learning to think and to control thinking is a comparatively easy task. The main difficulty is that when we mention the mind all of us go into a sort of trance through the idea that mind and thinking are in some way deeply mysterious subjects only understandable to strangely organized mentalities. Whereas the truth is that thinking is so simple a process that we overlook it.

We know there are two minds, the conscious and the sub-conscious; we also know that the conscious mind is capable of reasoning, whereas the subconscious mind acts directly. That is, it believes everything it is told, and proceeds to execute the commands it receives, not having the ability to deduct or to reason as to why these thoughts should or should not be carried out.

We know still further that the subconscious mind is in connection with all latent or infinite power and, therefore, when rightly commanded has the influence to bring into existence conditions which are apparently impossible.

Therefore, to prevent the subconscious mind from putting forth thoughts which are useless or unnecessary or even harmful, the conscious mind stands as a sort of barrier between the subconscious mind and the world as we know it.

The great difficulty is that the conscious mind, in its effort to protect the subconscious mind, erects barriers in the shape of wrong deductions or reasoning, which prevent the subconscious mind from properly functioning for the relief of mankind. So, in order to think properly, we must learn just how high and how deep these barriers should be, in order to protect, but at the same time not to restrict the subconscious mind in its operation.

First Step in Thinking: The first thing a physician does when called to a patient is to put him to bed. Why? Because he wants the patient in the greatest possible relaxation; otherwise his medicine will not work or will only produce moderate effects. Now, then, the first lesson in learning to think is to put the conscious mind, theoretically speaking, to bed, for the reason that we want to pull down the barrier of sensation, and by relaxing the conscious mind to allow the subconscious mind to use its power of suggestion on our problems.

As in illness, one of the requisites is quietness, otherwise sensations will constantly occur to distract us and raise up these barriers against the clearness of the subconscious working power.

Having put yourself in the most relaxed and receptive state possible, the next step is to present your problems to your subconscious mind exactly as you would to a lawyer, doctor or any other specialist. Don't omit even the slightest detail, because the apparently least important may prove the key to the whole situation.

Then, having presented your case, the next step is to FORGET IT. You have done all you can for the present. The subconscious mind will in turn go to the Infinite and the first thing you know something will happen, an idea will come or some demonstration will be made which will show you the way to the solution of what before seemed insurmountable. When you have learned to do this, you have learned all there is to basic thinking.

Learning to Think is Like Learning to Swim: The process of learning how to think rightly may be well compared with that of learning to swim. All of us are familiar with the struggles which we put forth during our first efforts to sustain our bodies in a quantity of water. The beginning always gives us the sensation of sinking, and our struggles only increase the apparent impossibility of staying on top. After a short while, however, we gradually recognize the truth that our struggling is exactly the thing which is causing us to sink; also, that given a certain quantity of water we are in no danger of going down.

Then follows a process of relaxing or giving up to the sustaining capacity of the water and we have learned to swim. The dexterity which we may later be able to exhibit in this art, is, of course, merely a matter of practice.

So in thinking, we must know that the subconscious mind represents the pool of water and our conscious mind the struggles which prevent us from comfortably floating on its surface. Once this is accepted, our ability to think properly is from that time on, as in swimming, a matter of practice; the more we apply ourselves, the easier, quicker and better the results until it finally becomes intuitive or automatic.

The main issue is to recognize the power of the subconscious mind through its connection with the Infinite Power. No one can exactly define the subconscious mind. In accepting the subconscious mind, faith is necessary. Once we learn to give up to it, there is no end to what may be accomplished by utilizing suggestions.

Basic rule: **The subconscious mind is unlimited—it can be controlled by the conscious mind.**

for February

FANCY SKATING IN CANADA

Toronto Has Now Finest Artificial Rink in Dominion---Championship Trophies for Canadian Skaters

FIGURE SKATING, the most fascinating of winter sports, combines healthful exercise with exhilarating effects. Its advantages may be shared by young and middle-aged, and even the elderly, for, paradoxical as it may seem, the junior championship of the United States was won last year by a gentleman of sixty-five. It brings together the youth of both sexes under most wholesome conditions, and the joy of their first waltz on ice will linger long in the memory.

Figure skating requires a keen sense of balance, which, however, is readily learned, combined with a knowledge of prescribed poses which are plainly described in instruction books illustrated with photographs and diagrams. The skate is slightly curved on the bottom, so that only a small portion of the blade rests on the ice at one time, and this enables the skater to perform those circling figures which are the admiration of spectators.

"In form, in moving, how express and admirable."
—Hamlet.

The blade of the figure skate is also slightly hollowed on the bottom and the ability to travel on one edge or the other is one of the tests of a good skater. While the fundamentals of figure skating are simple, the combinations of them are almost numberless. Upon the foundation of a few curves, turns, spins and jumps can be built up a skating performance of the most amazing variety. One authority has estimated that more than 8,000 skating figures can be based upon the combinations of the fundamentals.

NEW ARTIFICIAL ICE RINK OF THE TORONTO SKATING CLUB

The fundamental or "School Figures" adopted by the International Skating Union and accepted as standard in all parts of the world are the result of years of comparison and competition among the best experts of Europe. They include the edges, or gliding along in gentle curves forward or backward, changes of edge, threes, loops, brackets, rockers, counters and combinations of these. Skaters cannot be regarded as skilled until they can execute the school figures. In the enthusiasm to learn waltzing on ice many neglect the school figures, and find that when they enter a competition they are "nowhere." The Amateur Skating Association of Canada which governs figure skating in Canada, is affiliated with the International Skating Union of Europe and is authorized to hold tests and competitions in accordance with International rules and regulations. The competitions include both the prescribed school figures and also free skating to music, which is marked according to the contents of the programme and to the manner of performing it. The Union has also set up four graded tests which serve to classify club members. The simplest is the fourth class which is frequently used as an entrance test by clubs. The first class is very difficult and few have even succeeded in fulfilling the requirements of it. The badges indicating that skaters have passed these tests are keenly sought, for the tests are accepted by all clubs in the Association to indicate the standing of the members.

A Toronto "Palais de Glace".

The leading figure skating organizations of Canada are: The Minto Skating Club of Ottawa, The Winter Club of Montreal and The Toronto Skating Club. In Ottawa and Montreal climatic conditions make practicable the use of natural ice each season but the milder weather of Toronto has hitherto impeded the progress of figure skating in this city. The Toronto Skating Club has now completed the erection of an artificial ice rink on Dupont street, where the sport can be enjoyed for five months each season under ideal conditions. At one end are the club quarters in a two-storey brick building, equipped with dressing rooms and all accessories, parlors, dining and reception rooms. The wall overlooking the ice is glass so that members who do not care to skate can watch in comfort those who do. A hanging gallery along one side gives a magnificent view of the evolutions on the ice below. Three times a week the rink will be thrown open to the public, and for them comfortable quarters are also provided overlooking the ice. The skating surface, 160 feet long by 75 feet wide, is greater than that of any rink in New York. A portion of it will be reserved for those of the public who wish to indulge in figure skating.

The Governors-General of Canada have always taken a great interest in figure skating and make it a prominent and, in the evenings, a picturesque feature of entertainment at Government House, Ottawa. Among the members of Vice-Regal households who have become accomplished skaters was Lady Rachel Cavendish, daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, who attended the carnival of the Toronto Skating Club last season and afterwards joined the members in one of their band sessions.

The Championship Trophies

"With a view to the encouragement and development of figure skating in Canada" so the deed of gift runs, the Earl and Countess of Minto presented a trophy known as "The Minto Cup" open to members of any established Amateur Canadian Skating Club. The winner of it and the title "Figure Skating Champion of Canada" last season was Mr. Duncan McI. Hodgson of the Winter Club, Montreal. The Duke of Devonshire "with a view to the encouragement and development of individual figure skating for ladies in Can-

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LEST SHE SHOULD KNOW

A Quebec Girl's Share in a Southern Romance

By WHITNEY ALDEN KILDARE

Illustrations by HARRY BALLARD

PACING to and fro, between the rows of magnolia trees that bordered the walk, a young man turned over in his mind the sweetest phrases he could command with which to declare his love to the one who meant everything to him. She was just within,—in the spread-out colonial palace, a landmark of New Orleans on Prytinia Avenue, entertaining a merry crowd of young friends. Occasionally, as he hurried his steps past the entrance and side windows, he could hear the joyous peals of laughter she contributed to the general hilarity. He knew she was the one at the piano; no other touch could cause the notes to thrill him as did hers. His bosom heaved with the hope that he might that evening win her consent to become his partner for life. Then a feeling of depression followed his buoyant aspirations. Had he not twice three days before rushed to her side, intending to declare his love, taking advantage of occasions when she had stood apart from the others? But the words he wanted to speak had failed him utterly; instead he had stammered some faint inquiry about the cousin from Quebec whom she had been expecting for some time, ending by some weak comment upon the attractions she would be likely to find in New Orleans at carnival season,—six whole months off! Marcella had laughed and that was the end of his first attempt. The second was made at an inauspicious moment,—he had stood hesitant in her presence for five whole minutes, devouring her with his eyes and not saying "Boo!" Then young Georges Delpit had come along and proposed they all go for a ride on one of the river boats,—a moonlight ride. The thought had thrilled him at the moment but he had allowed George to carry her off! The next day he had called at her home but she was out. He spent the evening playing chess with her father, Mr. Claiborne, who recounted to him for the hundredth time the wonderful game he had played with the celebrated chess player—Paul Morphy, illustrating each move he and his adversary had made. Bruce Clarendon knew them by heart, and if by any chance Morphy returned to this life to challenge anyone, he, Bruce Clarendon, knew just at what move he would be able to checkmate the champion,—thanks to Mr. Claiborne!

But this is neither here nor there. Bruce Clarendon felt he must declare his love to Marcella. This continuous repression was telling upon his mental activity. Why was it that he should always have to surrender to his retiring nature? He could seldom do or say in company the things which in moments of seclusion seemed so easy to express. Whenever he attempted to shine in the open, they faded away; often his sentences became disjointed and his cleverly thought phrases sounded flat. Now in business circles it was altogether different with him. As cashier of a large bank he was held in wide esteem. His office chums thought him a jolly good fellow, and in their company he could always rise up to the occasion. It was only in the presence of ladies, especially when his adored Marcella was about that he was dazed. Nevertheless, dashing and handsome in appearance, many girls would have given the world to win him.

This evening he was fully resolved to conquer his timidity. He remained outdoors more than an hour, then he finally

PACING TO AND FRO, BETWEEN THE ROWS OF MAGNOLIA TREES THAT BORDERED THE WALK A YOUNG MAN TURNED OVER IN HIS MIND THE SWEETEST PHRASES HE COULD COMMAND.

turned back to the house and mounted the steps to the porch. There was unusual quiet in the big double parlors. Even the lights were dimmed. What had happened? As this thought came to him, Bruce caught the sound of plaintive notes from the piano and he heard the sounds of muffled voices in the dining-room beyond. He stood one minute in the wide hallway, under the big old-fashioned chandelier now rigged up with electric bulbs, then as he advanced noiselessly into the parlor he stood one moment behind—Marcella! How strange that she should have left her companions to remain alone there! But this was his chance. For once he did not hesitate. With trembling voice he started:

"For years, dear, I have been loving you. I first discovered it at that wonderful picnic at the City Park when you let me swing you up into those old gnarled oaks, and taking down the long sprays of moss we made a—a—." He stopped for a second. How strange Marcella should continue to play, even a little louder as though her thoughts were entirely given to the sweet melody she was trying to construe by improvisation. Bruce made a new start: "The music you are playing gives me heart." Then he became rash: "Have you not noticed for weeks that I am trying to tell you how I love you? Answer me!" He paused for a few seconds and seeing that the young lady made no response, never lifted her eyes or hands from the keys, he seized her in his arms and crushed her to his heart.

There was a terrific struggle.

But Bruce's breath came faster. He must speak gently. He had been too sudden. "Do you not love me? Tell me when you will become my wife?"

Hurt by her struggling, he allowed her to draw back from him and then he peered affectionately into her face. It was the angriest face he had ever seen, angry but beautiful. And—oh! what had he done!

His presence of mind left him. He stepped back.

"How dare you, sir?" she cried. "How dare you? I didn't know you were talking to me until you touched me. If I had known it I would have thrown something at you. Let me go or I'll scream!" She would have shrieked, but her voice was choked by anger and indignation. As she spoke her last words, she came quite near him. He expected some violent gesture from her, more abusive speech, but she remained silent, staring at him fiercely.

Poor Bruce was past all hope of redeeming himself. He stood transfixed. Finally,—

"'Oh! I—I, I thought it was—I beg your pardon." He pulled out his handkerchief and drew it across his forehead. He would have rushed out, but he felt that he owed an apology to the young woman before him. "Surely, you don't think I would take such a liberty without—without."

"I shall assuredly speak to Marcella. If you are the kind of young man she expects to introduce to me, I shall go right back to Quebec."

Horror of horrors! It could not have been worse. Marcella's cousin! He did not know she had arrived. He must not let her go to Marcella without wringing from her a promise—something. He started.

"I thought you were Marcella."

"Marcella! Oh!—Oh! so you are—"

"Bruce Clarendon."

The funny side of the situation dawned upon Josephine Gordon. She looked at the young man for an instant, then a sweet smile removed all the ugly wrinkled lines from between her eyebrows and lifted the corners of her mouth. That she was beautiful, flashed upon Bruce's consciousness. But, alas! just as he was about to congratulate himself upon the success of his apology, despite the obvious fact that she tried and struggled with herself to repress a smile, she burst into unrestrained laughter,—the reaction from her previous mood. The young man's discomfort became intense. What if Marcella and her friends heard and returned suddenly! How embarrassing it would be! Had this young woman no feeling to laugh at him thus? A bright thought came to him. He would exact from her a promise to keep forever the secret of his mistake. It must never reach his sweetheart's ears. Marcella was sensitive, and it surely did behoove her cousin to use great discretion in the matter.

"For Marcella's,—for heaven's sake,—don't ever repeat this to anyone. You must promise me—"

But Josephine laughed more loudly. She appeared to have discovered some new angle of the situation and it was tickling her beyond control, for it must be admitted that she was trying, trying hard to repress her mirth. One sight of the unfortunate young man before her, in the throes of painful embarrassment, should have been sufficient to quell her risibility, but it was impossible. She sat on the piano stool, rested her arms on the instrument, and head downward she laughed and laughed.

Bruce heard Marcella and her guests at the end of the hallway and knew they would soon join them. He looked through the French window, an armchair beckoned to him, he slipped out to its protecting arms and left the visiting young lady at the piano to answer as best she could the reason of her mirth. He quailed at the cross-examination of Marcella who, surprised at her guest's conduct, raised her by force from her recumbent posture and even shook her none too gently in an effort to

AS HE ADVANCED NOISELESSLY INTO THE PARLOR, HE STOOD ONE MOMENT BEHIND MARCELLA.

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"DOWNING STREET"

A Canadienne's Visit to the Real Heart of the Wide British Empire

By DORIS HEMMING

I DON'T pretend to have any inside information on Downing Street.. I haven't. I couldn't even write an intelligent skit on "Mirrors of Downing Street," much less write a "Mirrors of Downing Street" of my own. I am simply an outsider, almost as much of an outsider as the most humble of my readers might consider himself to be. I am merely a Canadian journalist, and journalists are simply a species of tourist. Journalists are, of course, less numerous and more constant than tourists. They possess the same engaging lack of thoroughness and the same insatiable curiosity and tendency to hang around, but they do have certain superior privileges. It is simply as this super-tourist that I pretend to have a bowing acquaintance with Downing Street, but this commonplace little impasse with its germs of mighty power has so gripped my imagination that to me it is comparable to no other single street in the world.

The Londoner knows the entrance to Downing Street today without even looking up as he passes, for the roadway is barricaded with a high wooden fence painted grey. This fence is a relic of last year's Armistice celebrations, when elaborate precautions were taken to exclude all but foot traffic from Whitehall for a week after the unveiling of the Cenotaph.

On the right of the grey fence is a neat little door adorned by a brass plate announcing the Privy Council. If one were permitted to loiter half of any day in Downing Street, one would inevitably spot among the passersby four, five, or six Canadians, not to mention such curiosities as Hindus and Africanders, for it is here that final judgment is rendered on all squabbles in the British Empire, to the great emolument of lawyers from across the seven seas. In an atmosphere of low voices, measured tread, red baize, carved woodwork, old portraits, grey wigs and professional gowns, hopes are shattered, principles set up and reputations ruined, as one day's judgment is succeeded by the next.

Opposite the Privy Council is the Colonial Office. The facade of the building is very fine where it fronts on Whitehall, but as a Colonial I have always regarded the mean little doorway by which one enters with the utmost resentment. The Privy Council at least has three steps whitened daily with chalk, and a brass plate. The Colonial Office has neither. It is horrible to think that people of such magnitude as Winston Churchill must metaphorically stoop as they enter this ordinary opening in the wall, and stumble over the bales of red tape as they make their way up the bare stairway to their offices.

A few doors down one enters the courtyard around which are built both the Colonial and the Foreign Offices. The super-tourist is never really allowed to enter it except by subterfuge, for the orthodox route from messenger to messenger lies otherwise, but in the Foreign Office there is a gorgeous hall of gold, marble, statues and mosaics, built in the Victorian era in the neo-classic style. One catches glimpses of this cool alluring chamber as one is led through the long upper corridors. Probably it comes in useful for state occasions.

There are many elements of power in the Foreign Office, but in the Colonial Office Mr. Churchill rules supreme. Now I have no wish to give the impression that I, like the writer of "Mirrors of Downing Street," know Mr. Churchill personally. Being an outsider, I don't, and I don't suppose I ever shall. If I were to chat long enough with one of the policemen and offer him half a crown, I might, of course, be able to wait about until he happened to turn up. Up to the present, however, I have had to content myself with cartoons in "Punch."

I do know his secretary, a scholarly, courteous, refined gentleman, with a cameo face iced all over with Government reserve. I am told that he is considered the pearl of private secretaries, and has, therefore, moved from one ministry to the next, sharing as a reward of his particular combination of reserve and tact, the meteoric rise of his chief. One usually waits half an hour to be admitted to the sanctum of Mr. Marsh, in order that all visitors be served up in chastened spirit. One spends the interval studying an ancient number of "Canada," various Australian periodicals and a brochure urging British women to emigrate to South Africa.

The most fascinating building in all Downing Street will always be the Offices of the First Lord of the Treasury. To the initiated it is simply Number Ten, and its present occupant is Ellgee. Just where Ellgee stows away Mrs. Lloyd George and Miss Megan. Lloyd George I have never quite decided. In all the hours that I have spent on the hard little oak chairs in the entrance hall, never once has the longed-for bark of a pet Pomeranian been heard, nor has the dressmaker arrived with a frock for Miss Megan. Nor has Dame Ellgee hesitated on the threshold and turned back to remind the cook that the Premier has expressed a desire for kippers for breakfast. Nothing but this impersonal atmosphere of offices, so I have decided that for familiar purpose one uses the doorway of No. 12.

Groups of tourists or press photographers and a few motor cars are usually to be found in the vicinity of Number Ten, for mighty are the folk who pass through this famous doorway. A tinkle at the polished brass bell, and the heavy, painted Georgian doorway swings back as if by magic. It is swung by a porter who literally does nothing else. Having ascertained your business, he passes you across the hall to an equally deferential porter in a frock coat. Behind the doorkeeper is a delightful old chair with a basket hood lined with leather upholstery. In this valuable setting usually lolls a stalwart young man, and another stalwart young man is probably leaning against the mantel-piece. After having withstood their impersonal stare on many occasions I have decided that they are detectives. They are.

To the outsider this hall is of infinite interest. It is probably as far as he will ever penetrate, but even so the possibilities are very great. One may sit on the little oak seats ranged along the wall like stools of penitence, and perhaps have a view of the Prince of Wales all to oneself. Even the King or Sir Hamar Greenwood might take it into his head to discuss the Irish situation with Ellgee, and you could see them both, or either, if you happened to wake up in time! If it is summer they would be wearing grey Derby hats, and that in itself is interesting.

The Prince of Wales is apt to take you unawares under these circumstances. The entire tourist population being centred in your person, as it were, you feel in duty bound to

curtsey or carry out whatever the procedure may be. However, His Royal Highness has come to see Ellgee, not you, and before you have settled on the particular kind of curtsey to be adopted, he is beyond the swinging doors with his aide-de-camp shadowing him at his heels.

I wish it to be understood that the average visit to Number Ten is not enlivened by a sight of royalty. Usually one speculates on the life and death history of the row of animals' heads that are stuck on the walls wherever there isn't a fireplace or a window. You have given up calculating the number of black and white tiles on the floor, and are studying the various hats and coats hanging on the line of pegs behind the little oak chairs, when the obsequious messenger beckons from the swinging doors.

You are now about to enter the realm of the unknown, and you find that the carpets everywhere are red, bought probably by the Government in large lots. On the walls are prints and old engravings, which you feel is just as it should be. At the end of the corridor you are discreetly hidden behind some red curtain and told to enjoy the Times and the Spectator while you wait for the object of your visit to receive you.

Now, if you are a super-tourist, the object of your visit is always "one of Mr. Lloyd George's secretaries." At any rate, that is what you tell your friends.

Number Ten being somewhat of a rabbit warren in its final recesses, it is quite a while before your particular secretary penetrates your red curtains. He will probably wear a frock coat. People always do wear frock coats at Number Ten. If it is the first time he has met you, probably your entire interview will be carried out behind the red curtains, which is rather hard on your curiosity. If it is the second time, he leads you along the red carpet, up steps and down, into his private sanctum. Here your attention wanders to nice little testimonials that Ellgee evidently collected in his youth and had framed on the walls. He has now outgrown them, and his youngest secretary is glad to have them as a reminder that we can make our lives sublime, etc. The sanctum is apt to have green trees blowing against the window, mahogany chairs, endless bookcases filled with fascinating books, a Georgian mantelpiece and a telephone.

The next time that you come the Youngest Secretary takes you along another branch of the red carpet, past piles of mattresses, into rather a less cosy office with more typically Georgian windows, and fewer books.

You pass several girls with wavy hair, neat shirtwaists and tweed skirts, and you subconsciously envy them. They are secretaries to the secretaries, and possibly one day they will be editing new and intimate series of "Mirrors of Downing Street."

When you finally get back to the policemen still standing by the grey painted barrier, you discover that you have really learnt very little of the affairs of State. The Youngest Secretary was very, very fascinating, but he seemed exceedingly anxious to impress you with the fact that he knew almost nothing. A few more protests and he would have passed for uneducated in spite of all his books.

Still your trip has been a memorable success, although it may not enhance your value to the newspaper you represent. You walk up Whitehall with a distinct suspicion that perhaps you are not an outsider after all.

THE PRIVY COUNCIL CHAMBER—HISTORIC ROOM IN WHICH THE IMPERIAL CABINET TRANSACTS BUSINESS WHICH OFTEN AFFECTS THE WHOLE WORLD.

THE "FAIRIES" OF VANCOUVER

Natural Attractions of the Terminal City Produce Vivid Word Pictures

By One Who Can See Below the Surface

By LYN TALLMAN

I HAVE a number of things to tell you about Vancouver; first, I must assort the enthusiasms of the moment in order to present those most novel and lively. I plan to go for a walk soon after finishing this interesting task. It is a golden day, and only a stroll from here is the most wonderful city park in the world. You have heard, likely, of Stanley Park; full of giant trees swinging over an enchanted harbor, with gay launches, white sail-boats, lighthouses, the nine o'clock cannon, Siwash Rock, liners steaming in from the Orient, seaplanes rising gracefully, and many other arresting details of a seaport.

Close to the very city, are three canyons, Seymour, Capilano, and Lynn. Stiff walls are they, softened with shelves of green ferns and trees, very bright green and cool on the hottest day. The stream in the Capilano Canyon at the suspension bridge rushes frantically down exaggerated rapids, into a basin of transparent, olive green, where the englamoured eye can dimly see white stones, buried in a fifteen-foot deep pit of clear colour.

There is Lynn Canyon in Lynn Valley, where from a wide, bouldered reach, like the sunny Humber above the Old Mill, at Toronto, we sharply come upon falls that gush between straight-up-and-down walls of granite rock.

The little mock-perilous path by the Lynn Suspension Bridge, not safe now, and, therefore, shocking to cross over calls one to where the roaring of the small vehement Niagara, and the compressed, side-splitting, spitting, descent between stout rock walls, resembles smoothly dangerous play of lions. It draws one to lean over the jutting brink. It makes one feel like shouting. It glitters like a living toy and yet thrills with instinctive fears.

The water pitches into caverns of rock, and, as the canyon walls deepen and lurch from side to side, the leaping, groaning, yelling torrent becomes a giant's broken arm in tattered silver sleeve, so far below.

Sunset and Shadow.

Nightly, I see the bewildering sunset, like a lake of gold amid a forest of dove-blue clouds, surging above the sea, but with never the same strawberry-ricochetting, or mauve-plumed, afterglow. Once, at this mystic time, in the east was a rainbow, a boat with three white sails slowly cometed up English Bay, passed the gold-spot-lighted cedars in Stanley Park, looking like an angel, and suddenly turned and disappeared. We watched this from a roof in the city's heart.

The sky is tossed and whipped by the ocean winds into many a strange coronal and gay fantastic curtain; even on clearest days there is enough moisture to make it seem blossoming with the ghosts of rainbows. The noon firmament is a reflected garden. Each cloud looks pinkish, or if

—Courtesy Canadian National Railways

THE LIONS—THE THREE MOUNTAIN PEAKS OVERLOOKING VANCOUVER AND BELIEVED BY THE INDIANS TO SAFEGUARD THE PEOPLE.

dark, a very deep blue. There are pink light clouds against bright dark blue clouds, like pink butterflies against blue asters.

From my window I have seen showers blurr a nearby peak, in gusts so pitiful. Over the next mountain hung a portentous shadow. The peak was black, the slopes were golden. But an unshadowed third was like a large drowsy woman, reclining in uncushioned ease in graceful tolerance, with shoulders flung with veils. Snow-crowned, belted with bronzed cypress, overcome with heat and light, beneath the rich azure, she dreams; while jewel-drops of rain which blew from afar try to kiss her awake. Yes, Vancouver calls her the Sleeping Beauty.

Sometimes the clouds go walking, walking, walking, on the slow and ominous ocean-road, walking to Honolulu. Sometimes they go walking to China. And at times, with much carelessly-delivered baggage, they breeze in from Seattle!

But whether they go or come or stay, they are more various than are the lovely leaves of autumn.

Where East Meets West.

The streets of Vancouver stray gently up and down. A visitor should not deceive himself, thinking he will not climb a mountain here; he will climb at least one peak during his first trip afoot to see the shops and sights.

In late afternoon, from my window, I see windows of homes rising gently tier on tier, quite like a gallery of suns.

And in shop windows of the Japanese are glitterings of glazed, tinted chinas, and tawdry, fascinating trinkets—how adjectives persist!

And, do you know, speaking of rare brightness, how the flowering shrubs of Vancouver blossom, first, lilac, rose, rose-red, white, orange.

Then the rhododendrons burst into frailest mauve, into deep magenta and scarlet; the broom spreads weighted rays of yellow and moon-white; the snowballs grow spic and span from cold green to a warm white shade. Roses bloom so rapturously, they confuse us into a moment, truly pagan.

The trees grow bluish. The humming-birds drink up the flowers. The honeysuckle's a clustered flock of red insects drooping wings of wilted loveliness. The clematis vine thickens into large conventional stars, the shade of the purple grape. Fruits fatten into temptingness. The hydrangeas bear hogsheads of blushing foam, in which stars drown!

I dream of emerging from a green-gold embossed cup of sea-water into a vista where mountain caps mountain, peak peak. Wonderland of forest, deltalands of promise, famed valleylands of peace, spread out fan-wise in one heart-shaking sweep.

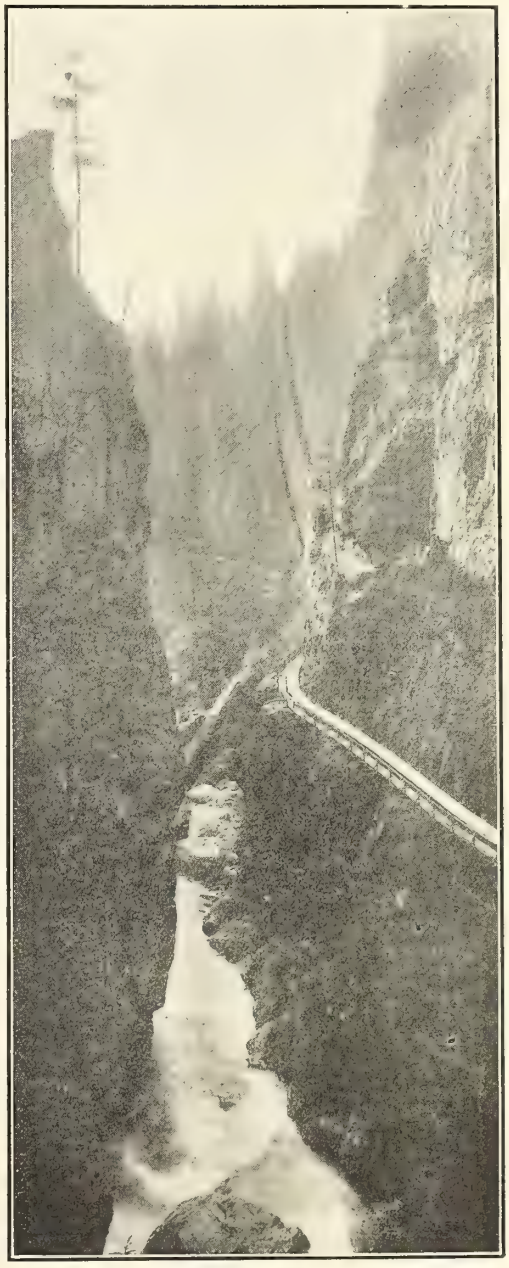
I see as if growing before an ascending, deep-breathing engine, God's sculptures. I see the granitoid tusks of the kingdom of Canada. I see the prairies. I see my home.

Granville, Vancouver's busiest street, slopes up from an "inlet" of the bay. With large buildings and much traffic on the modern asphalt, it yet resembles, in contour, a certain little village street in Cape Breton, that from a rounded harbor mounts through profuse lilacs, and parental old horse-chestnut trees. There the pigeons cloud in sweet unanimated drifts over the scene. Here gulls cut the air with wings of silver. Up and down the street pass pilgrims of the Orient, trothed of gold, if not to adventure.

The Hindus' beards are soot on brown faces. Their turbans aren't always immaculate, but they walk proudly, and look so directly at one, one cannot help admiring them.

Chinese ladies are dainty! Their forms are very slender, their hands and feet exquisite, as has been often admitted. The tapering fingers are super-refined, and have not one bit the look of a Canadian girl's firm digits. These hands are illusive, pathetic, poised, unreally-lovely.

Even bits o' missies of Chinese sixteen-year old "middle class" girls appear as if sketched with fine brush; though decorated with native cosmetics, so boldly white, red and black, like the newspaper in the conundrum.



—Courtesy Canadian National Railways

CAPILANO CANYON

At the foot of Grouse Mountain, opposite Vancouver, the scene of the Indian legend, "The Recluse".

Two girls we saw in Stanley Park, of near this age, "Chinese flappers" we called them, were accompanied by extremely homely "gentlemen friends." Their childish brows wore bangs, while long, even, shoe-polish-black braids swung beside appealing little faces, and were no less dark than their mocking eyes.

The Japanese ladies are subservient to their men-folks, they say. They giggle, and are so polite! Less flower-like than dignified Chinese women, they are handsome rather than beautiful; more like us; but not enough so to suit us. Japanese men in their shops seem clever, egotistical, pleasant.

(Continued on page 39)

The Prairie Mother

By Arthur Stringer
Author of The Prairie Wife

Chaddie McKail, the mother of twins in a western hospital, is surprised that her husband, Duncan McKail—fondly known as "Dinky-Dunk"—takes eight days to come in response to her wire announcing the new arrivals.—Questioning discloses that he is worried over something, but he insists on keeping his worries to himself Only after she has been back some days at the ranch house at Casa Grande does Dinky-Dunk disclose that he has "gone bust" through unlucky speculation. While Chaddie reviews the situation with dismay, she consoles herself with the thought that Casa Grande is still hers. But Dinky-Dunk has lost not only his "pile" but £7,500 he received in trust from an English cousin. Lady Alicia Newland, who is expected to arrive shortly to inspect her ranch,—a ranch that does not exist! The Prairie Mother decides they must give up Casa Grande to Cousin Allie and move to the Harris Ranch, which is legally hers. There they will begin all over again as they started out four years before. The last days at Casa Grande are spent by Chaddie and Dinky-Dunk in planning the future, which, Chaddie discovers, lacks the backing of ready cash to make the planning interesting. However, she resigns herself to conditions with good grace, and the last evening at Casa Grande finds her at the piano, easing her overburdened feelings with music. The English cousin arrives and settles in her home at Casa Grande. Chaddie and Dinky-Dunk move to the Harris Ranch. Chaddie is piqued that Lady Allie should ignore her presence almost completely, but she is touched by the Englishwoman's love for children. The relations between Casa Grande and the Harris Ranch renamed Alabama Ranch, are somewhat strained as far as Chaddie is concerned. The Prairie Mother discusses the situation with her husband, and awakens to a realization that the mistress of Casa Grande possesses power over him.

"I simply mean that Allie's made me an offer of a hundred and fifty dollars a month to become her ranch-manager," Dinky-Dink announced with a casualness that was patiently forced. "And as I can't wring that much out of this half-section, and as I'd only be four-flushing if I let outsiders come in and take everything away from a tenderfoot, I don't see—"

"And such a lovely tenderfoot," I interrupted.

"—I don't see why it isn't the decent and reasonable thing," concluded my husband, without stooping to acknowledge the interruption, "to accept that offer."

I understood, in a way, every word he was saying; yet it seemed several minutes before the real meaning of a somewhat startling situation seeped through to my brain.

"But surely, if we get a crop," I began. It was, however, a lame beginning. And like most lame beginnings, it didn't go far.

"How are we going to get a crop when we can't even raise money enough to get a tractor?" was Dinky-Dunk's challenge. "When we haven't help, and we're short of seed-grain, and we can't even get a gangplow on credit?"

It didn't sound like my Dinky-Dunk of old, for I knew that he was equivocating and making excuses, that he was engineering our ill luck into an apology for worse conduct. But I was afraid of myself, even more than I was afraid of Dinky-Dunk. And the voice of Instinct kept whispering to me to be patient.

"Why couldn't we sell off some of the steers?" I valiantly suggested.

"It's the wrong season for selling steers," Dinky-Dunk replied with a ponderous sort of patience. "And besides, those cattle don't belong to me."

"Then whose are they?" I demanded.

"They're yours," retorted Dinky-Dunk, and I found his hair-splitting, at such a time, singularly exasperating.

"I rather imagine they belonged to the family, if you intend it to remain a family."

He winced at this, as I had proposed that he should.

"It seems to be getting a dangerously divided one," he flung back, with a quick and hostile glance in my direction.

I was ready to fly to pieces, like a barrel that's lost its hoops. But a thin and quavery and over-disturbing sound from the swing-box out on the sleeping-porch brought me up short. It was a pizzicato note which I promptly recognized as the gentle Pee-Wee's advertisement of wakefulness. So I beat a quick and involuntary retreat, knowing only too well what I'd have ahead of me if Poppsy joined in to make that solo a duet.

BUT Pee-Wee refused to be silenced, and what Dinky-Dunk had just said felt more and more like a brand-iron against my breast. So I carried my wailing infant back to the dinner-table where my husband still stood beside his empty chair. The hostile eye with which he regarded the belcantoing Pee-Wee reminded me of the time he'd spoken of his own offspring as "squalling brats." And the memory wasn't a tranquillizing one. It was still another spur roweling me back to the ring of combat.

"Then you've decided to take that position?" I demanded as I surveyed the cooling roast-beef and the fallen Yorkshire pudding.

"As soon as they can fix up my sleeping-quarters in the bunk-house over at Casa Grande," was Dinky-Dunk's reply. He tried to say it casually, but didn't quite succeed, for I could see his color deepen a little. And this, in turn, led to a second only too obvious gesture of self-defense.

"My monthly check, of course, will be delivered to you," he announced, with an averted eye.

"Why to me?" I coldly inquired.

"It wouldn't be of much use to me," he retorted. And I resented his basking thus openly in the fires of martyrdom.

"In that case," I asked, "what satisfaction are you getting out of your new position?"

That sent the color ebbing from his face again, and he looked at me as I'd never seen him look at me before. We'd both been mauled by the paw of Destiny, and we were both nursing ragged nerves and oversensitized spirits ,facing each other as irritable as teased rattlers, ready to thump rocks with our heads. More than once I've heard Dinky-Dunk proclaim that the right sort of people never bickered and quarreled. And I remembered Theobald Gustav's pet aphorism to the effect that *Hassen machts nicht.* But life had its limits. And I wasn't one of those pink-eared shivery little white mice who could be intimidated into tears by a frown of disapproval from my imperial mate. And married life, after all, is only a sort of *guerre d'usure.*

"And you think you're doing the right thing?" I demanded of my husband, not without derision, confronting him with a challenge on my face and a bawling Pee-Wee on my hip.

Dinky-Dunk sniffed.

"That child seems to have its mother's disposition," he murmured, ignoring my question.

"The prospects of its acquiring anything better from its father seem rather remote," I retorted, striking blindly. For that over-deft adding of insult to injury had awakened every last one of my seven sleeping devils. It was an evidence of cruelty, cold and calculated cruelty. And by this time little waves of liquid fire were running through my tingling body.

"Then I can't be of much service to this family," announced Dinky-Dunk, with his maddening note of mockery.

"I fail to see how you can be a retriever for a flabby-minded idler and the head of this household at one and the same time," I said out of the seething crater-fogs of my indignation.

"She's never impressed me as being flabby," he ventured, with a quietness which only a person who knew him would or could recognize as dangerous.

"Well, I don't share your admiration for her," I retorted, letting the tide of vitriol carry me along in its sweep.

Dinky-Dunk's face hardened.

"Then what do you intend doing about it?" he demanded.

THAT was a poser, all right. That was a poser which, I suppose, many a woman at some time in her life has been called on to face. What did I intend doing about it? I didn't much care. But I at least intended to save the bruised and broken hulk of my pride from utter annihilation.

"I intend," I cried out with a quaver in my voice, "since you're not able to fill the bill, to be head of this household myself."

"That sounds like an ultimatum," said Dinky-Dunk very slowly, his face the sickly color of a meerschaum-pipe bowl.

"You can take it any way you want to," I passionately proclaimed, compelled to raise my voice to the end that it might surmount Pee-Wee's swelling cries. "And while you're being lackey for Lady Alicia Newland I'll run this ranch. I'll run it in my own way, and I'll run it without hanging on to a woman's skirt!"

Dinky-Dunk stared at me as though he were looking at me through a leper-squint. But he had been brutal, was being brutal. And it was a case of fighting fire with fire.

"Then you're welcome to the job," I heard him proclaiming, out of his blind white heat of rage. "After *that*, I'm through!"

"It won't be much of a loss," I shot back at him, feeling that he'd soured a bright and sunny life into eternal blight.

"I'll remember that," he said with his jaw squared and his head down. I saw him push his chair aside and wheel about and stride away from the Yorkshire pudding with the caved-in roof, and the roast-beef that was as cold as my own heart, and the indignantly protesting Pee-Wee who in some vague way kept reminding me that I wasn't quite as free-handed as I had been so airly imagining myself. For I mistily remembered that the Twins, before the day was over, were going to find it a very flatulent world. But I wasn't crushed. For there are times when even wives and worms will turn. And this was one of them.

THURSDAY THE THIRTEENTH.

IT'S a busy three days I've been having, and if I'm a bit tuckered out in body I'm invincible in spirit. For I've already triumphed over a tangle or two and now I'm going to see this thing through. I'm going to see Alabama Ranch make good.

I teamed in to Buckhorn, with Dinkie and the Twins and Ikkie bedded down in the wagon-box on fresh wheat-straw, and had a talk with Syd Woodward, the dealer there. It took me just about ten minutes to get down to hard-pan with him, once he was convinced that I meant business. He's going to take over my one heavy team, Tumble-Weed and Cloud-Maker, though it still gives my heart a wrench to think of parting with these faithful animals. I'm also going to sell off fifteen or eighteen of the heaviest steers and turn back the tin Lizzie, which can be done without for a few months at least.

But, on the other hand, I'm going to have an 8-16 tractor that'll turn over an acre of land in little more than an hour's time, and turn it over a trifle better than the hired hand's usual "cut and cover" method, and at a cost of less than fifty cents an acre. Later on, I can use my tractor for hauling, or turn it to practically any other form of farm-power there may be a call for. I'm also getting a special grade of seed-wheat. There was a time when I thought that wheat was just merely wheat. It rather opened my eyes to be told that in one season the Shippers' Clearance Association definitely specified and duly handled exactly four hundred and twenty-eight grades of this particular grain. Even straight Northern wheat, without the taint of weed-seed, may be classified in any of the different numbers up to six, and also assorted into "tough," "wet," "damp," "musty," "binburnt" and half a dozen other grades and conditions, according to the season. But since I'm to be a wheat-grower, it's my duty to find out all I can about the subject.

I am also the possessor of three barrels of gasoline, and a new disk-drill, together with the needed repairs for the old drill which worked so badly last season. I've got Whinstane Sandy patching up the heavy sets of harness, and at daybreak to-morrow I'm going to have him out on the land, and also Francois, who has promised to stay with us another two weeks. It may be that I'll put Ikkie in overalls and get her out there too, for there's not a day, not an hour, to be lost. I want my crop in. I want my seed planted, and the sooner the better.

Whinstane Sandy, on account of his lame foot, can't follow a plow. But there's no reason he shouldn't run a tractor. If it wasn't for my bairns, of course, I'd take that tractor in hand myself. But my two little hostages to fortune cut off that chance. I've decided, however, to have Whinnie build a canopy-top over the old buckboard, and fit two strong frames, just behind the dashboard, that will hold a couple of willow-baskets, end to end. Then I can nest Poppsy and Pee-Wee in these two baskets, right under my nose, with little Dinkie beside me in the seat, and drive from one end of the ranch to the other and see that the work is being done, and done right. The Lord knows how I'll get back to the shack in time to rustle the grub—but we'll manage, in some way.

The Twins have been doing better, the last week or two. And I rather dread the idea of weaning them. If I had somebody to look after them I could, I suppose, get a breast-pump and leave their mid-morning and mid-afternoon luncheons in cold-storage for them, and so ride my tractor without interruption. I remember a New York woman who did that, left the drawn milk of her breast on ice, so that she might gad and shop for a half-day at a time. But the more I think it over the more unnatural and inhuman it seems. Yet to hunt for help, in this busy land, is like searching for a needle in a hay-stack. Already, in the clear morning air, one can hear the stutter and skip and cough of the tractors along the opalescent sky-line, accosting the morning sun with their rattle and tattle of harvests to be. And I intend to be in on the game.

(Continued in March issue)

REVIEW OF WORLD EVENTS

By WILLIAM BANKS

DELEGATES from Germany and Russia will be invited to the International Economic Conference to be held in March. This was decided at a gathering of the premiers of the allied powers and other representatives from the Supreme Council, recently held at Cannes. This step, which will mark the first serious international effort to grapple with the economic situation in Europe, is credited to Premier Lloyd George of Britain. Whatever may be the feeling of political parties in regard to Lloyd George, the fact remains that in all gatherings of this kind and in all movements looking to real readjustment of world affairs to-day, his persistent optimism carries him a long way. His critics have often charged against him that he is illogical and has no real capacity in statesmanship, either in its domestic sphere or in its application to world politics. His successes so frequently refute this view that one would believe its advocates would tire of advancing it. The conferences which led up to the idea of an Economic Conference began with Premier Briand of France and Premier Lloyd George as the only participants. There is much in common between the two men even in a physical sense and they seem to get along well together. When the diplomats of their respective countries have got themselves into tangles from which it seemed they could not withdraw without some loss of that intangible thing called "national honor" Lloyd George and Briand have usually been able to straighten out the trouble in quick time.

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THERE was some anxiety among the powers which decided upon the Economic Conference, lest an invitation to Russia should be regarded as official recognition of the Soviet. France is particularly set against such an acknowledgement. She has suffered much through the course of events in Russia. Her people invested enormous amounts of their savings in the bond issues of that country from the time of the alliance with Russia until revolution upon revolution produced the conditions that now exist. Britain too advanced large sums of money and supplied enormous amounts of war material so long as Russia was loyal to the allied cause. It is improbable that these financial obligations will ever be liquidated. But an Economic Conference of Europe that attempted to ignore that country or Germany would be farcical. The men of vision see that Europe must work out her own salvation very largely by her own efforts, and that these are doomed to failure if two of the largest countries in point of population and wealth, present and potential, are left out of the reckoning.

The United States has naturally been invited to attend the Economic Conference. Her attitude there will to a great extent determine her future relationships with Europe. She will have the opportunity of taking her place as one of the leading factors in the rehabilitation of some of the nations, or of standing aloof while overburdened Britain shows the way. With her coffers bursting with gold the United States is learning that a nation may have riches and still have an enormous number of unemployed people and a falling volume of trade. She is beginning to learn too that the aloofness from European affairs which might have been possible in the days of Washington is impossible now. The world is too small for any nation of importance to try to live to itself. Every crisis in Europe has a more or less direct effect on this continent. A complete economic disaster there would mean the same thing for the United States. The war made that country rich. If it follows an ostrich-like policy now the war will make it poor financially and morally. This is not a time for timidity in dealing with international economics.

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THERE is no disposition in Britain or among her European allies, to allow Germany to escape altogether from the reparations agreements consequent upon the peace of Versailles. Britain has, however, succeeded in getting support of the proposal to modify the terms so that Germany will not be called upon to make such huge payments within the time limits formerly agreed to. It is obvious that nothing would be gained by putting Germany in a position where she could plead, with some justification, that national bankruptcy prevented her meeting the reparation payments. Any such attitude would involve further occupation of German territory without administration of her finances and the people by huge forces and official staffs under allied control, whose duty it would be practically to govern the country. The idea of allowing Germany to make payment in kind instead of all in gold has gained some favor, and has been extended beyond what was at first thought possible. This means that Germany furnishes much material of all kinds especially building material and machinery and also helps to put it up in some of the devastated areas. This material and work is credited to her on the basis of its value in gold. France herself was the first to agree to a plan of this kind on a large scale. Restoration in the latter country will be a quicker process than anyone had dreamed of a few years ago. It has been stated that in all of France there are only fifteen thousand men unemployed. This is said to be due in the first place to the very large number of men killed outright or incapacitated during the war; secondly, to the large standing army still maintained by France; and, thirdly, to the immense amount of work required to restore the stricken districts to something like their original appearance. As against this condition it is asserted that there are almost two and a half million people out of work in Britain. But that nation faces its after-war burdens with a spirit that is the marvel of people to whom the British race and the British Empire alike are incomprehensible.

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A NOTABLE development of the various allied conferences, whether in London or France, is the growing friendship between Italy and Britain. Despite the fact that Britain some time ago opposed the larger Italian claims which were offensive to Jugo-Slavia and Albania, Italy has been almost consistently on the side of Britain in every move that has been made to try to bring order out of the European chaos. Since the days of the Garabaldi revolution with its romantic appeal to the adventurous Englishman, down to the present, there has been a steady glow of friendship between the two countries It was fanned into a strong flame in the hour of modern Italy's greatest trial when the German and Austrian armies invaded the country. The prompt manner in which Britain dispatched troops to the assistance of the gallant Italians and the good work of those reinforcements will not easily be forgotten by the Italian leaders and people. Italy herself has passed through a series of crises since the war, the gravity of which is only spoken of in whispers by those who were most closely in touch with the developments. It is creditable to the government and the people alike that they have made so much progress with so little disturbance.

(Continued on page 58)

for February

FASHION TALK

By ALICE MERTON

A DECIDED Spanish atmosphere permeates the present styles. Take, for instance, the large net veils with their elaborate borders in heavy black silk, the fringe, the draperies, to say nothing of the beautiful combs of matchless design and beauty. The broad sash effect is also decidedly Hispanian.

Let us begin with hats. The "Tam o'-Shanter," or, as the French call it, "the beret," is very popular for informal wear. It is the hat designed for youthful faces without any line being drawn at any particular age. Can we not imagine a "Tam" of black velvet with silver threads radiating from the centre in embroidery design, a "Tam" of generous proportions ornamented with an ostrich plume drooping onto the shoulder, a most becoming headgear for a woman of, let us say, forty-five or more, provided her hair be the shade classed as silver gray?

An interesting feature of hats this season is that they are intended to blend into the *toilette*. There must droop down from the hat something that lends itself to create the hyphenating effect. It may be a plume, lace, a veil draped about the brim, ribbons, some ornament. The hat thereby becomes linked to the dress in some modish way and creates an original impression, which is continued and emphasized in the new styles fashion has invented for sleeves.

A YOUTHFUL TYPE OF THE NEW TAM OR BERET WHICH IS QUITE POPULAR WITH ALL AGES.

A gown from Paris shows the train sleeves,—this is an evening gown,—in reality the train is a drapery attached to the shoulder and is destined to relieve the severity of the hem of the skirt, which according to the decree of fashion must no longer be of uniform design.

We are all familiar with the cry originating from Paris for longer skirts. Paris, it seems, will not be silenced, and in order to win over popular favor, is resorting to the band of fur at the bottom of skirts. Who shall say now that longer skirts will continue unwelcomed?

And mentioning fur reminds us,—well, of shoes. That sounds perplexing, but wait and see. Oh, yes, the oxfords and sandals and the one and two straps are in style, but there are many adaptations of them, and one is the fur slipper. It is supposed to be far ahead of the usual shoe to match the dress. There is no doubt that it is ahead in originality. A special pair of slippers recently on view are of Broadtail Leipey fur with instep straps of ermine tail and buttons of rhine stones. And as for the newest in hosiery you have but to look down to discover the pointed heel hose. It is artistic, and one really wonders why manufacturers and designers have not introduced it sooner. In very fine silk hose the heel is joined to the stocking with fancy stitching.

In materials, Canton crepe continues in favor. The satin crepe is an improvement upon it. "Wool-crepon" is very much liked and will probably be used very extensively this winter. The illustrations on the next page give an idea of the most popular dresses both in style and material. Black is the vogue, black relieved by white or brilliant red. Dark blue combined with panels of Persian is very effective. Embroideries combine the richest tints imaginable. But despite fashion's rulings on color, the same standard colors refuse to be banished altogether, and find many supporters.

Evening gowns are most elaborate. Spangled and beaded nets, rich brocades in silk and metal combinations, draped skirts with trains in artistic blending of lines so as to produce an illusion about the actual length of the skirt, are at the fore in the halls of style. Brocaded velvet is the newest and richest fabric of the season.

(Continued on page 25)

With a new Government, a new Parliament and a new hope, Canada entered 1922 under happy auspices.

This afternoon gown of midnight blue chiffon velvet combined with Persian Silk and chenille fringe is one of the season's most attractive costumes.

The uneven hem is artistically carried out in an apron overskirt of accordion plaited Canton crepe. Note the blouse of Persian chiffon.

The three-piece suit holds an important place among Fall models.

Beaver is gaining in favor and promises to be very fashionable this winter.

FASHION TALK

(Continued from page 23)

Metal grapes, metal flowers, strings of metal beads. All sorts of gold, silver and platinum ornaments are used to complete the evening coiffure. Spanish combs, as we have already intimated, are most artistically decorated and are often worn in color complement to the dress rather than by way of contrast. Yet, according to the individual taste of the wearer, silk or feather bandeaux may be used. Pearl embroidered filets of silk edged by a band are used to hold the hair low over the ears.

Evening wraps this year are to be long and heavy. The favored material for those who can afford it is ermine. But to be very modish it must be tail-less ermine. No spots of black are to mar its exquisite purity.

Women on this side of the ocean may be interested shortly in the new idea—the ship-shop. Soon, perhaps, they will be visiting the ships that will be touring the world with the newest and latest Paris frocks and Parisian mannequins who can show them off as they are shown off in the Rue de la Paix and other exclusive districts.

Wherever the ship touches land, a press advertising campaign will herald her arrival. Then for the rush. For on board will be found a miniature Paris for shoppers. At one store, they can buy the choicest lingerie, at another combs and toilet articles, at another, as already stated, the most fascinating gowns that Parisian modistes and *couturieres* can turn out.

The *Raoul Briquet* carries along its decks and in its cabins complete shops, over which are the names of many of the most famous firms in Paris.

The first to be entertained with the ship-shop are the Baltic States. The *Raoul Briquet*, starting from Nantes, proceeded thence to Libau in Lettonia. As a commercial venture it should prove a great success, for according to news coming from Libau, the ship-shop no sooner opened its doors, so to speak, than the whole population, hearing that Paris had come to town, flocked down to see and to buy.

The idea is full of good business sense, it is asserted, in order to assist France in advancing its industrial status. And the Baltic States, owing to their proximity to Germany, were the logical goal of the French merchants who originated the movement. The home government is backing the enterprise. It gives them a better chance of competing with German trade.

According to information received from Paris, the ship-shop keepers, who have formed themselves into this company, called the Societe Transbaltique, hope from this initial voyage to find out what people most want to buy from Paris. By taking their shops with them, and exhibiting their wares abroad, they claim they can do better than by any other way being now in use.

RAGS

(*Old frocks can be turned into very nice cushion-covers.*)
—Daily Paper.)

I've often wondered at the fate
  Of frocks which, having served their turn,
Are thrust aside as out of date;
  It seemed a pity they should burn!

And now, amid those "pars" so bright,
  I read, with other gossip lovers:
"Old frocks can be converted quite
  Effectively to cushion-covers."

But if (like me) you've bills unpaid,
  Think—just to save your husband shocks—
Could cushion-covers not be made
  Conversely into modern frocks?

LONDON'S BIG FUR SALES

By DORIS HEMMING

"TWENTY shillings, say eighteen to start, eighteen shillings bid, eighteen and six, nineteen on the right, nineteen and six, twenty, twenty shillings, and sixpence to the last buyer, twenty-two, and six, thank you sir, all done at twenty-two and six..... ."

Down comes the hammer, and without pausing for breath or encouragement, the auctioneer proceeds to sell the next lot of skins. For four weeks the London Fur Auction sales have gone on quietly in Queen Street, closing with odd lots of cat, dog, leopard, goat and puma. During the month of sales, fox was succeeded by musquash, which in its turn gave way to beaver, wolf, marten, ermine and sables, until a new high level of prices has been established. In a vocabulary as monotonous and limited as a telephone operator's, the auctioneer plotted the intricate graph of the fur market, dull enough to the uninitiated, but a valuable barometer of world conditions to those who have ears to hear.

By its very nature the fur market gives an accurate reflection of economic conditions all over the world. From the point of view, both of supply and demand, the London Fur Sales are international, and on each day's events is focussed the attention of the countries which buy and the countries which sell. When the tale of all the buyers and sellers has been told in this, the greatest fur centre of the world, one has skimmed through an atlas from cover to cover.

Many interesting deductions are to be drawn from the three hundred men who attended the sales with faithful regularity. Roughly speaking, the bulk of them were Londoners, with a handful from Ireland, Scotland and the Provinces. An influential contingent came from Paris, speaking very little English, but capable of following every word in the auctioneer's lingo and of bidding on a thousand skins by the mere batting of an eyelid. There was a handful of Americans, clean-cut youngish men, wearing broad-brimmed hats and smoking cigars with the bands on.

Many German Buyers.

Attention this time has been rivetted, however, on the group from Germany. It was hard to pick them out, these German buyers, for much of the Leipzig purchasing was done by agents resident in London. Owing to its international character it is fitting that the fur trade should be largely carried on by Jews, therefore nothing is to be learned from the names, faces or political views of the various bidders. Experience alone can tell the story that is of such vital importance to the fur trade, "Is Germany buying?"

Germany, contrary to all inexpert predictions, did buy, bought largely, almost normally, during the sale just closed. Had the heavy demand from Germany been withdrawn, prices would have been bound to tumble, causing loss and depression to the many countries sending their skins to the London market. As many millions of skins changed hands, the sums of money involved were so large that the withdrawal of one of the four chief factors would have been big with consequences. As it is, the part played by each country is large enough to give a fair reflection of its economic conditions.

Buying at the sale was the reverse of what the exchange market would indicate. The United States, where gold is plentiful and the dollar is at a premium, sent few representatives and took little. Prices are low in New York, they said, and the depression continues, so they took no risks. France bought freely, showing a marked improvement over her attitude of a year ago. London was the biggest buyer, indicating, by careful but heavy purchases, the bedrock on which her market is set, its international character, and the general belief that the worst of the depression is over.

But it was left to Germany to provide the sensational element. Well aware of the fluctuations of the mark, for the news was brought hourly to the sale room at noonday, the Leipzig merchants bid on and bought every variety and every grade of fur on sale. In some cases they took them all! For days on end, David Dubiner, one of the wealthiest men in Europe, sat hunched up in the centre of the sale room with his eyes fixed on the auctioneer. Without uttering a word he raised his eyebrows or gave a flicker of a glance upwards, and thousands of skins went down to his account. As the mark descended it seemed impossible for the miracle to continue, but it did.

"Who Won The War?"

Technically there are various explanations. Dubiner and his friends are operating entirely in pounds sterling and behind them is the full weight of the German banks. Preparations were made in advance, and when the mark was quoted at say 400 to the pound, large deposits in sterling were put to the credit of the various Leipzig buyers whom the banks delighted to honor. It is quite conceivable that this policy was carried out in other branches of industry beside furs, for the German financiers must have counted in advance on the effect of much printing of paper money. At all events, the prices paid for furs at the sales looked cheap to the buyers when the rate at which their money was exchanged was taken into account.

Barter was another method employed. When a German sold dyed and dressed furs here, instead of receiving payment from a London broker in marks, he ordered him to make purchases at the sales and ship the new lot of raw skins to Germany. These were promptly dressed and dyed in their turn and shipped back to London to serve as a credit for still another lot of raw material. The only part of the transaction that took place in marks was the dressing and dyeing, an infinitely small proportion of the whole when exchange is taken into account. The profit, of course, was figured in sterling!

A large part of the German fur industry consists of export trade, but the home market is also an important factor. Strange to relate, the domestic demand has been stimulated, not retarded, by the collapse in exchange. The "flight from the mark" has meant in actual practice that the average man is buying up furs and jewels as an investment, rather than keep on deposit money which may lose its value in a week. This is the explanation of the fact that some of the rarest silver and white foxes bought by the Germans last week were destined for Vienna. Germany is a splendid market for furs, but Austria is even better!

The sale has now closed and the Germans have departed. Prompt Day will see their payments in sterling, probably without one default. The incident adds but one more query to the riddle of the exchanges, and raises the unanswered question of "Who won the war?"

DORIS HEMMING.

Little Farm Houses

By Greta G. Bidlake

Oh, the little kindly houses that along the wayside lie!
My heart goes out to every one as I am riding by.
Oh, the little kindly houses, with lamplight all aglow
Or, in the day, their dooryards gay with flowers row on row!

Here in all these farmers' houses life fits such a simple plan,
That with none of fear or favor man beholds himself—a Man!
Here a woman's inspiration through the long, hard days of toil
Cheers the loving little houses of the men who till the soil.

In just such little houses were our best and greatest born;
Stored in just such little houses lies the nation's young seed corn,
And the boys and girls now playing underneath the dooryard tree
Will to-morrow, men and women, guide their country's destiny.

Oh, the dear, the kindly houses, sweet beneath the sun and stars,
Children playing round the doorstep, cattle lowing at the bars.
In these simple, kindly houses is the country's future laid,
Where man lives a free existence, wholesome, strong and unafraid.

FANCY SKATING IN CANADA

(Continued from page 13)

ada" presented a trophy known as "The Devonshire Cup" open for competition by members of any established Amateur Canadian Skating Club. Miss Jeanne Chevalier of the Winter Club, Montreal, is now the holder of that trophy with the title "Lady Figure Skating Champion of Canada."

Even more delightful than the skating of a single performer is the graceful work shown in the combined skating of lady and gentleman. To encourage pair skating the Earl and Countess of Minto offered "the Minto Challenge Cups" and the lady and gentlemen winning them are known as "The Pair Skating Champions of Canada." That title is now held by Miss Beatrice Macdougall and Mr. Allan Howard of the Winter Club, Montreal. A further development of combined work which adds the requirements of great precision in movements is skating in "Fours." For this Earl Grey offered "the Grey Challenge Trophy" and clubs desirous of competing for it must each enter one or more pair of individual skaters (one lady and one gentleman); one or more pair (or hand in hand) skaters and one or more fours (two ladies and two gentlemen). Thus one club may enter four or more skaters. It was won last season by the following representatives of the Winter Club, Montreal: Miss Jeanne Chevalier, Miss Winnifred Tait, Mr. Allan Howard and Mr. Norman Gregory.

An international aspect has been given to competition by the Duke of Connaught who offered a trophy open to teams of four, consisting of two ladies and two gentlemen from any recognized skating club in Canada, "or elsewhere." The deed of gift specifies "the general style and pose approved by the International Skating Union." The New York Skating Club sent a team of four accomplished skaters last season to Ottawa to compete for the Connaught Cup and a most exciting contest took place in the presence of the Governor-General, the Duchess of Devonshire and many other distinguished spectators. The cup, which had previously been held by the Minto Skating Club of Ottawa, was won by the same representatives of the Winter Club, Montreal who had won the Grey Challenge Trophy. The New York Skating Club was second and the Minto Club, third.

These competitions, it will be noticed, have always been won by skaters from Montreal or Ottawa. The Toronto Skating Club, however, expects that it will be able, before long, to bring some of the trophies to this city. In its new quarters it will have the finest facilities on this continent for figure skating and it has resolved to give great encouragement to the junior members for among the rising generation must be sought the coming champions.

THE HOMESTEADERS

(Helen Gilchrist, in Scribner's)

They dared go forth from comfort to a land
Of cold and drought, and acres yet untilled.
Sage-brush and bitter wastes of drifted sand,
Because their hearts were with one purpose filled.

Racial the instinct though they knew it not,
One generation farther they could see;
They must make homes for sons of theirs, must plot
A larger curve of life than theirs could be.

So through their pains and heavy-houred days,
When came their evening they had a light
Which now their children hold, and by its rays,
Walk more serenely to a greater height.

Keener the winds as up the heights we go,
Deeper the wells where truth at bottom lies,
God grant that we, homesteaders' faith may know,
That from our land their spirit never dies!

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

THE FIRST CANADIAN SINGER

By PHILIP A. H. KING

IN these days when Canadian musicians, singers, players upon instruments, and even composers, are holding aloft, in foreign lands, the standard of their own country, it is interesting to turn back and contemplate, for what it teaches us and the encouragement it gives aspiring students, the career of the first Canadian to win fame in the Old World—Albani. It is now half a century since this brilliant and greatly beloved prima donna began to be talked about as a musician of international importance, and ten years since she made her farewell appearance in public at a concert in London that was a touching demonstration on the part of the audience and distinguished participants of the esteem in which she was held; but Albani still remains a personage in London, is still sought after, and is as ready to help young singers as ever she was.

It seems a pity that there is no record of the sensations of those who opposed her studying for the stage when they found that their little singing friend was accounted a coming star by the most critical authorities in Paris, in Italy, in England and in Germany. In her autobiography, "Forty Years of Song," Mme. Albani touches briefly upon this opposition, but somehow leaves the picture as clear as if she said more. 'Way back in those days, of course, "the stage" was regarded by many well-meaning persons as a sort of direct entrance to a land flowing with wine, sprinkled with diamonds, pockmarked with immorality and divorces and leading straight to hell. It was against this sort of prejudice that young Emma Lajeunesse had to struggle when she decided to make singing her career.

ALBANI, THE FIRST CANADIAN SINGER TO GAIN DISTINCTION IN THE OLD WORLD.

Strangely enough, she did not arrive at this decision without some doubt, having entertained at one time an ambition to devote her life to a convent as a nun; and, almost more strangely still, it appears to have been a nun who, sensing something of the power latent in the girl and who, being herself a musician, urged Emma to choose the more difficult, but wider, path to glory. When the time came to make a break, it was found that Montreal, practically the "home town" of the budding singer, could not be used as a jumping-off place. Funds for study were needed, though the father of Miss Lajeunesse had given her a solid grounding in singing, piano and organ playing and the theory of music; and the necessary money was not forthcoming from friends at home, because they disapproved. Therefore, the family moved to Albany, New York, where a broader mentality was met with and where sufficient money to make a start abroad was obtained by subscriptions and at concerts in which the young soprano took part.

Referring in her book to those days, and to the childhood period that preceded them, Mme. Albani says that she was kept too busily at her studies to have the pleasures that most children take delight in. Her mother was dead, and her father was a strict disciplinarian, allowing no relaxation in his talented daughter's application to her music. It is scarcely to be wondered at, under such circumstances, that when she was a famous woman and a representative of a woman's magazine sought an interview with her on the subject of "Dolls of Famous Women," Mme. Albani was obliged to confess "I never had a doll." And it was before she was grown up that she confided to a girl friend "I feel that there is something in me that must come out some day." Once her study abroad was embarked upon, a turning point was reached in her life; but not then were questions of ways and means fully settled. A period of study in Italy had to be somewhat curtailed, because the student had run out of funds and was under the necessity of taking engagements to gather in money enough to go on with. For some time Mme. Albani continued her studies in this way, alternately filling minor engagements and returning to her master for further instruction, until she was at last launched upon the voyage that was to prove a journey of triumph, even though the way was ever beset with trials of one kind or another.

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Once Albani's fame was secured, there was nothing, in the minds of her countrymen, good enough for her. When she returned to Montreal at the zenith of her greatness, the receptions accorded her were scarcely less enthusiastic than the ovation given to royalty. It was easy enough *then* for people to flock to her concerts and do her honor in every way conceivable. When they heard her sing, they were thrilled and felt their patriotism rise within them. Throughout Canada it was ever the same; processions might be formed for her escort, a train delayed in starting that she might breakfast in comfort in a railway station, and statesmen and

(Continued on page 52)

ART OF THE MONTH

POPULARIZING SCULPTURE

By GASCHET DE L'ISLE

THAT the great mass of people are rapidly awakening to the possibilities suggested by the world's masterpieces is becoming more evident each day, and accordingly, a visit to a museum of art nowadays means more to a greater percentage of people than it has ever done in the past. In making this assertion, however, we must make allowance for the nations that have been the recognized art leaders, such as the Greeks and, in more recent times, the Italians.

Modern sculpture cannot be said to be as productive of masterpieces as ancient sculpture, but owing to the advanced means of communication of the day it has succeeded in developing a greater current of popular interest which owes its success to the fact that it runs in parallel lines with popular interest, with the "give and take" that are essential to life.

It is not claimed that modern sculptors produce works that are more original than those of the ancients. The latter had first choice, and in the first flush of recognizing life's message it was crystallized by them in stone that has carried down the message to successive generations, with more eloquence than written words. In the day of their creation, the majestic significance of those works of art was made manifest to the meanest of on-lookers, so that recognizing in the marble the glorious majesty of the human form, the people respected it and did their utmost to preserve and enhance its grace. The Grecian form became the civilized world's standard of beauty. It is conceded by all that it cannot be surpassed.

I am not attempting, nor claiming, to write anything new on a subject that has occupied the greatest minds among artists of all periods. All I wish to do is to draw attention to the fact that there is now going on a revival in sculptural appreciation, but with this difference—so it seems to me—that with the Greeks, sculpture grew "out of the people, for the people," while now popular interest is grouping itself about works of art with the object in view of "becoming acquainted." It is not simply appreciation or criticism, as in the days of Cellini, when thousands of sonnets were written to sing an artist's fame or satires were framed to wreck a vainglorious reputation. We have no city governed by a Medici. But we have art centres that foster art in all its forms. And among sculptors we have artists who while they Hellenize their art, do it in such a manner as to give inspiration to the people at large and carry out the great Unity of thought that links all art.

A MODERN MADONNA — SUGGESTIVE OF THE BRUSH OF AN OLD TIME MASTER.

As a result of the aforesaid force that influences the world at the present day, sculpture has become the inspiration of one of the most popular forms of entertainment of our times, namely: Dancing. There has come to my attention recently a series of pictures of dancers that illustrate the point I would make. One called "Follow the Leader," in lieu of the usual "boisterous" poses that have been wont to associate themselves with that title, represents four figures, clad in classic garments and with bared heads and limbs passing along the crest of an elevation that gives them the sky for background. Another, "Beyond the Horizon," is on the same plan, but shows the same plan, but shows two dancers in very graceful poses; a third group shows dancers in poses suggested by "Daphne and Apollo," while a fourth is composed of three figures stationed against a niche in the facade of an art building. It presents a most artistic and interesting ensemble. A fifth group of dancers perform a Terpsychorean act near the entrance of the same building. A rustic looking pond is in the foreground, and on one of the boulders is seated "Pan" while a number of Dryads dance to the accompaniment of his pipes.

Oh, just another phase of art. A fad! to be forgotten for the next craze. Yes, undoubtedly, a fad, but not one to be forgotten so easily. For art leaves its impress upon the human mind. It will pass away, most certainly. So does the Sun's light fade, but not without leaving its soul reflected in the myriads of heavenly bodies that stand guard until its reappearance. No matter how tired we are of a day's doings we look forward to the morrow. There are new days, many new days ahead of the art lover, and it will continue to be so as long as this world of ours continues to evolve seasons to melt into decades and cycles.

THE editor of a Persian paper who introduced a column of jokes has received 200 lashes. His defence was that he was jester beginner.

Canada's New Parliament Will Make History

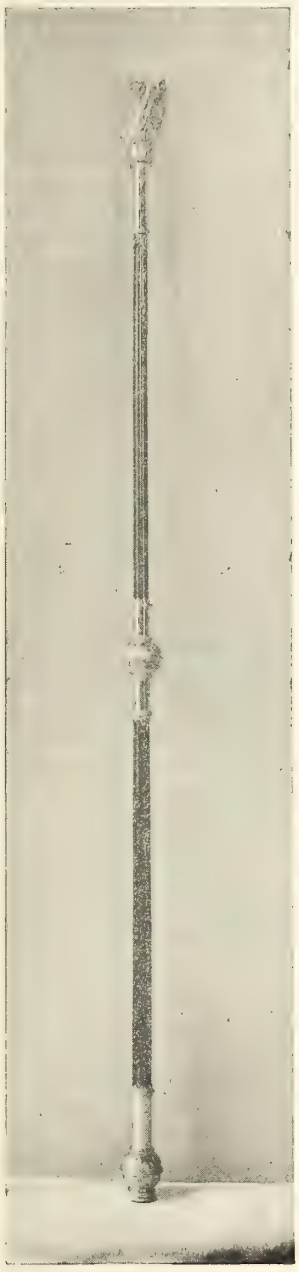
Meaning of Ceremonies at the State Opening

By L. A. M. LOVEKIN

THE Federal Parliament should represent to the average Canadian an image of the Great Assize of the nation, but too often, alas! it is regarded solely as the theatre of political and partizan squabbles and is regarded more as a source of news than as the machinery by which the Confederation is governed. This being the case, the NATIONAL PICTORIAL thinks that it is timely, just before the opening of a new Parliament, to give some facts about Parliament which are unknown by the majority of Canadians. A description of the opening of Parliament may be regarded by many as "an ancient tale re-told and in the last repeating troublesome." Year in, year out, the readers of the daily journals are favored with pen pictures, more or less fanciful, of a ceremony which combines much of the antique and symbolical with the prosaic economy of everyday concerns. What is seen supplies a favorite target for would-be Swifts and Thackerays, in the ranks of juvenile reporters, to aim some harmless jibes at. And yet the proceedings when the Governor-General goes "in State" to open Parliament, "the Great Inquest of the Nation" as Sir John Macdonald loved to describe it, affords much matter for sober reflection. It was, we are told, an opening of the Imperial Parliament that inspired M. Boutmy, of the French Academy, with the idea which led to the writing of his masterly work on "The English Constitution."

There are certain features in connection with the coming opening of the recently elected Parliament, the fourteenth since Confederation, which deserve special notice. It will not be the first time that a new Governor-General will meet a new Parliament and a new Ministry. Lord Dufferin and the Marquess of Lorne did the same. Viscount Byng will also meet Parliament in a new and almost completed building. But he will also open a Parliament containing an element hitherto unknown in the history of our Parliament, a third party, an institution not known in the British Parliament as an influential factor, and equally so in Canada. In the "Mother of Parliaments" there have, at intervals, been some attempts made in the course of a century or more to form such a body, but these stunted offshoots from Tory or Whig solidarity have never exercised any effective influence. The Irish division of later years may be regarded as one on the outside and peculiar to itself. Later years have witnessed a Labor party which shows signs of becoming an effective force in Parliament. The first Parliament of Lord Byng will present the unique spectacle of a powerful third party, which both of the older divisions will have to con-

ciliate if they wish to maintain themselves, the one in power, the other as an effective and aggressive Opposition. The new, and third, combination may be described as Grangerism in delirium tremens, but it can be powerful, or the reverse, for good or evil. The situation presented affords some material for reflection on "Party" and once more raises the question whether the way is being made wider for the approach of that National Government, for which Walpole and Disraeli alike, at long intervals, prayed, and which the Union of parties after the outbreak of the late war seemed to have brought into being.



THE MACE

Emblem of Authority in the Commons

The Meaning of the Spectacle

The ceremonial described in the "Canada Gazette" as "in State" is, according to some writers, a spectacular assertion of the rights and privileges of that great deliberative and legislative body which has grown up in Britain from the Saxon and Norman Councils and early "parlements" referred to in twelfth century documents, and, in form at least, it is, to an extent very much exaggerated, a replica of the proceedings of the opening of the "real original" at St. Stephens. There is the escort of dragoons, a salute of artillery, the guard of honor with band and colour, clad, by special permission, in the uniform of the Coldstream Guards. And, above all, is the Crown represented by the King's deputy, now the gallant hero of Vimy, more familiar than most previous Governors-General with Canada through his association with her sons whose blood crimsoned the poppied fields of Flanders. And within the stately and churchlike building which has risen from the ashes of the old structure which was the scene of the meeting of the first Confederated Parliament of Canada, the shadows of the past are again invoked and pass as they arise into the arena of the present.

In the Senate Chamber there is an assembly of the "great men," as the Parliamentary summons runs to-day. Crimson and ermine denote the presence of the lord justices who for centuries have upheld the dignity, if not always, the justice of the law. A grave and reverend assembly of what is supposed to be, and ought to be, the ealdermen or witan is present, and what did not appear in the older Parliaments, a bevy of "fayre ladyes" uniting the visions of the past with the fancies of the millinery of the day, so dear to the hearts of the gentle sex.

First comes the Representative of the King and takes his seat on the Throne, a chair of State used by no one else, and which, as representing the ever-present constitutional Majesty, receives the courtly obeisance of the Speaker and officials of the Senate, a salute accorded also in the House of Commons to the Mace, the emblem of authority and power. Then the Gentleman Usher of Black Rod is commanded to do his office. In England he is an official of the Order of the Garter, and the vehicle of communication between the King and his Parliament. His office dates from the middle of the fourteenth century and the establishment by Edward III. of the famous "Round Table," in imitation of King Arthur. Title and office have been, mutatis mutandis, transplanted to Canada. Col. E. J. Chambers of military and literary note, holds the position to-day. He is bidden to partake himself to the House of Commons and to notify that assembly that the Governor-General "desires its immediate attendance in the Senate Chamber." This he proceeds to do, in both English and French, but not until he has first knocked ceremoniously at the door of the Commons Chamber, closed, and guarded by a Sergeant-at-Arms, and has been admitted as the King's Messenger. Every new Parliament elects a new Speaker who has to claim various privileges which are regarded as of special value to the liegemen of the Commonwealth. Trooping up to the Red Chamber headed by the First Commoner and the Sergeant-at-Arms bearing the Mace, that official informs the King's deputy that the Commons have chosen him as their spokesman and presiding officer and prays on their behalf in a form, now a century and a quarter old, for all their "undoubted rights and privileges, especially freedom of speech in their debates, access to His Excellency's person at all reasonable time, and that their proceedings may receive from His Excellency the most honorable interpretation." All of which is but a ceremonial following custom and the form of centuries, and though freely granted need hardly have been asked for. The growing cumbersomeness of Hansard (the official record of the Commons debates) tells how little check is placed on the very free speech of members and access to the Governor-General can be obtained by the House at any time it feels disposed by asking for it over the telephone. But the formality is a reminder of the days when the Crown did encroach on Parliament by no means to the advantage of either. Then the Governor gives his reasons for calling the Parliament in what is commonly called the "Speech from the Throne," which as a matter of fact is prepared by the

(Continued on page 56)

THE FOLK ON LABRADOR

By GRETA G. BIDLAKE

I AWOKE my first morning in Labrador to the sound of heavy tramping above my head followed by the rattle of dishes in the kitchen and, later still, shouts and footsteps were heard outside my window. It was not yet daylight but the activities of the day seemed to have begun.

"Aunt Susan, where were the men going at four o'clock this morning?" I asked when I went into the kitchen just before breakfast.

"They was goin' jiggin', miss," replied my jolly hostess.

Now jigging is a method of hooking fish up from the bottom of the sea. It is slow and none too sure. A double hook is fastened to a wooden reel till it touches bottom. It is then jerked quickly with an upward and backward motion of the arm till one of the barbs strikes a passing codfish. Now and then the line is pulled in a few feet till at length the weight of the line tells you that you have caught a fish. Had I not been new to the country I would have known at once that people situated as my hosts, the Curls, were did not resort to jigging except during a poor season and I would have noted the pitifully small stack of fish in the stage as I came through on landing from the boat and understood that it should have been more with the summer so far advanced. These men went out every morning, after a lunch called 'mug up' from the stoneware molasses mug which cuts a prominent figure at the board, in order to get all the fish they could since cod were scarce that season and the traps yielded only small amounts. They had codfish traps and a motor dory and four of them worked together. Not so the poor 'hook and line men' who lacked this outfit and who had for years jigged their daily living from the deep. These latter might be seen at the mouth of the cove swinging their lines all day long, wet or shine, in wind, cold or sunny heat, adding to the little store that meant winter comforts in clothing and food. They took a short rest at noon, going ashore to boil the kettle, fry a fish and eat cold bread and butter, and coming home after sunset. Their catches vary. Sometimes less than sixty fish represent a day's work, but if luck be with them they may get two quintals though I thought this occurred all too seldom.

When the men from our house came home to breakfast before going out again to set the big net called a 'trap,' I asked the reason for the scarcity of fish.

"The fish doesn't come, ma'am," said Uncle George who lived in the other side of our house. "It's the dirty water."

The water it seemed was 'dirty' from the presence of what we often call 'sun grass' but what is really a green growth of algae so often found on the surface of wells, pools and stagnant streams. This drifts into the nets and the fish avoid such a clouded area so the traps remain empty. I learned afterward that the fishermen also dislike this because it clings to the meshes of the nets and they have to be hauled up to be dried and cleaned very frequently. This means a trip around to Fox Harbor flat where they are spread out in the sun. They equally dislike kelp catching in the salmon nets strung along the shore, but as the salmon season lasted only a few weeks beyond my arrival I did not see so many instances of this.

Visitor Brought Back.

After two weeks' depression on the part of the men and their wives who saw the summer passing and the fish stage nearly empty, I remarked jokingly that I would go out and bless the waters with my presence so that they might get fish. Slight and thoughtless as these words were they seemed to have some magic effect for when Uncle George tapped on the schoolroom pane next morning at eleven, calling to me to come and have 'mug-up' as they were going out, I went along and we hauled up the net to find it dragging heavy with a six quintal catch. The most yet! The next morning at nine they came home with the good news of thirty quintals in the net. They could not bring all these in with them but left some in a 'cod bag' made from a net 'out beyond' and anchored in the water by a grapnel. Gloom disappeared. The hook and line men were called in and everyone set to work. Even the women who could be spared from the household tasks or care of little children went down to help the men cut and salt them. That night the traps were hauled again with another great catch.

I had always wanted to see how the cutting and salting was done, and the next morning when I went down with a can of steaming cocoa and a plate of bread and butter sandwiches I saw them at it. The men had rested only a few hours, working the greater part of the night, and Aunt Susan was still helping. Very often fishermen and their wives stay up all night in order to cut, salt and pack away as many fish as possible while a good run is on. Even boys of fourteen become very dexterous in handling the catch. The fish are dipped from the boat with scoops and piled on the platform at the 'stage' or fish house door. Someone drops the pail that is fastened by a rope to a pole

A BIG CATCH ON LABRADOR.
A fifty pound codfish from which four pounds of eggs were taken. Jim, the boy who caught it, is at the left. "Uncle George" is the man with the pipe in his mouth.

that forms part of the floor of the landing and pulls up bucketful after bucketful which he washes over them. Three workers stand at the cutting table inside. A fourth, near the door, picks up the fish and passes them to the nearestman who breaks off the heads, large or small, with a swift movement of his hands as he bends the neck of the fish against the edge of the table. He slits the fish and removes the entrails each with two rapid passes of his knife. The livers are saved from this mass to be deposited in a puncheon outside where they stew in their own juice all summer long. A nasty sickening looking mess these puncheons hold,—and I say it with all respect to the honorable physicians who prescribe cod liver oil for their patients. I am told that it 'works clean.' I hope so. The fish is now moved quickly across the table to another worker who deftly cuts out the backbone, pushes the waste through a hole in the side of the wall and tosses the fish into a tub of water at his right. The last man washes them, piles them flat along the rows by the wall and throws salt over them. The fisher folk have learned to make all their motions at this work with the swift precision of a mechanical device and it is surprising what a lot of fish they can cut up in a short time.

Not only is the liver of the cod saved, but a membranous, glutinous part called the 'sound' is sometimes kept out as well. This is fried and provides an almost tasteless dish for the table. A fleshy portion from the lower part of the jaw and known as the 'tongue' is also fried and is a delicious and appetizing article of food. The backbone and the lower jaw bones are sometimes boiled and eaten, but usually the dogs that prowl around the rocks outside the stage gorge on these.

We sometimes had other fish than cod, and now and then a duck or two or a gull and once we had seal. Salmon are usually plentiful but they had been mostly smoked and dried before I got there as had the caplin, but the herring came in during my stay and gave us a change from the rather monotonous cod. At these times we had fried herring roe and that went well.

The Story of "Jim."

I learned how the traps were hauled after a few trips out with the men and, as for jigging, I became an expert at that within a short time, more to my surprise than to anybody else's. It seemed to me poor sport to drag a big fish in toward the boat and pull him overboard with his entrails hanging out the rip in his side or to see him struggle loose and fall bleeding back into the water.

"It's a barbarous way to catch fish," said Uncle George, who had done it for years, and I agreed with him.

My learning to jig, however, was a sensation that was totally eclipsed when young Jim, only fourteen, hooked a fifty pounder and hauled it quietly into the boat all by himself one morning before breakfast. I rushed down at the news and had Jim and his codfish pose for a snapshot that is now handed around Deep Water Creek and shown to strangers, while Jim's cod has become one of the traditions of the place.

Jim was an orphan boy who had faced the hardships of life early. His parents died when the "flu" swept the helpless people of the Coast and Uncle George took him in. He did a man's work on a poor rough diet for a growing boy. It was the best the house could provide but I was afraid the unhealthy condition of his eyes indicated beri beri, since a nurse at the hospital told me that they attributed much of the eye trouble among the fishermen to that disease. Certainly his was a case of malnutrition for a diet of bread, tea, flour, pork, fish and molasses had left him very much under weight. I was happy to give him a glad moment about his big catch. I was one day standing beside him and near another older boy, also a pupil of mine, watching them reach overboard and pull in a fish by thrusting a thumb and finger into its eye sockets, and hearing the cruel thwach! thwack! as fish after fish was stabbed with a sharp pointed hook and lifted from the net into the boat, and I wondered how these children have more of kindness toward one another than our own and I am surprised that they are not very often deliberately cruel. Right here I must not refrain from pleading for kindness to dogs because so many people tell you it is silly and impossible to try to be friendly with them. "The dogs are half wolf," they say. But to the dog lover a dog is a dog and though these may be sneaks yet they willingly do all the winter's hard hauling and if putting in a word for them stamps me as a tenderfoot to the Coast then a tenderfoot I am and a tenderfoot I shall remain.

A People Worth While.

There are people and people. The world is full of many kinds, no two exactly alike. I am not going to tell you that every man on the Labrador shore is God fearing and industrious. I know every man is not, but I can truthfully say that most of them are and I can state with even surer knowledge that the men of my village were to the last one. Think of the helpfulness that never sees a neighbor lack; the generosity that takes from a slim store to divide with one who has none; the community spirit of people who work share and share alike over a big catch; of the good hearts that give up their salt when salt is scarce to the men who have the fish but no salt. I tell you we can't match it! No old man or woman left homeless to face the hard winter; no orphan child allowed to go without care even when the houses are so very, very small and the fish are few. Measured by our standards they are rough, but I like rough people who are real and when I had packed my trunk and Uncle George had nailed up a box of fish which he had salted from my catch on a jigging expedition I was sorry to go. Aunt Susan came in offering a piece of rope to tie the box more securely, and telling me that it had come around a box belonging to a former teacher and she had 'keeped it.' I saw tears in her eyes. She followed me along the precarious stone steps that led to the landing below the cliffs and the men helped me down the ladder into the boat. I took a long look at the beautiful spot where I had summered and I knew I was homesick at leaving. I worked down the lump in my throat and cried, "Goodby, Aunt Susan, goodby!"

READY FOR SERVICE

The NATIONAL PICTORIAL recognizes that if it is to give the public what the public wants it must respond to public sentiment. It is our hope, as months go on, to deal with the many phases of Canadian progress in all walks of life, whether business or pleasure, and in this connection we shall especially welcome contributions which deal with clubs, musical societies and artistic activities, but particularly with the problems of the home, the very basis of nationhood. We intend to establish a department for answers to questions upon various subjects and invite correspondence from any person who is seeking advice or information on points of law, investment, music or on general subjects. If we shall be able to serve our readers in this regard we shall be repaid by the consolation that Service is after all the REAL thing in life.

Editorials

BUSINESS IS REVIVING

THE first months of 1922 seem, at the time of writing, likely to be a period of sifting out of the business enterprises of Canada in common with the rest of the world, and especially of this continent. The intoxication of the war period left its "morning after" effect, with the inevitable result that, just as with the human body a debauch is followed first by a headache and then by physical reaction, so in business the "headache," with its contracting results, has been followed by the "cleaning-out," which is as necessary to the business body as a dose of salts is to the physical body after a spree. (This portion of our article is, of course, for male consumption only, as the ladies, God bless 'em, know nothing of sprees and such like masculine peccadilloes.) But just as in a family the "spree" of the old man has its effect upon the whole family, so the business "spree" in which the world has indulged for the past five years, must react upon the whole community. That is the reason why we are all now feeling the effects of the "contracting pains."

None of us has lost our faith in our country or its potentialities. We all know that Canada, of all countries in the world, has suffered less from the effects of the war than any other. We have faith in the future. We possess on the whole a sober and industrious people, but yet we must pay our share of the penalty for the big "spree" which followed the outbreak of hostilities in 1914. And, if these first months of 1922 seem to have more than their share of the sifting out of businesses, we must realize that that is but the inevitable result of the business storm which has, as always, been the sequel of war. The fact is that if the world war made great changes, water still runs down hill and the truth of the multiplication table still holds good. Just as after a winter's storm in the Canadian forests the weaklings fall and the strong pines continue to hold their heads erect, so it will be found that after the present storm has passed the *real* business enterprises of the country will be still doing business, and doing business upon a better basis than ever, just because of the storm through which they have passed.

And as the rainbow in the sky after a summer thunderstorm presages fine weather, so does the period of transition through which we are now passing tell of the better times to come. Canada is sound at bottom, and from that root ever upward grow the limbs of confidence which will inaugurate a better business, towards which we must all do our share, by believing, and preaching, the doctrine that we have the greatest country in the world, and that nothing but lack of faith in ourselves can prevent Canada from becoming that which Wilfrid Laurier presaged when, late in his political life, he coined the phrase "The Twentieth Century will be Canada's Century." Just as the individual drop of water eventually makes the ocean, so the individual aid of every Canadian is needed to make up the Dominion's destiny, and if this is done there is no reason why, despite the gloomy outlook when 1921 went out, the year 1922 should not see the commencement of a new era of prosperity for us all. But it needs the help of every one of us. **Have faith in Canada and all will be well!**

THE COMMERCIALIZATION OF FESTIVALS

ONE of the inevitable thoughts at the commencement of any new year must necessarily be a review of one's self and of the failings which such an examination reveals. This involves perforce the shortcomings of others, and thus the whole community comes under review. And to any sober-thinking man or woman the predominant note after Christmas, as indeed after any Christian holiday season of the year, must be regret that all such occasions are now looked upon chiefly as opportunities for big business. The "Christmas spirit" has been made a medium for propaganda whose sole object is to promote trade. Everybody feels, no matter what their income, that they must "keep up with the Joneses," or in other words that they must give just as much as their neighbor, no matter if said neighbor possesses far more of this world's goods than the other. One must "remember" everybody else; to paraphrase the words of Scripture, to him that giveth shall be given and he who has not given shall be forgotten. The children's festival has been submerged under a tidal wave of foolish extravagance. How different it was in the old days! Then giving was confined to one's own family or employes. Now, however, every friend must be "remembered" under the penalty of finding that one has been "remembered" by some one whom you have forgotten. The wild orgy of spending goes on till Christmas eve, and even during the following week, with the result that when the new year comes the average woman and many men are glad to just sit back and thank God that Christmas is over. What a travesty upon the idea which the Birthday of the Christ is supposed to typify!

Bad, however, as is the commercialization of Christmas the business exploitation of Easter is even worse. What idea of the Christian religion would a visitor from Mars gain if he went through a Canadian city or town during the week in which Christians are supposed to commemorate in sorrow the World's Greatest Tragedy or to celebrate in gladness the Wonder of the Resurrection? He would find Easter bonnets, Easter bunnies, Easter eggs, Easter gloves, Easter shoes—even Easter corsets—to say nothing of hot-cross buns on Good Friday, all exploited for the benefit of Big Business and in perfect disregard of the decency of things.

Is there a remedy for this sort of thing, you ask? There is, but it lies with the individual, and there is nothing more difficult than to persuade the individual to be different from the mob. If one or two leading people in each community were to set their faces against this prostitution of Christian festivals for the benefit of the shopkeepers, there might be some hope; but, alas, there is little chance of that, for after all the leaders in most cities are the very people who fall victims to the allurements of the stores and the holiday trips of the railways at a time when the average man and woman should be considering the real meaning of the two Events which Good Friday and Easter Day mean, if they mean anything at all.

One curious thing about this business exploitation of holydays is that, in Canada at least, we have none of it on our national holiday. Across the border the stores appeal with

devious and specious bids for patronage just prior to the "Glorious Fourth," but did you ever hear or see of any business booming of our Glorious First, the birthday of the Dominion? Not except by some small storekeeper who may perchance sell a few firecrackers for use by the children. How would it be if some of the ridiculous wasteful and unseemly commercialization of church festivals were diverted to our national holiday? It would certainly be more appropriate and it would come at a season of the year when trade most needs a fillip.

ST. DISTAFF'S DAY

HOW many Canadians are there who know that the seventh of January used to be Saint Distaff's day in old England? The Christmas festivities in ancient days used to extend from Christmas Eve until Epiphany ("Twelfth Night" as we know it). Feasting and merriment were the order of the day, and too often of the night, and peer and peasant alike gave themselves to holiday-making; but on the Twelfth Day the follies of Christmas were buried by the demolition of the Yuletide decorations. Herrick tells of this when he wrote:

"Down with the rosemary, and so
Down with the bays and mistletoe;
Down with the holly, ivy, all,
Wherewith ye dressed the Christmas hall,
That so the superstitious find
No one least branch there left behind;
For look, how many leaves there be
Neglected there, maids, trust to me,
So many goblins ye shall see."

And on the morning of January seventh it was the custom to go back to work. Yet it was not to be expected that, after practically two weeks' holiday, work could be resumed with all its regularity, and so there was a custom by which the re-dedication of the farm to industry was accompanied by a ceremony, in which the woman's side of the daily round was emphasized. Herrick again tells us of what the custom was:

"Partly work and partly play
Ye must on St. Distaff's day;
From the plough soon free your team,
Then come home and fodder them;
If the maids a-spinning go,
Burn the flax and fire the tow;
Scorche their plackets, but beware
That ye singe no maiden hair;
Bring in pails of water then,
Let the maids bewash the men;
Give St. Distaff all the right,
Then bid Christmas sport good-night,
And next morrow every one
To his own vocation."

Thus we see that even in those days the sphere of the woman in the home was recognized, and that the daily task, the weary round, could not be resumed without close co-operation between the men and women of the household. In these days of hurrying and scurrying to and fro, of jazzing and madding, such things could not happen, in the cities at least; so that, after all, there is something to be said for the "good old days," even if circumstances of our time prevent our imitating their very excellent example.

DO YOU KNOW WHY?

A CORRESPONDENT once wrote to an editor and asked why people pronounced Berkeley Bark'ly. The editor replied: "I don't; some people do, I suppose, because they consider it proper. For instance, why is Cholmondeley pronounced Chum'ly, and Beauchamp, Beech'am; and Dewar, Du'ar; and Bethune, Bee'tun; and Mainwaring, Man'nering; and St. Maur, See-more; and Montmorency, Munt'morency; and St. Leger, Sill'ijer; and St. John, Sin'jun? Why is one little boy born of wealthy parents, with golden spoons and silken frocks, and another little boy born in the slums, with no parents to speak of, no spoons and no frocks? Why is one tree in the forest tall and straight and beautiful, while its neighbor tree is dwarfed and unattractive to the sight? I don't know, do you?"

YO TE AMO

Yo te amo! Would you know
What these words mean, you must go
Where eyes speak, and lips are still
There where sings the mountain rill,
"Yo te amo!" in its flow
To the rushes bending low,
And the blushing cloudlets sigh
"Yo te amo!" to the sky
E'en the flowers at your feet
Kiss them as they breathe it sweet,
And faint echo calls so low—
Ah, I love thee, love thee so.

—*Selected.*

LONDON paper asserted that there was "a lake of competent domestic help in Canada." Yet the Canadian housewife complains of the lack of help!

* * * * * *

GEORGE Robey, the English actor, now receives an income of over $100,000 a year. Nobody can assert that he is engaged for a mere song!

* * * * * *

A WOMAN who owns a yard on Fifth Avenue, New York, worth half a million, refuses to sell it, as it would deprive her cat of a playground. And if pussy were only asked, she would probably much prefer the tiles! That's life all over!

* * * * * *

STEPHEN LEACOCK, the "great American humorist," as he is described in England, was born in Devon and has lived in Canada since his youth. How then is he an "American"?

* * * * * *

ASTROLOGERS are perfectly safe in predicting that the world will be shaken to its foundations in 1926. There is so much curiosity as to what is to happen in 1922 that nobody is likely to remember prophecies of calamities four years removed.

* * * * * *

A WOMAN at Los Angeles has sued her neighbor for $25,000 damages for calling her an old hen. It is a singular reflection upon certain aspects of bird life that if he had called her an old *duck* she would probably merely have smirked and called him a goose!

THE ESSAYIST

By WM. A. DEACON

THE old fashioned political editorial has gone. It was a virile, if crude, manifestation of human genius. The smashing blows, delivered in blind loyalty to party, were as stimulating to the audience as an old-fashioned tourney in which iron-clad knights went at each other with mace and battle-axe. It was rough work—lots of fun in its time—but it had to go.

The old-fashioned book review is going too, and for the same reason. It is too crude. Nobody except booksellers, librarians and others dealing professionally with new books, wants to read dry resumes. Those desiring to be well-informed also read them, but they are not real persons. They are a hybrid species produced by crossing shadows and parrots.

Personal reactions to books are interesting, the best possible comment on new works. But the review, as we have known it, has been utterly spoiled by the use of stock phrases. All the adjectives are worn out. After decades of abuse they should be retired on pensions, every one of them. Superlatives have been discounted until they have no value.

To replace the review we have the causerie. It is not a new form but it is just becoming popular. The causerie is an essay written upon, or more generally around, the book. Its basis is the personal reaction of the writer to the book under discussion. Its distinctive note is the freedom of its creator to range over as wide a field as he chooses. Thus the causerie may be an essay upon the development of the author's talent, and may only touch on his latest book to link it up with the rest. Or it may discuss several books by different authors on the same subject. One of the best causeries recently published was in the New York Times Book of Review in the form of a conversation between the poet of 1890 and the poet of 1920 wherein these characters debated upon what the poet of 1990 would be like. Apparently by accident six late volumes of verse were criticized.

Because of the width of range the causerie has no excuse for being dull, and seldom is. Because the writer reveals so much of himself, his literary background and creed, we can judge with fair accuracy how the book would affect us. Because of the freedom to deal with what is vital to himself, the writer falls automatically into habits of literary honesty often sadly absent in the old review. Long live the causerie!

THE MOUNTEBANK

"LIKE ancient Gaul time is nowadays divided into three parts—before, during and after the war." Thus Mr. William J. Locke in his latest novel, "The Mountebank." Which reminds us that this author, turning out his book a year, has gone through the normal changes of feeling respecting the war.

"The Wonderful Year" was written in the early months of excitement and high hope. Its note is exhilaration. "The Rough Road" and "The Red Planet" have the dogged tear-stained cheerfulness of the middle years. "The Mountebank" reveals a France victorious and weary, exhibiting a jealous nationalism, struggling with food scarcity and high prices.

Andrew Lackaday, brought up in a French circus, joined the British army. He arose from Private to Brigadier-General. He was loaded with military honors. The story

(Continued on next page)

JANEY CANUCK

THIS is Emily Murphy, alias Emily Ferguson, alias Janey Canuck, alias Mrs. Arthur Murphy. She is Canada's first woman police magistrate, and if the B.N.A. Act is amended she may become our first woman senator.

She stands in the front rank of Canadian authors. Her books, "Janey Canuck in the West," "Open Trails" and "Seeds of Pine" have given Canada more publicity abroad than the works of any other author except "Ralph Connor." Janey, or Emily, or whatever you like to call her, has given much truer pictures of Canadian life. Her wit is in a class by itself.

The honors that have come to her would fill a page. Most significant is that of the Presidency of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada, which position she held from 1919 to 1921. Beside that what is it to be decorated by His Majesty King George a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem? We never met St. John and could not, on a bet, distinguish his fraternity from the Loyal Order of Moose. But we know what it is to be President of the Federated Institutes. That is to a woman what being Premier of Canada is to a man. And when the Dominion Parliament decides that the time has come for the nomination of women to the Senate we shall all be very happy if "Janey Canuck" becomes Canada's first woman Senator.

THE MOUNTEBANK

(Continued from previous page)

deals with his demobilization, and the heart-breaking necessity of resuming the green silk tights of the trick acrobat. General Lackaday has won the love of Lady Auriol Dayne, daughter of the Earl of Mountshire, who "regarded the Royal Family as upstarts and only visited Buckingham Palace in order to set a good example to the proletariat."

Here's a state of things! You recognize instantly in Lackaday one of the grotesque ingredients of a typical Locke story. The others are not wanting. Horatio Bakkus is a combination of cynic philosopher and music hall tenor. Elodie is the illiterate daughter of Marseilles. And, of course, we wander all over rural France.

The reliable Locke formula is used, and all these unusual people are finally awarded due measures of happiness and contentment. Incidentally we strike the familiar alloy of country-side wisdom mixed with quotations from Browning and Schopenhauer. The descriptions of the home life of circus folks have all the illusion of intimacy which Locke knows so well how to contrive. It is strange how such a slight plot can make such an interesting story. Long live that reliable Locke formula, which has once more been eminently successful!

Has it all the old whimsicality of "The Beloved Vagabond?" Well, no. It is a little grimmer. There is a reason why it should not have the idyllic irresponsibility of "Aristide Pujol." C'est la guerre.

AMBITION

I have no ambition,
  For loafing's my joy.
And I have no contrition
  Thus to enjoy
Myself—that's all:
Loafing's my call!

—Francis Callaghan.

I have always contended that Truth is the only foundation for Real Art, but it is seldom that a young poet, in his first offering, shows the degree of candor exhibited by Mr. Callaghan in this lyric. Following Yeats as a younger "poet of shadows," Mr. Callaghan often strays into misty realms where it is difficult to follow his Celtic soul. Here all such impediments are removed. We understand him perfectly; and can enjoy to the full the music he makes so deftly. Why waste so good a tune on such a sentiment? Well, it's the Truth, what more do you want? Recalling Wolfe's historic preference for the writing of elegies "than take Quebec," I think if I could find such complete self-expression in six lines I, too, would die happy.

A NEW PRIDE FOR BELGIUM

—International Photo

THE NEW LIBRARY FOR LOUVAIN UNIVERSITY, AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED. THIRTY-THREE NATIONS HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO ITS REBUILDING.

Canadian Writers and Canadian Literature

By CLAYTON McDONALD

"CANADA is well prepared by the character of her people, by their intelligence and law-abiding habits, to face whatever problems the future may bring, finding remedies for such defects as have disclosed themselves in her government, and making her material prosperity the basis of a pacific and enlightened civilization."

The above paragraph, quoted from Viscount Bryce's "Canada: an Actual Democracy," may be taken as also sounding the keynote to her position in literature. That much remains to be accomplished is evident, but, again, that very fact recognized gives a sufficient face value to what has been done up to the present day to make Canadians feel that they hold important outposts on the roadway to achievement. We have only to scan the lists of names that one finds in any up-to-date Canadian bookstore to be amazed at the numbers of our home writers: Wade Toole, Dorothy Hobden, R. G. MacBeth, Beatrice Embree, Canon Wm. Bertal Heeney, George H. Ham, Agnes Laut, E. R. Marsh, Pauline Johnson, Alfred Gordon, Robert Norwood, Tom MacInnes, Robert Service, Robt. Stead, Hopkins Moorhouse, Frederick Wm. Wallace, Col. G. T. Denison, Arthur Heming, Douglas Durkin, Marshall Saunders, Basil King, H. A. Cody, Harold C. Lowrey, Paterson Smith, Alfred Uren, Sir Gilbert Parker, Frank L. Packard, Arthur Stringer, Nellie McClung, Mrs. Murphy, Marion Keith, Lilian Vaux MacKinnon.

That is not by any means a complete list, as for instance the author of that wonderfully interesting "History of the Royal North-West Mounted Police," that bears the title of "Riders of the Plains" is not mentioned. "The Great Company," by Beckles Willson—the history of the Hudson's Bay Company, is likewise passed by. What more informative and interesting reading outside of the actual history of the great Dominion could be found?

Charles G. D. Roberts' "Heart of the Ancient Wood"; Alan Sullivan's "The Rapids"; James O. Curwood's "The Flaming Forest," deserve especial mention for revealing to us the beauties and mysteries of this wonderful land that stands yet in its virgin innocence awaiting the touch and praise of the artists that shall one day convert it to more tangible realization of its own charms and qualities. And, lest we forget, what of J. H. Menzies, who has just given us "The Promise of the West"; and David Hogarth "The Valley of Gold." Mr. Curwood is in a way identified with Canadian literature, since all his inspiration seems to be gleaned from this magical Northland.

And Poetry? Well, it takes more than an ordinary reviewer to do justice to the depths or heights to which the poetical mind reaches. And I confess my weakness in this direction. But may one not be allowed to express appreciation of the various forms it is taking? If Canada has not yet produced a genius, recognized as such by the world, may she not lay claim to a pretty fair contribution of philosophic and lyric expressions clothed in verse? But as I am not writing a review, but merely pointing out the manifold sides of our national literature, I am not committed in any way. I wish only to draw attention to the poets whose names are to be found in the first part of this article. They are there, but not all, for poets have a more trying time than novelists, and have a way of loitering off by themselves, not always as one would think in the far recesses of woodlands, but even among the "madding crowd," seeking what they would interpret of the human heart and mind.

If one turns to the lighter forms of literature,—and it need not be considered light, for in its laughter many a heart bears itself more forcefully and effectively than by shedding tears,—we find that Canada is not without its humorists.

A little volume that is appreciated by many, and has, in addition to the above qualities, a touch that childhood alone can give, is "The Morning-Glory Girl," by Mrs. Winlow and Kathryn Pocklington.

However, it is not our intention to go into any details or even a cursory review of the works of Canadian writers on this occasion. They will be taken up gradually, and each month the NATIONAL PICTORIAL expects to devote to them a paragraph, if not more, individually. If any of our readers are not acquainted with the writers mentioned in this "snap-shot" of Canadian literary people, we would suggest that they endeavor to do so at the earliest opportunity. Our limited space has not even allowed us the privilege of enumerating their works. It has been our intention solely to point out to the public at large that the Dominion of Canada has men and women writers who can hold their own with writers of other nationality. To become convinced of that, read their works. Be proud of what they have contributed to literature. Help spread their fame across the American continent by giving it the proper start at the "home base."

MY JESTER

By EVELYN VERMILYEA

I was a Queen upon my throne,
  You were my Jester gay.
With violin and song and whim
  You played the hours away.

I laughed when suitors pled their cause,
  And scorned their merits all,
I waited for a Fairy Prince
  To enter my proud hall.

Then suddenly, with passion torn,
  You sank upon your knee,
And in a storm of broken words,
  You told your heart to me.

Your hot tears rose at my curled lip,
  You trembled like a reed.
Ah God! Could I recall the words
  I spoke with little heed.

You went away. How your brown curls
  Still linger in my hand!
How your deep eyes of tenderness
  Could glow and understand!

Deserted in my golden hall
  Where pageants pass no more.
A broken violin lies mute
  Upon the palace floor.

THE "FAIRIES" OF VANCOUVER

(Continued from page 19)

I forgot to tell you that everyone here believes in fairies. A few persons will not admit they believe the valley swarms with sprites; but climb a seaside path past grottoes among tall sword ferns, outgushing with cataracts, amid the tallest trees in Canada; and lo, gnomes will peer at you, puffing out their cheeks and stirring the ferns and disturbing the undergrowth, and, the very next time you try to find that path it will have disappeared; and, instead, you will find yourself beside a lake over-covered with pink and yellow water-lillies, and—

Pauline Johnson, whose memory everyone reveres and loves, told of the *Lure* in this Stanley Park. Woe to him who comes across the stone, bewitched a long time ago . . .

If you have not lived in British Columbia's fairy city you may not believe as ardently in your dreams as we do in ours. (Under wings of purest purple, poised for heavenly flight, faces wear a youthful, charmed expression.) I am not even sure if you would believe the story I will tell you, and it is but an impression of what *is*.

Vancouver has a lively aura. The windows climb and glitter, the sky blossoms, the gardens leap from enclosure to enclosure, they are so virile in the moist, bright weather, Magazine stands flower perenially; shops display Indian dolls, costume jewelry from France, cups and images from Japan, chairs from China, ebon-elephants from India, rugs from Afghanistan, blue-painted tea-shops come over from England, and ships and engines bring everything else in from everywhere.

It was in a state of dreamy incuriosity I entered a little cart that stopped beside me on Granville Street. The driver, a black dwarf, passed readily beyond others waiting with cars and cycles, to board the ferry. No one noticed our equippage. We were soon in North Vancouver.

The little black horse lagged up the steep hill, and as dusk was falling, we seemed to be passing Mrs. Winlow's cottage. We were approaching Capilano Canyon, of which the half had not been told to me, and I was glad. Amid the trees this moonlit evening it was pitch black. I got out of the foolish rig and lay down resistlessly on a cushion of yielding, sappy-smelling bracken, and slept.

I woke in an unknown mountainous country! A grey streak promised morning. In its hinted light I glanced about, and what I saw of the landscape was dull, dead, rock-grey. I was surprised to hear a voice say, "The trees are still sleeping." I again noticed my black dwarf, and saw now he wore a red fez, a flowing white robe, and had a foot-wide knife attached to his girdle. All I could see of the trees was their grey outline.

Twenty thousand singing birds commenced cheering! Near were clumps of iris, dazzled with quick brightening. "The only honest plants here," said the dwarf.

Then I forgot them, for the trees, ah, the trees, had wakened with a wonderful leap to life. The voice of my guide persisted. "This at the left is a very choice Dream Tree. You can see the dreams are in all stages of development."

It would be difficult for me to explain what a budding dream resembles. Can you imagine a green beetle, whose wings, half lifted, expose for the abdominal part, an opening blue rosebud? For head, a dream-bud has a rose's ripe seed-cradle, with the glowing red eyes of a miller.

They swing from the parent tree by cobwebs, and there are there a variety of full-grown dreams; some, hazy fluff balls; some queer, ugly-winged distortions of ships; some misted wave-shapes; the blue-fire-spitting ghost of an angry little cat; and surprise packets with warm home-fires and pretty children's pictures shining through. A Dream Tree looks like a fruit tree hung with wizards' toys.

Beyond the Dream Tree was a Shadow Tree, reflecting all the dreams as in a clouded mirror, inextinguishably silver.

There was a Wonder Tree, bearing such vari-colored baubles as chinas, orchids, jewels, military caps, crowns, ornamented books, illuminated texts, gilt picture frames of fresh oil paintings, colored chalks, and so many other things of an improving nature.

One tree was a Bubble Tree. It was covered with bell-like flowers, from whose dewy mouths great palpitating bubbles floated. A Statue Tree sprouted all manner of radiant small images.

There was a Luxury Tree enveloped in an atmosphere of indoors. The flowers the Luxury Tree bore were pink powder puffs. The branches were gilt. The leaves were ostrich plumes in rare soft shades. Under its boughs were chaise longues piled with cloudy silk cushions of haunting weave. On satin-walnut stands rested books of verse, big boxes of chocolates, "love nuts from Syria," pecan roll, candied violets. The next tree was a Star Tree.

The burdened branches of the trees were constantly shaken by the headlong attacks of Breezes. Showers of queer fruits fell with "plops" onto the soft sward.

"These winds are vagabonds," said my guide, moodily.

Now we strolled for miles through the strange orchard which sloped to the sea. It took us until about noon to reach its end. From a silvery shore we embarked in a sail boat. The Breezes flew at the sails, and the boat leapt across the turgid harbor. We commenced an afternoon's voyage, of which I will tell you briefly.

We passed an island treed in shades of purple, amber, mineral-green, and rose, shining above all colors of grasses, shadows, stones and fences. Scene after scene appeared in light like a glory striving to burst a cloud-filament. Lakes, streams, and creatures from life, mainly peasants, entered in settings sometimes natural, but mainly unearthly in shade and shape, but very appealing.

"This," said Blacko, "is Water Color Country, on the Island of Alpha."

We reached a Story-Book land, where love scenes and murders alternately took place, to our recurring delight and anguish; and the cities went past "swish!" Like the pages of a book.

When I thought myself fed up with romance, scenes of violence approached; a heavy car, knifed to the core by a bloody tree-trunk, from a branch of which a man's scalp dangled; an automobile dashed over a precipice into the sea; a brutal robbery of women by thugs. And the sea-waves seemed to nod with Shapes. The late sun shook his last red pennant . . .

We went by the province of Bankrupt Characters, full of wretched people, very sad, striving, building up little shops.

No wonder I became wearier and wearier and perplexed. I heard murmured that this was the Ocean Occult, and that we had set out from the land of Things, when I fell asleep.

Listen! I woke up on the North Vancouver ferry.

A VERY master of the art of euphemism was an Englishman we recently read about. He was filling out a questionaire and one line ran, "Is your father dead? If so, how did he die?" Now the man's father had been hanged, but he hated to say so outright, so he wrote: "My father was taking the principal part in a public function, when the platform gave way."

THE PRECISE PHRASE

By P. W. LUCE

SOMETIMES, when I have nothing better to do, I read the newspapers. I hasten to add, by way of explanation and extenuation, that I am not a regular subscriber (nor do I write letters to the editor under the signature of "Pro Bono Publico," or his first cousin, "Paterfamilias") I am just what you might call a haphazard dilletante reader, one who picks up any old kind of a newspaper and reads it much as he would eat hash in a cheap restaurant, without having the faintest idea of what he is going to find once he gets fairly started.

Of course, at my age, I can read newspapers without suffering any ill-effects. I can read The Toronto Globe without feeling that the country is going to the dogs; and editorials in The Halifax Herald do not make me hanker for more codfish in my daily rations; The Farmers' Sun sheds its refulgent beams in vain in my direction. I will not start any subscription for the benefit of the poor starving farmers, none of whom have made a cent profit on anything since The Sun started smearing deep, black ink on good clean paper; and the most convincing special articles in the Oil Bubble won't lure one red cent of mine into the gilt-edged pockets of smooth speculators. All the reading I do leaves me cold —sometimes clammy.

It does not matter whether I pick up a western, eastern or northern Canadian newspaper, a decent American sheet or one published by W. R. Hearst, an English or a French journal, or a Dutch, Italian, Swedish, Spanish, Russian, Japanese, Cubist, or a Yappist publication, I find they are all alike in a certain meritorious aptitude for using the exact word and the precise phrase. The world over, newspaper men must pore over lexicon and thesaurus, burning the midnight candle at both ends to discover the one particular expression so adequately expressing a certain thing that, once learned, it is never forgotten, but is used again and again, and for ever and ever, world without end, at home and abroad, throughout the breadth of the British Empire on which the sun never sets, and in the far corners of the earth to which the sun has not yet penetrated.

If there is such a thing as a superlative in absolute appropriateness, I think it is to be found in the use of the word "rushed" in connection with an accident story. No newspaper man in the world could hold his job if, in reporting a serious mishap, he did not explain that "the victim was immediately RUSHED to the hospital." It is so easy to visualize what really happened when you read of the "unavoidable" collision, the "wild cries of alarm," the "sudden" crash, the "sickening" thud, the "immediate" notification of the police, the "summoning" of the ambulance, the "prompt" arrival on the scene of the doctor who "renders" first aid, the "speedy" appearance of the ambulance in which the "unfortunate" victim is placed, and then the "rush directly" to the hospital.

That word "rush," to my mind, is the crowning glory of a perfect tale beautifully rounded out. It is so true to life, so very *ipsissima verba*, if you know what I mean. I have seen many accidents and many ambulances hurtling hospitalwards, and it is the plain unvarnished truth that they "rush." So far as my first-hand knowledge goes (and I have supplemented this by extensive, expensive and exhaustive investigations), there is no record of an ambulance ever taking the victim of an accident to the hospital on low gear or by a roundabout course, with the chauffeur stopping beside babbling brooks to pick wild flowers, listen to the twittering songs of bullfinches, or watching the little lambkins gambol at their play on the hillside. Nor does he stop in Gasoline Alley for a little game of crap, or spend an hour watching a ball game through a knot-hole in the fence.

Far from it! Straight as an arrow he flies, "rushing directly" to the hospital, exactly as the papers say he does. He does not drive to the hospital, or take the patient there, or convey the victim, or proceed, or speed, or race, or go, or anything so usual as that. He RUSHES!

One might think, in view of the way in which an ambulance "rushes," that a fire engine would do the same thing when hurrying to the "scene of the conflagration," but that would be a solecism of which no modern newspaper is ever guilty. There is only one way in which a blaze can be extinguished, and that is for the firemen to "respond to the alarm." Otherwise, all efforts will be futile; the flames will "leap" and the building will be "gutted," only "tottering" walls remaining. No fire is genuine unless reported in these words, and the owner might very properly be suspected of incendiarism if his house was completely burnt up on the inside, and only the "shaky," "trembling," or "unsafe" walls left standing.

* * * * * *

Firemen are the only public servants who "respond." Policemen are "notified," and if the matter is serious, reserves are "rushed to the spot." Postmen "tramp" on their rounds; the water inspector "takes a walk" around the residential district to find out who is using a hose without a permit; the gas inspector "makes a tour"; the public works foreman "supervises" from place to place; the dog-catcher "skirmishes" in his search for stray curs. Not one of them "responds"; that is the prerogative of the "fire laddies."

Should a policeman ever—by accident, naturally—come across a burglar busy burglarizing, it is newspaper etiquette that the cop should "grapple" with the burglar. He must not grab at him, or knock him down, or shoot him, or shoo him away, or run away himself, or even fight him. He must "grapple," which is, I think, a sort of catch-as-catch-can style of wrestling,, played without a padded mat.

If the policeman should be so fortunate as not to be "notified" until Bill Sikes has got clear away, he may "proceed to investigate," and after this "reach certain conclusions." That's as much as any newspaper will allow a bobby to do. But if the case looks so easy that a detective is put in charge, then the 'tec must of necessity "pick up a clue." Nothing else will serve; it must be "a clue," and he must "pick it up." If the "mysterious" crime is not "solved"— it must be mysterious, and solving is the only permissible expression—the newspaper may "advance a theory" of its own, but it would be infra dig to merely have a theory, or to advance an explanation, or suggest a solution. Custom commands.

* * * * * *

The more sporting news they print in the newspapers, the less I have read. But there is just one phrase in the mess of weird English the sporting editors use that always strikes me between the eyes. It is to the effect that the football team "trotted" out on the field. I have never known a football team to walk out, or hop out, or skip out, or run out,

or come out, or appear—always and ever it must TROT out. Why? Ask of the hills, and Echo answers "Why?" Nobody knows. Lacrosse teams may move from the dressing room to the oval in any one of a dozen ways; baseball players may roll or crawl if they feel like it; cricketers may sip tea on their leisurely way; golfers come and go at their own sweet will; there are no restrictions on tennis players, but the football team must TROT. If it didn't, I suppose the other side would get a free kick; in any event it would be a serious affront to the gents who split infinitives and give us such expensive tips on oathounds that come in first after the eighth horse.

One more example of the sport writers' perspicuity. Even the most casual reader will observe that when a hunter goes out after game—only in eighty-three cases out of a hundred he is a "Nimrod"—he starts BRIGHT AND EARLY. Statistics will bear out the correctness of this observation. Except when hunting coons down in Georgia, or cooties in Muskoka summer camps, the hunter really and truly does start out early in the morning. He seems to think that will give him a longer day to think up a good excuse for his light bag when he returns. I have never known a sportsman going out on a ten-mile jaunt after wild ducks to leave the city at nine o'clock at night. He always gets away early, and I presume he's bright.

In the realm of social life, the newspapers have whittled down possible expressions to the lowest common denominator. Taking things as they come, we are always told that "mother and child are doing as well as can be expected." Were it any other kind of—er, trouble, we might learn that rapid progress towards recovery was being made, or that conditions were swiftly tending towards normalcy, or that no duplication of the disorder was to be expected. But in the case of a visit by the stork, "mother and child are doing as well as can be expected" is the only bulletin that fills the need, and is exactly understood by proud papas, doting grandparents, a multiplicity of aunts, an infinity of cousins and a legion of friends.

Speaking of babies—concerning which, being a virtuous bachelor, I know less than nothing—I would like to be told why one must always say that it is "a winsome girl," if it's a She, or that it's "a bouncing boy," if it's a He. I have always kept my candid opinion of baby girls religiously to myself, but in the case of baby boys I did once accidentally put the popular description to the acid test, and it failed most lamentably. In other words, I—Oh, quite accidentally, I assure the ladies—I dropped a "bouncing baby boy" on a hardwood floor, and the little bounder didn't bounce an inch. He just yelled . . . I did the bouncing . . . Those women made just as much fuss as if I had really spoiled the kid, which is really an impossibility in their early pliable stage.

Still staying with the social page, I find that etiquette demands that all dances should continue until the "wee sma' hours of the morning."

Until comparatively recently people did not dance; they "tripped the light fantastic toe," but the light fantastic toe could'nt stand the gaff when the hula-hula shimmied in, and to-day it is only to be found in the backwoods where jazz does not penetrate, nor the ukelele rip and tear harmonies to shreds.

Much to my surprise, there is one banquetting expression that has not yet fallen into a state of innocuous desuetude. I refer to the admonition of the toastmaster to "Charge Your Glasses, Gentlemen." In days of old, when men were bold, and banquets were revels, there might have been some reason for charging upon the glasses, but in these degenerate days there is little reason to fear that anyone will steal our Coca-cola or ginger ale. The insipid stuff will still be there when we arrive, more's the pity, and we have to sip the health of the guest in liquid insults to healthy stomachs. O Tempora! O Mores! And we are under the painful obligation of pretending that we enjoy it! O Hypocrites!

Which brings me to another pat word we always find doing useful service to the noun "hypocrite." Of course I mean the word "SMUG." There is no other that fits so nicely, that so conjures up a picture of what a hundred-per-cent hypocrite looks like when most affectedly precise in his hypocrisy. There are very few, if any, cases on record in which a newspaper has referred to any other than a SMUG hypocrite. All others are shams.

I have by no means exhausted the list of pet phrases on which the journalistic world has put the universal O.K., but the well-known "limitations of space" forbid that I should further trespass on the patience of the "gentle reader." Therefore I merely throw out a few more observations haphazard, in the form of questions, which may be answered by the curious or ignored by the intelligentsia:

"Why is a ten-spot given in charity always CRISP?"

"Why is cash always COLD?"

"Why cannot executives meet except IN CONFERENCE?"

"Why must it always be a RAGING blizzard?"

"Why must a cigarette be PUFFED?"

"Why must a train PULL OUT?"

"Why must a car of potatoes ROLL IN?"

"Why, oh why, must oysters be referred to as SUCCULENT BIVALVES?"

"What is BROAD daylight?"

"How black is PITCH dark?"

"Why must delegations be promised SERIOUS CONSIDERATION?"

"Why does Mackenzie King TWIT Arthur Meighen?"

"How often are public works RUSHED TO COMPLETION?"

"When doesn't snow SIFT DOWN?"

"Why are drug addicts DOPE FIENDS?"

"Why does a disabled ship LIMP into port?"

"Why is every escape NARROW or MIRACULOUS?"

"Why must a flag FLUTTER in the breeze?"

And why, oh why, must a coincidence be PECULIAR? For it always is, unless it happens to be ODD, which, in itself, is odd enough to be peculiar.

A MONTREAL man wrote to a New York paper complaining that "up here you cannot get to the bars for the Americans." But unfortunately for his veracity there are now no "bars" in Montreal or the Province of Quebec. Beer is served at tables.

IT is proposed that telephone users shall have the privilege of being switched on to "Long Distance" and be able to hear the debates at Ottawa. This would be good punishment for naughty children who refuse to go to sleep at nights.

IT is not too soon to plan your summer vacation, especially if you intend to spend it in Canada, as you should. "See Canada First" is always a good motto.

A CONVERT who recently got up at a revival meeting and thanked the Lord that he had three wives in heaven, was (so it is rumoured) subsequently observed paying a dollar at a book-store for a copy of "How to Prolong Life."

ADVICE TO INVESTORS

IN this year of grace, 1922, when benevolent governments say what one may drink, see at the movies, do on Sunday, and, in fact, endeavor to lead our wandering footsteps in paths of rectitude from the cradle to the grave, it seems passing strange that we are allowed to invest our spare cash (what we have of it) in any manner that pleases our fancy—except, of course, upon the ponies.

And you may believe the writer, or you may believe him not, but there is many a fifty to one bet at the tracks that is a gilt-edged mortgage investment compared with some of the companies that are floating around Ontario who have "filed copies of their prospectus with the provincial authorities" and are busy selling stock to all the poor deluded fools who listen to their salesmen and believe what they say.

This article is not written for the confirmed bond buyer. He does not need any help. Whatever his financial education he has mastered the main point. He knows that security is the only thing to look for; earnings follow when security is there. Our purpose is to try and help the smaller man, the man who has small amounts to invest and who is prepared to take the risks that attend upon all industrial stocks.

It is useless to shut our eyes to the fact that, outside of a government bond, or a trustee investment as it is technically called, the element of risk is always there. It rests with the investor to choose the company where the risk is smallest. And there are industrials that will give the small investor a far higher return on his capital than any bond, and where the risk is so small as to be practically negligible. It is just a matter of finding such a spot to place your spare cash.

Until there is a blue sky law that covers every loophole, the stock swindler will always be with us. Education will do more than any law. Teach the small investor to protect himself and blue sky laws will not be needed. If nobody abused liquor there would be no need for dry laws. It is a strange thing, but a fact none the less, that the same man who will go to the doctor to be fixed in health so that his earning power be not cut down by sickness will take the money that his health has enabled him to earn, and will place it in the hands of the first stock salesman who comes along and promises him unheard-of earnings.

Just as doctors are experts in health, so are the reputable Bond Houses experts in money. As you would go to a doctor for advice when you are sick, go to a known Bond House for advice when you wish to invest your money. They have seen many propositions come and go, and they have the experience you lack, that enables them to see the weak spots in an investment that looks good to you. Don't try and pick soft spots for yourself unless you have that experience, because no matter how carefully you look into a proposition you are likely to miss the two or three points that make the difference between safety and disaster. Decide on your Bond dealers, make sure that they are reputable, and there are plenty of first-class houses in Canada, and follow their advice. Then you'll have no reason to regret when regret is too late.

In the space of a magazine article it is impossible to go fully into the many different angles of the safe and the unsafe investment. At the best safety can but be treated in its broadest sense. If there is security, tangible, concrete security for money invested, a demand for the article sold, a sure channel for the obtaining of the raw materials required, and expert and experienced management, any money invested may fairly and justly be considered safe.

But do not be misled into neglecting thoughts of safety by ideas of large earnings. When an industry is sound at bottom earnings will surely follow. Lean years will come, of course, but the good years will more than make up for the bad ones, and when your capital sum is safe the law of averages will make it earn its fair quota. It's not so terribly difficult to use discretion in making your investments, provided the house you are buying that investment from is a house whose advice can be safely followed. The clever salesman who represents a house of no known standing is your worst enemy, because human nature is such that we are apt to believe what we want to believe, and it is the clever salesman's very cleverness that leads you to want to believe what he tells you. We can only repeat what we have already said: Don't pick for yourself, but follow the advice of a reputable dealer. That is the secret of success for the small investor.

Of course, mining and oil stocks are in a different class. They take money to develop, and money, and still more money.

(Continued on next page)

ADVICE TO INVESTORS

THE NATIONAL PICTORIAL will be glad to answer any questions as to investments and give advice as to the standing of companies and the value of securities. This service will be given free to subscribers or purchasers of the magazine. Fill in the attached coupon and send to "The Editor, NATIONAL PICTORIAL, 81 Victoria Street, Toronto."

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McKINNON BUILDING - - - - - - TORONTO

(Continued from previous page)

If they go at all they generally go big, but the small to medium investor cannot afford to take the chances of such a gamble. Stock in producing mines and oil companies pay about the same dividends as first-class industrials, and the only stocks of this nature that will return big sums for the amount invested are those in undeveloped concerns, and then the investor has to take the gamble that maybe they will pay nothing. And it's a big "maybe" too. Stay off, unless you can well afford to lose all that you put up.

To put the whole investment situation in a nutshell, make your main investment in bonds, your secondary in good industrials, and if you want to gamble take a small percentage in mines or oils. But beware of the poor industrial, because there you are taking a gambler's chance without getting a gambler's returns.

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JIMMIE EXPLAINS

(Continued from page 11)

when I invite you to my rooms for some tea and muffins?—and," he added, "I expect you not to misunderstand that invitation."

"As if I could—from you?"

"Well, I can't say I like that either. Even as pure a youth as myself likes to believe that a woman will sometimes be afraid of the lurking devil in him."

"But Mr. Wilder"—he made a mental note of the name—"about the muffins and tea. Am I invited now?"

"You are," he said, and stepping to the curb he beckoned to a passing taxicab without even going through the preliminary of reckoning the amount of change in his pocket.

Once in his room, the girl calmly removed her hat, threw it on a chair, and kneeling on the settee examined critically the features of Mrs. Hydig Van Horn.

Jimmie remarked that Mrs. Donnelly would be in presently.

"Oh, you furnish a duenna, do you?" said the girl.

"Yes—and you'll have tea in two minutes. Mrs. Donnelly likes this fuction of having tea. She wishes I would do it oftener. But why aren't you looking at my etchings? There's a Simon—and there's a Sherwood."

"And what is this?"

"That—oh, that? H'mm." He wondered himself. "That's Mrs. Hydig Van Horn. No, she's not an acquaintance of mine. She bears somewhat the same relation to me that Lord Kitchener did to the little girl in the O. Henry story. When she's looking at me—I translate life in terms of the 'Moonlight Sonata.' "

"How lovely!" She leaped to the floor and seized a graphite pencil that had been lying on the table. Assuming her original posture she sketched in a few lines just above the ear. She then deepened the eye-brows, added a few fine lines about the eyes and made a perceptible cleft in the chin. Drawing aside she permitted Jimmy to catch a full view of the print. It now bore a startling likeness to herself.

"Why, it's you!" cried Jimmie. "Surely you're not a relative of Mrs. Van Horn?"

"No," she answered, "except in the way the Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters."

"And now it's you who will look down upon me—and not Mrs. Van Horn. Do you realize what you've undertaken?"

She glanced at the print, then back at Jimmie. Her smile had faded. She looked a bit uncertain.

"You're not sorry, are you?" he asked. "If you are you can tear it down and I'll get another print of Mrs. Van Horn."

She gazed at him abstractedly. She was leaning against the wall with one foot drawn underneath her and the other extended toward the floor. The light touched her hair now, giving it a curious golden glint, and the position of her body was such as to emphasize its supple, youthful lines.

"No—I'm not sorry," she said, then drew back when she saw a sudden flame in Jimmie's eyes; "and you mustn't make me sorry.

He bowed.

Mrs. Donnelly came down the hall just then with a loaded tray.

A perceptible restraint now crept into the girl's manner. She wasn't afraid. She was simply obeying that innate punctilio which governed all of her actions with men. She believed she liked this dark, deep-eyed youth. But she wasn't certain and until she was—

Jimmie, however, was wholly absorbed with the sudden shift of what he was pleased to call his Fate. Yesterday had gone and with it all that was vague and inconsequental. To-day was here and Fate had knocked in the person of Weltner P. Wilder. Wilder had brought the girl to him. Would he bring anything else? Strangely enough Jimmie was beginning to look at the girl as a mere earnest of his new luck.

Jimmie caused the girl to produce the note. Her name had come out in the course of the conversation that went with the tea. She was Mildred Broughton, he learned. She was a partner in a small down-town employment agency and she lived on Staten Island.

Once he had seen the note it was easy enough for Jimmie to piece out the story of Weltner P. Wilder's mislaid adventure. One afternoon about 5.30 o'clock, as Jimmie saw it. Wilder came out of the building in which his office was located and saw the girl go past him in the crowd. He dismissed her from his mind as just another pretty girl he'd never see again. But two afternoons later he did see her again. This time he followed her and saw her buy a Staten Island ferry ticket. After that he would watch for her every afternoon. For a while he was satisfied with this, but after awhile decided he wanted to meet her. He made an effort to locate the office from which she came, but always missed her. He tried to think of somebody he knew on Staten Island without success. He thought of making a direct approach, but discarded this as not feasible. Finally he hit upon the idea of the twin theatre tickets.

After carefully selecting the two seats, he wrote the note, enclosed one of the tickets in an envelope and addressed it to "The Girl in the Blue Hat." Then watching his chance one afternoon he followed her into the ferry house, edged close in the crowd and surreptitiously thrust the envelope in her pocket.

This action must have been attended with many a timorous misgiving, Jimmie decided. Suppose the girl had felt that hand at her pocket, had caught his wrist and screamed for the police. Not only would love's young dream have melted into thin air, but the irreproachable Mr. Wilder would have wound up in a prisoner's dock. Imagine the effect of such a story on the mind of a Tammany magistrate. Of course, he could have admitted sneak thievery and let it go at that. In many ways this might have been better than the dubious truth.

But Wilder was fortunate there. Then he lost his own ticket. Having decided that the whole affair was an omen he couldn't afford to overlook, Jimmie lost no time in locating Mr. Wilder.

The telephone directory gave Mr. Wilder's business address, and a personal inquiry brought out the fact that he was Advertising Manager of the Snow White Co.

This being determined, Jimmie presented himself to Mr. Wilder, stated his qualifications and asked for a job. The next day he resigned the place he had held for three years with Wilfred Darbeling and went to work with the Snow White Co. for $30 a week.

Jimmie drew lay-outs and retouched photographs. He did it assiduously, with a touch of passion, you might say. But black line borders didn't reflect Jimmie. They couldn't. Then the Snow White Co. began to manufacture a high grade of toilet soap. A campaign through the de-luxe magazines was started. Jimmie spent a week-end closeted in his room. He emerged one morning with an allegorical series ad, complete in colors, and with text prepared in chaste, effective English. It was a "knock-out," in Wilder's estimation. Jimmie forsook the pen and ink for the more elastic typewriter. He began to write copy and drew $60 a week.

Then Mr. Wilder became General Manager.

. . . . . .

Jimmie ended his story, which he told simply, but not omitting any of the aforesaid details, with: "And now—"

"I know," interrupted the General Manager. "You and Mildred are going to be married."

Wilder's immediate reaction as soon as he caught the drift of Jimmie's recital had been the embarassment of a small boy caught in the jam-pots. Why the devil, he asked himself, had he ever done a thing like that? And why, after having done it, didn't he go on up to the theatre and find the girl anyhow.

Jimmie's watchful eye had noted the General Manager's expression and had seen that Wilder had finally determined that amusement was the only dignified attitude possible.

"Not at all," answered Jimmie.

"No. Then what—"

"I haven't finished my story, Mr. Wilder. . . . The next week I went over to Staten Island to see Mildred. Meanwhile I had confessed that I was not Wilder but Lennox. She wasn't nearly as surprised as I thought she would be. She was curious about Wilder. But we were quite friendly, and she was good enough to introduce me to her sister Cecile. I say good enough; as a matter of fact, she couldn't help it very well. They are twins, and physically as alike as two peas. Members of the family would mistake one for the other every now and then. But there is a difference—an important difference. Mildred is subtle and a bit cruel. Cecile is direct and—well, engaging, ingenuous, yet delicately charming."

Jimmy looked at his companion.

Mr. Wilder's face wore an enigmatical expression, but Jimmie kept on.

"After my visit to their home, Cecile came with Mildred the next time they dropped in for tea—or coffee, as it happened to be that time. I saw then an even greater difference between the girls. Alike as two peas, yet I could look at Mildred now and feel no more emotion than if she had been a part of some statuary exhibit. But when I looked at Cecile I was flooded with a strange sweetness; I could scarcely speak at times.

"Even Mrs. Donnelly could tell the difference after awhile. She could sit in her room, hear the two girls laugh and know which was Mildred and which was Cecile. They came often for a long time. Then for awhile I didn't see either of them.

"Mrs. Donnelly told me the house wasn't the same without that gurgling laughter. She meant Cecile's.

"Then one day Cecile came by herself. She wore a white dress with blue flowers on it and a small blue hat. She seemed a bit embarrassed. It was the first time we had ever been alone with each other.

"I went out of the room and when I came back she was kneeling on the settee and looking at the altered picture of Mrs. Hydig Van Horn. The light fell on her hair, giving it a curious golden glint. As she turned and looked at me I could see the slim, supple lines of her body. I thought my heart would stop beating; or would pound its way through my chest.

" 'That's Mildred. is it?' " she asked.

" 'Yes,' I answered, 'or yourself!"

"She shook her head. 'No,' she said, 'it's not me. It's not my mouth.' She leaped to the floor just as Mildred had done and returned with a pencil. For a moment the pencil hovered around the print, then her hand fell by her side and she looked at me.

" 'No, I won't change it,' she said.

" 'Why?' I asked, unsteadily.

" 'Because—oh, because—'

"If my hands were trembling, so were Cecile's. If my throat was dry, so was Cecile's. If my eyes were becoming blurred, Cecile's were brimming.

"Her body swayed gently. She turned and with a quick stroke of the pencil changed the contour of the upper lip. And now it was Cecile who was looking down upon me.

"I took a step toward her. . . . .

"She turned and put her arms about my neck. . . . . .

"When Cecile left that afternoon—we were engaged."

"What!" exclaimed Wilder

"Yes," said Jimmie, with visible triumph.

"Congratulations, old fellow," chortled Wilder. He abandoned the last trace of managerial reserve; he thrust out his hand and wrung the long, thin fingers of Jimmie until they ached. He slapped him on the back.

"And you needn't worry about the job, either," Wilder added. "I want to speak first with Meredith, but it'll be alright. We'll talk about that later. . . . Wasn't I the awful ass to lose that ticket? But even at that, if I hadn't got cold feet; but never mind, never mind."

He walked around the room excitedly. Jimmie looked at him with mild amusement.

"Now, Jimmie," said Wilder, "you must let me give you two a little dinner—say Monday night. We'll ride up to the Claremont and go to a show afterward. Of course you'll want a girl for me. It wouldn't be a bad idea, in fact, if you'd bring Mildred along. What do you think?"

"I think it would be a wonderful idea," said Jimmie. "And so does Mildred."

The End.

HISTORY may repeat itself, but every boy and girl knows that arithmetic does not sum itself up. And, furthermore, history's repetition of itself would not get any marks for the pupil.

* * *

IN New York a landlord of an apartment house has been sent to jail for failing to provide heat sufficient to keep his tenants warm. We wish that some Canadian landlords could be treated the same way in order to teach them a lesson. If real justice prevailed such breeders of sickness and domestic misery would be sentenced to spend the winter in as cold a cell as the penitentiaries allow.

* * *

YOUNG man friend of ours, disappointed in love, asks how to "get rid of the blues." Well, he might sit in a little game of poker. That would help!

* * *

SOME of the critics who in early January were condemning France for "rattling the sabre" at the Peace Conference at Washington were mighty glad that France had a sabre to rattle in 1914.

PORTLAND, Oregon, and Philadelphia plan holding world's fairs in 1925 and 1926 respectively. But Toronto need not worry. She has a world's fair every year!

* * *

THE old question whether fashions are made by the men modistes or by the women who wear the clothes should soon be solved. Paris decrees longer skirts. Will the ladies wear 'em longer, even to be in the fashion? They say not, but time will tell whether common sense or fashion shall prevail.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

RECIPES

By FRANCES MARION FLOYD

Sweetbreads.

It is surprising what a diversity of definitions of sweetbreads are given by educated people, as scarcely one person in ten, if the question is put directly, can tell just what a sweetbread is, and they are not wholly to blame, for the most distinguished lexicographers fail to give the correct definition. Every old French dictionary,—for it was the French cook who first began to use the sweetbreads in cooking,—defines sweetbreads as the glands in the throat of a sucking calf. They are to be found in the throats of all sucking animals, but are most considerable in the throat of a young calf, and even then, at the largest, are seldom bigger than a man's fist doubled over.

The sweetbreads are the glands used by the calf in sucking, and are only to be found during the period when it is fed on its mother's milk. When a calf is turned out to grass, the sweetbreads begin to grow smaller, and in three or four years disappear.

On account of their delicacy, sweetbreads have always been the object of particular attention from good *cuisinieres* and *chefs*, because in a fine fresh state and with proper preparation, they can be made not only into a most delightful and palatable dish, but are perhaps the most choice of all meat dishes.

Sweetbreads a la Creme

3 pairs sweetbreads — 1½ Tablespoonfuls of butter
10 Mushrooms — 1½ Tablespoonfuls of flour
1 pint of cream

Clean and parboil the sweetbreads for twenty minutes. Then remove all veins and nerves, and chop the meat into pieces of about an inch and a half. Chop the mushrooms very fine indeed. Put the butter into a saucepan, and when it melts, add the flour, being careful not to let it brown. When perfectly smooth, add the milk and stir constantly until it boils. Then add the chopped mushrooms and let them simmer for five minutes. Season well to taste with salt and pepper. Then add the sweetbreads and cook five minutes longer and serve hot. At luncheons and dinners serve the sweetbreads in fancy paper cases.

Fried Sweetbreads

3 pairs of sweetbreads — Grated bread crumbs
1 egg — Cream sauce

Wash and parboil the sweetbreads and then trim off all tendons and nerves. Cut into pieces of about two inches long and roll first in a well beaten egg and in bread crumbs. Drop into boiling fat and fry until a golden brown. Serve with a cream sauce.

Broiled Sweetbreads

3 pairs sweetbreads — 2 tablespoonfuls butter
Salt and pepper to taste.

Parboil the sweetbreads and then remove the nerves. Cut into halves. Brush the melted butter on them and place on a gridiron. Broil nicely, and when well colored, take off, pouring melted butter over them. Season and serve very hot. This is a delicious breakfast dish.

Parsnips

To boil parsnips, if they are young, simply scrape them; if old, pare them and cut in quarters, or better still, split them lengthwise. Cook in boiling salted water until tender. To *cream* them, drain and put in heated dish and serve with cream sauce poured over them. To *fry* them, drain as for creamed parsnips. Put two tablespoonfuls of dripping of the roast beef in a saucepan and add the parsnips. When they are brown on one side, turn them and brown the other side. Place on a hot platter, sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve with roast meat.

Glazed Onions

1½ dozen small onions of uniform size. — 1 cup water
1 tablespoonful sugar. — 1 large teaspoonful butter
Salt to taste

Select small onions of uniform size, top the heads and stems and remove the skins, but not too closely, lest they should break up when boiling. Then take a frying pan, large enough for the onions to lie in it, side by side. Put the butter in it first and when melted, add the onions. Then sprinkle with the sugar and water and season with salt to taste. Set on back of the stove where they can simmer gently for an hour. When nearly done and tender all through, add a tablespoonful of flour mixed in water and well blended. Then set in the oven with a pepper on top. Let them stand for about half an hour, then use as garnish for beef, veal, etc. The onions will be nicely glazed and will make the dish appear very beautiful.

Tomato Cheese on Toast

Take four ripe tomatoes or an equal amount of canned tomatoes chopped finely, also their weight in cheese cut into small pieces. Mix together with a little milk, season with salt and pepper. Use a little pinch of soda in the milk to prevent curdling. Cook until done then pour over hot buttered toast. Serve immediately.

Sweet Pickles

12 Jumbo sour pickles — 1½ oz. of stick of cinnamon
3 lbs. of granulated sugar — 1 oz. of whole cloves

Cut pickles in very thin even slices into a colander and rinse with cold water, then drain in just a very few minutes. Place alternate layers of pickles, sugar and spices in a jar and cover with a plate. It is well to have the bottom and top layers, sugar. The pickle is ready to use in a week's time but improves with age and will keep indefinitely. The syrup which remains after using the pickle is usually nice for seasoning mince meat.

Suggestions.

Use an empty baking powder can for chopping nut meats that are to be used in salads and desserts.

After a heavy meal serve cheese and wafers instead of a sweet dessert.

Stir grated cream cheese into mayonnaise that is to be used in sandwiches.

CANADA'S PEAT BOGS

(Continued from page 9)

Hodges, but he met with little success. For the real and difficult problem of peat fuel manufacturing lies in removing the water, and this problem has wrecked many a budding scheme for the use of peat. A growing peat bog contains from 85% to 90% of water, and peat is so difficult to really dry, that it will appear to all intents bone-dry, while in reality 30% of water may remain in it. Great heat is necessary to finally remove all the moisture, and practically all the peat bogs of Ontario must first be drained before much work can be done on them. Before the war the Government had already experimented with success at a small peat plant at Alfred, Ont., and peat fuel was delivered from there to Ottawa and Montreal at $3.25 per ton, while in eighty-five days 2,400 tons of peat fuel were manufactured. This plant, however, was purchased by a private concern and closed down shortly after the war broke out, not only because of war conditions but because of manufacturing difficulties as well.

If these difficulties could be removed, as no doubt in time they will be, in view of the great need, then would the great bogs of Ontario be ready to do their bit for the national good. The seven principal bogs of Ontario are:—Welland, Beaverton, Perth, Brunner, Brockville, Rondeau and Newington; and how great their "bit" would be can best be realized from the following acreage table of the bogs lying just around Toronto:—

Richmond peat bog contains.....	5,500 acres.
Luther peat bog contains	4,900 acres.
Amaranth peat bog contains.....	500 acres.
Durham peat bog contains	40 acres.
Westover peat bog contains	1,400 acres.
Marsh Hill peat bog contains	5,100 acres.
Sunderland peat bog contains	580 acres.
Manilla peat bog contains	745 acres.
Stoco peat bog contains	1,027 acres.
Clairview peat bog contains	280 acres.
Tweed peat bog contains	50 acres.
Buller peat bog contains	100 acres.

The Canadian process of making peat fuel consists of: 1, excavating; 2, drying; 3, compressing. The bogs may be called either wet or dry, which means submerged or not, but practically all require drainage. Then the light-growing or undecomposed moss is removed as well as roots and stumps, and a level surface is prepared for digging, which is the next step. When the bog is drained and levelled for work, light tramways are installed to haul the peat into the factory. The first step in the actual harvesting is to run an ordinary farm harrow over the surface, and expose a thin cover of peat to the action of wind and sun. Big excavating machines are sometimes used, and the time required to air-dry excavated peat depends upon the weather, wind being a more efficient agent than the sun. The peat is then loaded and carted into a factory, to be passed into a huge hopper, or disintegrating machine, which breaks it all up, and permits the remaining moisture to be more readily liberated. Into the great dryer it then goes under intense heat, and the final step is the compression of the peat into briquettes, all ready for the market. These are cylindrical in form, about two inches long and two inches in diameter.

LEST SHE SHOULD KNOW

(Continued from page 15)

assist her in regaining her poise, for it was apparent to all that Josephine was on the point of falling a victim to her hysterical laughter.

But all things come to an end, even a fit of laughing. Presently the company flocked out to the porch. Marcella was surprised to find Bruce there, unannounced. She proceeded to introduce him to her cousin, Miss Josephine Gordon.

"I'm very pleased to make your acquaintance," Josephine answered sweetly, holding out her hand. Bruce displeased Marcella by frowning. He could not help the thought: "I can't trust her; if she were thoroughly honest she could never be so composed after what she has been through." But he grasped her extended palm, and to the surprise of all and further vexation of Marcella, he held on to it, trying to exact from her fingers a slight pressure in assurance that his secret would be respected.

Then suddenly, noticing he was attracting attention, he jerked away his hand as though he were releasing a bar of red-hot iron. That act caused Josephine to laugh again. Everybody laughed,—everybody but Bruce and Marcella. Some of the guests sat down on the broad steps and held their sides. The others rocked in an effort to control themselves. Bruce never once took his eyes off Josephine. It seemed to him that at any moment she might blurt out the terrible truth and tell why she was laughing. While he was wondering what he could do, during a lull in the hilarity, he spoke quite loud in an endeavor to be heard.

"I believe the best cure for all this silly laughter is a dance. Miss Gordon, may I have the pleasure?"

"Why, Bruce," Marcella called out sharply to him, "you know we never dance at this time of the year."

And now mingled with the laugh were whispered questions.

It was Josephine who re-established order when she regained her self-control. She walked over to the railing on the porch and said:

"No wonder you southerners rave about this Dixie land. Just look at those magnolia blossoms gleaming like balls of ivory amid those shining leaves. There is something intoxicating about their strong pungent perfume; and those palms along the sidewalk; those oleanders with their pink and flesh-colored blossoms bunched in such profuse masses hedged along the fence! But what I admire above all are those old oaks yonder festooned with moss. What gnarled boughs! Marcella, you mustn't forget you promised me a picnic at the City Park. I remember Aunt Bertha taking us there when we were children."

Bruce coughed slightly. Had he not spoken to her of a picnic at the City Park! Was she mocking him with her "gnarled oaks"? He tried to be patient, but it was impossible. He moved to Josephine's side. He must get her away for awhile. "Will you take a walk with me, Miss Gordon?"

Amazed glances were exchanged. No one thought of laughing. Marcella's eyes flashed and she drew herself up as tall as she could.

Josephine gazed at the young man for an instant and caught the imploring look in his eyes. A strange stillness had crept over her, almost a feeling of depression. She turned towards the steps. Then remembering she was in company she paused and said:

"Surely everyone is going to walk out in this glorious moonlight."

But no one stirred, only Bruce, who deliberately descended the steps and walked off with her. For a while he did not speak. Then:

"Miss Gordon, you surely won't tell, will you? Swear to me, that is, promise solemnly."

"Why, Mr. Clarendon, how can you suggest such a thing? I have never taken an oath in my life. It is a thing my parents have always warned me against doing. Do you know that you're acting like a silly schoolboy, to express it mildly?"

"Forgive me, Miss Gordon. I suppose I am displaying undue anxiety, but if you only knew what it means to me. Marcella—why, you, a stranger, you don't believe I would—deliberately — propose to you?"

Josephine was but human. She could not resist a bit of tantalizing fun. She pretended being hurt. She turned the tables on him. His conduct had been preposterous. "In Quebec, young men, even when they did propose, did it, well—in a way that—"

Bruce was frantic.

She led him on until he reached the delicate point where he recognized his shortcomings in the proper spirit, then Miss Gordon became almost sisterly in her affectionate advice for his future conduct. She would forgive him and keep silent—yes, forever, on condition

MARCELLA LOOKED AT HER WITH A HURT, PUZZLED LOOK. AFTER A WHILE BRUCE CAME AND STOOD BETWEEN THE TWO.

that he did exactly as she requested of him. He must propose to Marcella that very evening, before the company was entirely disbanded. They walked back in joyous mood, the gravel grunching lustily under Bruce's solid footgear. They ran up the steps and were met by coldness.

Marcella's was the first whose glance they encountered. It chilled Bruce. Josephine ignored the iciness of the remark:

"What **do** you think of the jessamine arbor?"

"It is wonderful, but what I admired was off in the distance the moon shining through those moss-festooned oak trees. We have beautiful trees at home, but I believe it is only in this southland that oaks become so venerable looking. I expected to see Druids appear beneath them. Only that moss—what is it, after all?"

"I am sure Mr. Clarendon could have explained it to you. He takes great interest in horticulture and is an authority—"

"Oh, we didn't discuss oaks," hastily interrupted Bruce.

An ominous silence fell upon the group of young people, then some suppressed giggling caused three of the girls to get up and walk up and down the porch. To them it was clearly a case of "love at first sight." There was no question in their minds but that Josephine was handsomer than Marcella. She had a more forceful face, it is true, less gentleness of the clinging sort that was one of Marcella's charming qualities often discussed by her boy friends, but the young Canadienne was superiorly fascinating. In her Bruce had met the ideal, which had been only suggested to him in Marcella. He, who was usually shy in the presence of young ladies, had shown that evening that he was superior to conventions. Marcella must step aside.

And Bruce! He was wrestling with the consciousness that a yet more serious complication had arisen. He could not define it, however, so intent was he upon the consequences of Marcella possibly discovering the blunder he had made in the early part of the evening! Frantic, he declared to himself that should it ever be divulged he would give up his position, leave town, go to the wilderness! Never could he stand being the laughing-stock of his friends. If Miss Gordon told just one of her friends of the happening it would soon become common property. And he was not so sure of Miss Gordon. He thought it well to continue his personal observation of her movements. He took a seat near her.

He laughed, he talked, and was far more brilliant than anyone present had ever known him to be, without realizing for an instant that he was adding oil to the conflagration of jealousy that raged in Marcella's heart. When he finally got an inkling of the situation through a whisper of his friend, John Labarre, he said to himself that the end justified the means that he was working to save not only himself but Marcella from embarrassment.

Then, as suddenly as he had made himself conspicuous by his brilliant conversation, and rare anecdotes, he became dumb. until he was reminded by a look from Miss Gordon that his one hope of putting an end to this unendurable situation was to propose to Marcella that evening. He must think over his proposal. How was he to arrange that?

Once Josephine passed between him and a timid young girl in her first teens, Marcella's younger sister Emma, whom he had elected to sit by as most likely to allow him time for reflection. She said: "Time is getting shorter every minute. The guests will soon be taking their leave."

He looked up just in time to notice a slyly disguised yawn that was concealed behind a fan. It had upon him the effect of the midnight chimes upon Cinderella. He started to his feet.

"I've asked her three times," he proclaimed aloud.

"Chut! I'm going to get her into the parlor, then come along and ask her to go out for a walk."

Josephine had great difficulty in enticing her cousin indoors. But she finally succeeded. Marcella looked at her with a hurt, puzzled look. After a while Bruce came and stood between the two young women. He tried to speak, but the look on Marcella's face troubled him. Josephine spoke:

"It is such a lovely night, Marcella, I wonder that we haven't spent more time in the garden. Those walks by the summer house,—I got a glimpse of them awhile ago,—must be dreams of beauty at this hour."

Bruce brightened up. "I've known all along that we should be out there, Marcella. Please do come with me."

Marcella's heart beat faster. Her cheeks flushed and she shook her head. She could not trust herself to speak.

"Oh, go with him," urged Josephine, leaning over. "It was so lovely out there. I shall never forget it."

Marcella flushed deeply. Again she was too hurt to answer.

But Josephine would not give up. She insisted over and over. Then seeing she could not move her cousin, she rose and going among the guests she induced several couples to saunter about the grounds. To her surprise, when she returned to Marcella, both she and Bruce had disappeared. Emma, Marcella's sister, said they had gone down the side steps to the garden. So Josephine rejoiced, and going to the piano she played the first and second nocturnes of Chopin and the grand Polonaise Militaire, until presently all gathered about her to enjoy her music and applaud her artistic rendering of Chopin.

And down by the summer house,—it had all happened before they reached the rose-arbored retreat,—Bruce Clarendon was congratulating himself upon how easy it had been after all to make his declaration. In fact, there had been no need for phrases at all. Just a few whispered words—and he had his reward. They finally reached the arbor at the summer house, and forgetful of the world they stood there, just happy, tremulously so, listening to each other's little erstwhile commonplace phrases and exclamations as though they were newly discovered idioms being whispered to them by a magic teacher whom they delighted to obey. The most sacred moment in the life of lovers, which had always been held by Bruce as the solemn moment of his life he would ever treasure most, was now in his possession, and he feasted upon it. Then suddenly he realized that, perhaps,, he had not played his part as he should. After all, he had not carried out his first impulse and—and—why, now he recalled that he was not at all properly engaged to Marcella. He had not spoken the traditional words: "Do you love me; will you be my wife?" He had not even spoken of a ring. Struck with remorse, he stood up at his full height a little distance from her and proceeded to speak out the words he had conned during his walk under the magnolias in the early part of the evening. He had no trouble whatever getting through them, now that he knew Marcella loved him. He recited them like a lesson learned by rote.

But just as he was finishing, and Marcella was looking at him as though he were a hero whom she was about to crown, there sounded a tittering laugh, at the farther end of the arbor.

They both started, then as it started again after a short lull, sounding very negroish, Marcella cried indignantly:

"You, Hannah, come out of there, you and George. How dare you—?"

There was no reply,—just the shuffling of feet.

"Hannah!"

"Y—as'm. Ah'ze h'ar, Miss. But sho, Miss, I warn't sho you wuz callin' me."

"Come out at once, you wretch, and you, too, George, you sneak, hiding behind Hannah."

"For land's sake, Miss, me an' George couldn't help a-hearin' all you and yore genl'mum say. He jist spoke so loud we couldn't make you 'ear us. No'm, we'ze ain't to blame, jist 'cause we got here fust."

Then black Hannah tittered some more and laughed as only negroes can laugh.

"Come out, I say," commanded Marcella.

"Miss, I can't! You an' yore gent'mum, Marse Bruce, blocks de way. If you makes me pass out through the rose vine, to-morrow ah'ze be so bruised an' scratched up ole Missus'll want ter know what happened. An' same wud George."

Meanwhile George had crept out from behind Hannah and was bowing and rolling his eyes so that the whites alone showed.

"Get out of here, both of you," said Marcella, pulling Bruce out of the way. "And don't you dare say one word about us."

Hannah waited until she was safe on the gravel walk.

"Yas'm, we won't cheap it 'tall, jes' you an' Marse Bruce lets us laf. It'd never do to try to stop us, otherwise ah won't gwine ter be fittin' fer nuthin' for the balance of de week."

Bruce had not spoken one word during all this. The reflection that even despite its happy outcome he had made a mess of his proposal after all, made him feel limp and dejected. But when he heard the two darkies laugh out loud as they ran through the garden he rushed after them, picked up a stone and aimed it at George's head,—which he missed by a long shot.

About the time Bruce and Marcella got back to the house, Bruce, quite relieved, began to see the funny side of both his proposals. Although he tried to keep from laughing, after the guests had gone, he finally burst into a lusty "ha!! ha!"

Josephine smiled maliciously.

"Do tell us, Mr. Clarendon," she pleaded.

And Bruce, taken by surprise, and in a jolly mood, opened his lips when Marcella, who was at his side, clapped her hand over his mouth.

"You'll do nothing of the sort," she cried, "or I'll—"

And Bruce never told,—not even Marcella.

The End.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAY CONVENTION AT WINNIPEG

TRAFFIC officials of the Canadian National Railways assembled in Winnipeg recently and passenger traffic matters relative to tourist traffic and service were discussed. The conference was attended by representatives from all parts of the system from the passenger, baggage, advertising, industrial and resources departments.

Reading from left to right they are: C. E. Jenny, general agent, New York; M. J. Dupuis, chief clerk to general passenger agent, Winnipeg; J. Madill, district passenger agent, Edmonton; W. J. Quinlan, district passenger agent, Winnipeg; William Stapleton, district passenger agent, Saskatoon; W. C. Riddell, advertising agent, Toronto; C. W. Higgins, advertising agent, Winnipeg; W. L. Crighton, general advertising agent, Toronto; C. A. Skog, district freight and passenger agent, Duluth; H. H. Melanson, passenger traffic manager, Toronto (in the chair); R. Creelman, assistant passenger traffic manager, Winnipeg; Osborne Scott, general passenger agent, Vancouver; W. E. Duperow, general passenger agent, Winnipeg; B. R. Rippon, secretary to general passenger agent, Winnipeg; G. A. McNicholl, assistant general passenger agent, Prince Rupert; K. E. McLeod, district passenger agent, Vancouver; J. F. McGuire, general agent, Seattleffi W. F. Barry, general agent, San Francisco.

We are indebted to "Saturday Night" for the loan of this cut.

IF THESE DOORS WERE CLOSED.

CAN you grasp the full import of these words? Can you realize what it would mean to thousands of helpless, disease-stricken boys and girls if for want of funds the Hospital doors were closed?

ARE these little ones not worthy of our highest solicitude?

If the contributions fail, the big doors of the Hospital must close.

OVER 57,000 Treatments were given during the year now closed.

Please send your gift to-day addressed to the Secretary of

The Hospital for Sick Children

67 College Street, Toronto.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

(Continued from page 28)

governors-general entertained her as a guest of distinction. And Albani? How did all this affect her? "I have married an Englishman," she wrote in her book, "and my home has been in England for many years, but I shall always remain at heart a French-Canadian."

Here then, is encouragement for all those who feel, as young Miss Lajeunesse did, that there is "something in them," but who may be staggered by obstacles looming up in their way. And in conclusion, there is a piece of advice Albani once gave students, in a written article, that ought to be inscribed on the walls of every studio in letters of gold. She was warning students against getting too much wrapped up in the selfish contemplation of their own careers, and said: "If you would touch people's hearts with your singing, you must be in sympathy with those hearts yourself." Then she altered Coleridge's lines about prayer to read:

"He sings best who loveth best
"All things, both great and small."

COMMUNITY SINGING

IF any proof were wanted of the growing sense of a musical consciousness on the part of men, women and children in all parts of the country, it could be found in abundance in the widespread interest being taken in community music. In the United States, community music is a regular and promising movement, headed by public-spirited educationalists and accepted with gratitude by those for whose benefit it was intended; but in Canada, the idea is newer and less universally organized. Yet, even in Canada, community music is becoming more and more an integral part of the country's musical life. I hear that in the West, the community music theory is being worked out in substantial practice; and in Montreal a new movement along community lines has been so successful that a brief outline of it may not be uninteresting.

This movement had its genesis in an address given to the Kiwanis Club, an association of business men, by Dr. Percival J. Illsley, organist of St. George's Church and president of the Canadian College of Organists. In this address, Dr. Illsley deprecated the tendency of the day to grow away from the old time hymn and song singing around the family piano that used to be a part of Canadian home life. The introduction of the gramophone and the player piano, said Dr. Illsley, had tended to distract attention from the homely method of making music to the lazier habit of taking music ready made. This address made a deep impression upon Mr. Ernest Kerr, conductor of the Glee Club, which is an offshoot of the Kiwanis organization; and the outcome was the beginning of a series of free community sing-songs held every Wednesday night on Fletcher's Field, the big park that lies at the base of Mount Royal. These sing-songs were directed from a band-stand, with Mr. Kerr himself playing the piano, Mr. Percy Clarkson conducting and Mr. Colin Harris, well known locally as a clever amateur singer, handling the meeting with the aid of an electric megaphone called the "magnavox." From the start, the children were leaders in the singing that the Kiwanis evoked from the crowd. Members of the Kiwanis Glee Club were stationed on the bandstand, sometimes in association with visitors and occasionally, though not often, in company with players from one or another of the brass bands in the city, and led the singing for an hour and a quarter. Closest to the bandstand were always found an eager throng of children whose policy it was to secure good places as early as several hours before the time set for the beginning of the concert, and those children were easily the star performers in the crowds, singing lustily in every song that they could master. Sheets containing the words of the songs were distributed, and the attendance was estimated at something like 12,000 regularly. Naturally, the songs chosen had to be familiar ones, "The Long, Long Trail," "Till we Meet Again," "Old Folks at Home," and the like; but, while these meetings had to be discontinued at the end of the summer, the movement does not seem likely to stop at that. It is the ambition of Mr. Kerr and his associates to continue community singing through the winter, but necessarily along more restricted lines. His plan is to have the territory of Greater Montreal divided into districts, each district to be under the direction of a musician who will train the voices allotted to him, teach the non-readers to read, etc. Each group will practise the same music; and then, in the spring, all will get together for a general rehearsal or two, and finally give a monster concert. Yet when I say "finally," I am not using a correct word, for there is nothing final in Mr. Kerr's vision. On the contrary, he looks to the continuance of community singing in a much bigger way still and by this means he would have the chorus which, in groups, has been working all winter, held together during next summer to lead continued out-door sing-songs, with possibly a small band to take part in the concerts with them.

IN view of this, it is interesting to turn to New York and see what has been accomplished there in the way of community music. Conspicuous among organizations for the musical education of the people is the People's Liberty Chorus, which was founded in 1916 by L. Camilieri, and has for its object "the love of music among the people and the spreading of the cult of the human voice for choral and artistic community singing." The circular of the society further states the object of teaching the people to read from notes, "to place at the disposal of the community the product of the work of the organization for service to causes appealing to the heart and mind of the people." And in a letter written to a New York newspaper, Mr. Camilieri amplified his ideas in the following words: "Apart from the commercial point of view, singing groups composed of citizens of a community are social and artistic assets, beautifying the lives of the participants and doing honor to the communities that cultivate them.

"President Harding said recently, in speaking to the mountain people in Lancaster, N.H.: 'I would like to have less of toil to maintain armies and navies and more of play to hearten the American people. I would like to have a land where there might be more opportunity for wholesome play, not for just a few people, but for a fortunate American people, in which all may participate.'

"The art of reading and singing music from notes is a very fascinating game when one knows it. It stimulates the mind and feeds the body. In order to do justice to this idea it should be classified among the sports. Reading and singing music from notes are a sport for the mind and the throat, as golf, tennis and the like are for the abilities that they serve."

BUT music as it is carried on under the direction of Mr. Camilieri is something very much more useful to non-participants than a game. The People's Liberty Chorus took a prominent part in the United States Liberty Loan drives, and has sung for the benefit of Red Cross and Armenian and Syrian relief funds. It holds meetings twice a week in a

large school hall, these meetings being open to men and women who like to sing and who want to learn more about singing. Singing is not the only kind of music taught however: there are classes in harmony, the theory of music and in instrumental music. The honorary chairman of the chorus is Dr. Henry Van Dyke, who has gone on record as saying: "I am a strong believer in the value of music in education, especially choral singing. It teaches the subordination of the individual to the group or company. It gives a sense of order and self-restraint. Good music set to good words, and sung under good direction by a company of people who put their hearts as well as their voices in it is much more than an amusement; it is a recreation in the highest sense of the word, for it develops and builds them up through the power of joy and harmony. I therefore hope that your society will continue to prosper and that you will find new opportunities of making its purpose and its work known."

ANOTHER form that community music has taken in some cities of the United States is the "community music waggon." For the use of this, community centres, such as settlement premises, public squares, social service yards, etc., have been chosen as stamping grounds, the waggon travelling from place to place, carrying a piano, one or two singers to lead, a conductor, and a great blackboard with the words of the songs plainly written thereon. But whatever the form, the spirit remains the same, and the spirit is a spirit of progress, a spirit of "the greatest good to the greatest number," a spirit of service, of taking to people something that they have not got, but want and need. It is not one or two outstanding figures that make a nation musical, but the amount of musical culture diffused over the entire population; and the community music movement is of profound importance as tending to spread not only a love for music, but the opportunity to indulge that appreciation and to become really musical.

NATURALLY, community music first takes shape in singing, as most people can carry a tune with their voices even if they cannot on an instrument, and the primary appeal has to be through the simplest means; but community music need not ever stop with the establishment of community singing. There is the orchestra, the band, the chamber music trio and quartet, and other activities that reasonably spring out of such as these. As time goes on, doubtless the instrumental and literary side of community music will receive a due share of attention. For the present, it is encouraging to watch the spread of the principle and to see how whole heartedly the children take to it, for it is to the children that we must look for our musical future.

Selfishness a Sickness.

Montreal Star: Our industrial organization is to-day suffering from a sickness from which recovery is difficult. It is a sickness that is contagious and may be caught by all social, political and religious organizations. Unless cured it results in death, and commonly in death with convulsions. That sickness is selfishness. The basis of our life must be founded on brotherhood and not on strife. Men must conquer themselves, their vices, their prejudices, their envy and jealousy of each other. Only then can they expand their conquest of evil and union of good into a brotherhood which will band the earth. Until that is accomplished, prosperity and power, like the jewel in the hilt of the king's ankus, will bring all evils in their train. Society, like a wounded snake, will drag its slow length along, until the spirit of the Master is applied to all life.

CULLED FROM EDITORS

Keeping Young.

Indianapolis News: The present generation of elderly men and women has found that age comes slowly in reality if the heart and mind are kept young. The fire-side may not be so picturesque as once it was, with grandmother poking the coals and drawing a shawl over her shoulders, but the fireside's loss has been society's gain, because grandmother is gadding around somewhere, keeping young and defying rheumatism to do its worst. Grandfather's slippers are neglected in the closet, while he plays golf and thinks no more of age than he does of the bunker at the seventh hole. Keeping young is a matter of associating with youth.

The Lesson of a Life.

Toronto Saturday Night: One of the delusions which has had something to do with the evil of rural depopulation is that the boy from the farm necessarily makes good when he goes to the city. This fallacy has been sedulously spread by politicians and sentimental writers, but it is far from true. There are scores of men of fifty who originally came off the farm, driving delivery wagons and acting as street car conductors, for one Thomas Findley. It is unquestionably true that Mr. Findley came from the farm, a very poor farm, it is said, near the village of Sutton, in York County, Ontario. But his success seems to have been due to a mind of amazing grasp, inspired by the spirit of enquiry, and a zeal for knowledge. It is not at all clear that as a boy he planned a career as an industrial magnate; but he was bound to get somewhere. Telegraphy has always had a fascination for country boys because it somehow puts one in touch with the outside world. But in modern days it is no longer the passport of success that it was when telegraphers were few and the craft was a novelty. Certainly when, in 1890, this country boy, of twenty, took charge of the ticker in the Massey-Harris offices, it would hardly have been regarded as the gateway to advancement. But it gave Thomas Findley a chance to get an inside view of the manner in which a great international industry, carrying on transactions in remote parts of the world, was managed.

The World is Growing Tame.

Baltimore Sun: The world moves. But it grows tame. Where ear-ringed pirates once boarded luggers with naked knives in their teeth, tired tourists now sit in palm-rooms discussing Main Street and Mrs. Asquith. Congo maidens wear Hoover campaign buttons. Rio is a modern capital, and even the Central American countries have given up revolution and formed a confederation. The Wild West has gone. Nome has shirtwaist shops. Even Paraquay behaves itself. Well, maybe there's something mysterious left in Abyssinia, anyway. We'll take Johnny's geography up in the garret the next rainy day and see what it says about Abyssinia. We'll probably learn that Mary Pickford has a palace there!

NEWSPAPER ad. called for girls to sew on night shirts. Although still retaining the old-fashioned nightie, we decline to allow any girl to sew it on to us. We want to take it off in the mornings!

AN Ontario firm has secured an order for windmills to be sent to the island of Cyprus. Some one there must have heard that Canada had just passed through a general election.

LANDLORDISM IN SCOTLAND

By W. L. MANSON

IN our boyhood days, in one of the cropping townships of the north of Scotland, we used to read a book called "Gloomy Memories." By a curious association of ideas the recollection of that book coincides very frequently to this day with our thoughts about the Dominion of Canada. "Gloomy Memories," by a Highlander named MacLeod, was a book which told of how the people of the strables and the glens were ousted from the homes of their forefathers, thrown out on the bleak hillsides or seashores, sometimes in the dead of winter; and of how many were compelled to go away out to the then unknown and unexplored west, there to begin life, many of them in their old age.

If there are any of the Highland landlords of the present day who read "Gloomy Memories," they must pass maledictions on the foolishness and woeful shortsightedness of their ancestors and predecessors. Perhaps the author was not quite unbiassed. Obviously the iron of hardship and injustice had entered into his soul, and he could see no good thing in landlordism. But there was some excuse for him. No one now attempts to defend the actions of those who cleared away human beings to make room for sheep, who burned their poor little homes over their heads, and drove them from the patches of earth which were sacred to them, and almost every clod of which they knew.

The awful stupidity of this policy became very apparent when the call came for men for the war. The country could not get the men from the Highlands because they were not there. They were in Canada and Australia and New Zealand, the descendants of the very men who were chased from the glens a century or so earlier, and who, but for the aforesaid stupidity, would then have been peopling these glens, and would have required no fiery cross to call them to their country's standard. They peopled Canada, Australia and New Zealand; and those Dominions would have missed badly the Scots who came in their distress, and made every place they came to a bit of Scotland. But for the deeds which inspired MacLeod's "Gloomy Memories," Canada would not have had so many colonies and townships of Scots, nor of Gaelic-speaking Highlanders at that. There would have been a certain number of adventurous souls, who would have fared forth into the outer world of their own accord. But there would not have been shiploads as there were when the eviction policy was at its worst in the Highlands; and there would not have been complete colonies of Scots in Canada. The Dominion has to thank the cruel landlords of the olden time for the fact that it is easily the most Scottish part of the world outside of Scotland, while Scotland itself has to thank these same landlords for many empty glens and bleak strables and cairns that once were homesteads.

The Revenge of Time.

All this is leading up to something else. The mills of time, like those of Providence, grind slow, but they grind exceedingly sure. We are now well past the stage when we, every man and mother's son of us, understand the seriousness of the mistake made by the landlords a century or more ago. Even the landlords of the present day know and admit that it would have been immensely better to have kept the people on the land, and they are, some of them at least, doing all they can to retrieve the errors of the past. Even within the past two decades they have changed greatly in their attitude towards this "back to the land" question. They are now willing to make room for as many small holders as their estates can accommodate. To be sure they are not over anxious to break up large farms. These have large "steadings"—that may not be the Canadian word for farm buildings,—and many of them are held on lease, and to break them up would mean that the house could not all be utilized, and that compensation would have to be paid for broken leases. But two decades or so back they did not even sympathize with the idea of re-settling men on the land. They opposed bitterly the operations of the Crofters Act of 1886; so much so that some of its provisions could hardly be worked, and until it was succeeded a few years ago by the Scottish Small Holders Act, which set up a Land Court having much more comprehensive powers than the Crofters Commission, they continued their policy of passive, and frequently active, opposition. We can see them now, getting past that stage, and those of us who live a few years longer will see descendants or successors of the evictive landlords doing all they can to help the land court in re-settling those parts of the country from which the people were driven to make room for sheep. The wheel has come round almost full circle, and those of us who, in our youth, read "Gloomy Memories," and bewailed the fate of the men, women and children who had to bid good-bye to burning homes, and seek for livelihoods of any kind on the other side of the world, cannot help smiling as we read of how the Highlands is now impoverished by the lack of men, and of the strenuous efforts which will be necessary in order to restore the country to a condition in which the ownership of land will pay the landlord. That it is not paying the landlord now is fairly clear, while it is equally clear that there is not a landlord in the country who would not rather have the money value of his acres than the acres themselves.

A Rush to Sell Land.

Perhaps they are all living in dread of revolutionary legislation when the Labor Party obtains a majority in Parliament; in dread of the nationalization or even the confiscation of land and its utilization for national purposes. In any case they are, even now, so heavily taxed that they can hardly get ends to meet, and some of the greatest of them state openly and frankly that there is not a decent living in land-owning. So they are all trying to sell, and there has never been such a time for advertisements of estates and single farms, large and small. The great majority of those who are trying to sell make a point of giving the first chance to their own tenants, and as many of these tenants made good money during the war, when farm produce sold at very high prices, we can see, if we watch closely enough, a process in which a country of tenant proprietors is being gradually formed by the breaking up and selling of many ancestral estates. If we imagine, furthermore, a gradual extension of the official system of settling small holders on all the land which can be obtained under the Smallholders Act, we can foresee a time when there will also be in Scotland a very large peasant tenantry, responsible, not to any landlord, but to the State. From this to peasant ownership is but a small step, so that we may see, in the not-far distant future, a time when landlordism, in the old sense, will have ceased to exist, and when each owner will cultivate his own ground, and live under his own vine and fig tree, as the Scripture would put it.

It may be said that this will be only the beginning of a new form of landlordism, that the new race will add farm to farm, and field to field, the richer buying from the poorer, until once more there are two classes—owners and occupiers, or a comparatively small number of owners and a large number of servants. But there will not be much danger of that. Before the processes of evolution can bring about such a retrogessive change there will be very radical alterations in the laws which regulate the ownership of land and mines and railways, and all other things which are necessary for the communal welfare of the people. No one in Britain anticipates legislation of a harshly revolutionary character, even when the Labour Party gets into power; but when Scotland obtains that control of her own internal affairs, which she ought to have had long ago, something will at once be done to prevent the land of the country from becoming anything like the monopoly of a class.

History is Reversed.

There are other ways in which Time has been taking its revenge lately. One would almost think that events had conspired to show how the Scotland of to-day is different from the Scotland of the past. Every reader will recall that most important negotiations regarding the future of Ireland were conducted in the Highlands of Scotland. Mr. Lloyd George, the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, was holidaying at Gairloch, the seat of the Mackintosh of Mackintosh, near Inverness. Besides, quite a number of members of the Cabinet, in addition to the Prime Minister, were in the Highlands, or somewhere in Scotland. So it was quite natural that when special meetings of the Cabinet were required for the purpose of dealing with the affairs of Ireland, these should be held in Inverness, the capital of the Highlands, convenient for the majority of the members, for the Prime Minister and, also, for consultation with the King. But, the curious significance of the meetings and conferences has been largely overlooked, except by those who take a close personal interest in the history of Scotland. Considerably less than two hundred years ago no Government having its headquarters in London could have held Cabinet meetings in the Highlands, and no Sovereign of the present King's house could have spent his holidays north of the Highland line, least of all at the house of a Highland chief. Those were the days when the clansmen fought for the Stuarts, and when Bonnie Prince Charlie was the popular hero. They were not trying to separate Scotland from England; they were trying to restore the throne of the United Kingdom to the line of Scottish Kings who were, in their sincere opinion, its rightful heirs. But they were none the less, in rebellion against the domination of England, which was, they said, imposing a race of usurpers upon the whole country. Many of the clan chiefs knew that the Stuart cause had no chance of success and was the most forlorn of forlorn hopes, but they were loyal to their Prince, and fought for him until the end—until that black day on Culloden Moor when the clansmen were scattered in flight, and the Prince himself became a hunted man and a fugitive. The chiefs and their followers suffered for their loyalty, for they were persecuted and punished; the Highland dress was made illegal, and to wear it was high treason. But, for many generations after, the toast of "The King Over the Water" was honoured in every real Highland gathering, and the hope was fondly cherished that the day of the Stuarts would still come. There was slumbering Jacobiteism in every Highland glen, and Jacobite songs were sung with an earnestness that showed how genuine was the loyalty, even of succeeding generations to the principles of the forefathers.

For a contrast to this we need only look to the proceedings in the Highlands in September last. The King—direct descendant of that very Prince whom the Jacobites repudiated, and against whose armed forces they fought so gallantly—was staying with a representative of one of the old Highland clans, in a house which was notoriously a shelter for the "rebels" of the '15 and the '45, in a district which was a hotbed of Jacobite enthusiasm, and within a few miles of that very Culloden Moor where the Duke of Cumberland defeated the Highland clans, and settled for all time the chances of a return of the Stuarts. The King himself was wearing the once persecuted Highland dress, and two of his sons—the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, were in Highland dress at the Braemar athletic gathering, near Balmoral Castle, where there were demonstrations by representatives of the clans, in all the glory of the tartan and the pipes. Then, not far from Inverness, Lord and Lady Seaforth, the present-day representatives of the MacKenzies of old, were entertaining at Brahan Castle, Mr. Lloyd George and the majority of the members of his Cabinet, providing for them a home while they deliberated at Inverness. Finally, the Town Council of Inverness lent their splendid Council Chamber for the meeting of the Cabinet, thus, as it were, demonstrating officially in the heart of the Capital of the Highlands, that Jacobiteism is a political force no more, that it exists only as a subject for romantic song and story, and as a most interesting episode in Scottish history; and that there is no part of the British Empire more loyal to the present wearer of the Crown, and of his Government, than the Highlands which were once so devoted to Bonnie Prince Charlie, and no men more loyal than the descendants of those who fought for the Stuarts.

That the troubles of Ireland should be brought to Inverness for discussion and negotiation was, therefore, a remarkable example of the way in which Time makes the past throw light upon the present. Ireland has been for many years a supremely discontented country, even more so than Scotland was in the days of the Jacobite rebellions. Scotland has become a real, loyal unit of the United Kingdom and the British Empire, which would fight as Ulster would, against separation. Of its peacefulness and its loyalty the envoys of Sinn Fein had plenty of evidence when they travelled north to Inverness and to Gairloch to see Mr. Lloyd George, and they must have thought of the possibilities of having an Ireland, some day in the future, as contented as Scotland, and as firmly knit to the idea of unity among the four nationalities which compose the United Kingdom. As a contrast to separation, with Ireland as a small, struggling island Kingdom, financing and defending itself, the position of Scotland must have seemed incomparably superior. But, one never knows. Ireland has always been a puzzle which British statesmen have been unable to unravel, and who can say when it will be contented? In all probability it would not be at all pleased if it could find no cause for discontent.

Flapperisms.

It's the girl with the prettiest ankles that sees the mouse first.

Almost every young girl can be stirred with a "spoon."

Many a girl's eyebrows are not so black as they are painted.

A girl is known by the engagement ring she keeps.

Don't make the mistake of believing that the girl with the dreamy eyes isn't wide-awake.

A girl's heart is naturally light when she strikes a match.

In the beautiful air castles which girls build you will never find any washtubs.

CANADA'S PARLIAMENT

(Continued from page 31)

Prime Minister of the day and approved by His Excellency as a matter of form before it is sent to the Printing Bureau to be printed and distributed even before it is delivered in the Senate chamber. After this the "faithful Commons" return to their chamber and the Speaker informs them that he has procured a copy of the Governor's speech which he kindly offers to read in order to "avoid mistakes." This procedure is invariably dispensed with as the official "Gazette" containing it is already on the members' desks, and the House proceeds to formal business after deciding to take the speech into consideration "to-morrow."

An Ancient Principle Asserted.

At this stage a significant but scarcely noted and not generally understood incident occurs, one which is a very forcible reminder of the conflicts between the Crown and Parliament which were at times witnessed centuries ago. The Prime Minister introduces a Bill "respecting Oaths of Office." This, the keen observer notes, is only a blank sheet of paper and is cast ignominiously by the Clerk of the House into the waste paper basket after the first reading. Yet this procedure has a significance, once of real import, and is an assertion of the rights of the Commons to legislate without regard to the royal address. It is a perpetuation of a resolution of the English Parliament of 1603 which orders that "the first day of every session in every Parliament some one bill and no more receiveth a first reading for form's sake." The principle involved is sound enough but hardly worth asserting now. Danger to the public weal does not, and cannot, come from the Crown to-day. Rather is the pendulum swinging to the other extreme and public liberty is threatened more by the fast growing force of ochlocracy than by any assertion of power by the Crown. But while the people neither invented nor established parliamentary government they may destroy it and we have seen during the last century that under parliamentary rule the liberties of the people have been infringed on and legislation of a tyrannical nature passed into what must be termed "law." Again referring to M. Boutmy he has pointed out what seems to have escaped the notice of British commentators that the greatest real reforms in British Parliamentary history have been obtained by open defiance of "the law" by those subject to it.

Parliamentary Law and Dignity.

The Parliament is proud of its omnipotence and sensitive concerning its rights, and what is called Parliamentary law forms a code in itself. It has been the study of many of the best lawyers and has its own literature. Canada may be proud of having produced two of the most able witers on the subject, Mr. Alpheus Todd and Sir John Bourinot, in their lifetime Librarian and Clerk of the House of Commons respectively. The French critic M. Boutmy, already referred to, has noted the jealousy of the British Parliament respecting its rights, despite the fact, as he points out, that its legislation is frequently the subject of strong condemnatory criticism by the interpreters of the law, the judges. And as they often say it has to be confessed that legislation at times is very slipshod and tends to confusion and sometimes injustice and wrong doing. There is on record a curious incident of the British House of Commons bringing an action for libel against an individual. John Reeves, a very learned constitutional lawyer, and some time Chief Justice of Newfoundland, wrote a pamphlet in which he ventured the opinion that Parliament and juries were adjuncts only of the Crown and subsidiary and occasional. The Commons felt hurt and instructed the Attorney-General to indict for libel, which was done in the year 1796. The jury, however, did not seem to feel their power reflected on, like their brethren of the Commons, and while they expressed disagreement with the contents of the pamphlet they gave the writer credit for good intention and acquitted him. Such an episode has never been known in Canada. The House is right in protecting its dignity and is able to commit any one to confinement for contempt or other breach of privilege. This now consists, not in confining the offender in some loathsome dungeon, as in the days of yore, but merely in sending the offender to the common jail for the County of Carleton until its session is at an end.

The Significance of French.

Strangers visiting the Canadian Parliament when in session sometimes express surprise when they hear members speaking in French. They fail to appreciate the fact that this is a tribute to the comprehensiveness of British Rule. After

LORD BYNG OF VIMY, WHO WILL OPEN THE 14th PARLIAMENT OF CANADA "IN STATE."

the cession of New France to Britain the language and laws of the new subjects of the latter were religiously preserved with results which are seen to-day in unity and good will, despite the efforts of a few mischievous agitators. And the objectors are probably not aware that the use of the French language in the British Parliament has prevailed to a certain extent since the Norman conquest. Bills are still assented to in the words: "Le Roy se veult"; private bills "Soit fait comme il est desire." In the case of subsidies the form is very significant. It runs "Le Roy remercie ses loyaux sujets, accepte leur benevolence et ainsi le veult." And to-day the Canadian Commons are told the same thing in the same words and probably give no thought to the fact that the word "benevolence" is a survival of the days when grants by merchants and others were sometimes wrung from by Kings on warlike errands bent. It is a sign of the conservative trend of the British mind that the French form is still adhered to in Parliament. More than once efforts have been made to abolish it. In 1736 an attempt to do so was flatly voted down. Up to 1731 French was used in judicial proceedings in Britain, as it is now in part of Canada to-day.

for February

The Mace and Black Rod.

The newness already referred to in matters connected with this Parliament is evident in many of the incidentals surrounding the greatly extended building in which it is now housed. The splendid Mace in the House of Commons, of which an illustration is given, is of recent make. It is a replica of the Mace used in the Imperial House and it has a short but interesting history, briefly given in the inscription it bears to the following effect:—

"This Mace, replacing the original Mace of the House of Commons of the Dominion of Canada, destroyed by fire on February 3, 1916, was presented by Colonel the Rt. Hon. Sir Charles Creers Wakefield, Lord Mayor of London, and the Sheriffs of London, George Alexander Touche, Esq., M.P., and Samuel George Shead, Esq., June, 1916."

It may be worthy of note that the Parliament at Westminster has had three Maces. One was lost, or probably, if as stated it was of solid gold, stolen in the reign of Charles I. The present one is the "Bauble" of Cromwell's time, reconstructed after the restoration of Charles II. by a goldsmith named Thomas Maunday. The first Mace used in the Canadian Parliament after Confederation came from the old Parliament of Canada and had a narrow escape from destruction in the fire which destroyed the Parliament House at Montreal in 1849, only to meet a like fate at Ottawa nearly 70 years later. Though the Mace is only a gilded emblem it is more important than it looks and plays its part in the procedure of legislation. No legislation is effective without it being on the Table of the House. At times the chamber is "in Committee". That means that the sitting of the House is for the time suspended and a general and free conversation on the merits of a bill takes place. Then the Mace is placed out of sight until the House resumes.

The Senate Black Rod, a beautiful specimen of art work in ebony and solid gold, is also new and was presented to Canada by the Empire Parliamentary Association.

The Speaker's chair in the House of Commons, which is also new, is a replica of the chair at Westminster, which was made in the reign of Queen Victoria. The Canadian copy contains some good work by H. Hems and Sons, of Exeter. The canopy is also remarkably fine and is especially interesting as the panel surmounting it representing the royal arms is made from one of the old oaken beams recently taken from the roof of Westminster Hall, erected in the reign of Richard II., 1397-9 It is also, like the Mace and Black Rod in the Senate, a gift from the old land. It was brought to Canada and formally presented to the Commons recently by the Rt. Hon. James Lowther, for many years the Speaker of the Imperial House.

THE youngster who defined "coquette" as "something made out of chicken," wasn't far wrong if we put quotation marks around the "chicken."

AGNES MACPHAIL, Canada's first woman M.P., won't be lonesome down at Ottawa, but it will be interesting to see if the Hansard reporters will be able to keep up with her rate of speech. They say she is worse than R. B. Bennett, and that's going some!

LOVERS of green peas beware! A French scientist has ascertained that these apparently innocent vegetables containing a serpent which incites to flirtations and brings about domestic complications of the most disquieting sort. On the other hand a wife who thinks that her husband's affection is waning has only to feed him green peas to restore the honeymoon days. Great are the uses of science!

A Portal of Peace

One of the interesting events of 1921 was the opening of the first Peace Portal on the international frontier between Canada and the United States. It stands on the boundary line between British Columbia and the State of Washington on the international highway which is now largely used by residents of Seattle and other places in the great American "desert" who travel north in large numbers to slake their

thirst on British Columbia beer by virtue of permits issued to tourists under the Government control system now in vogue in our Pacific province.

They tell stories of rabid Anglophobes from Seattle, Tacoma, and even 'Frisco, who have always detested the sight of the British flag, but who now cheer up and look forward to a drink or two of "real beer" so soon as they catch sight of the Union Jack flying alongside the Stars and Stripes on this Peace Portal, because its presence there indicates that they are drawing nearer to a spot where they can slake their thirst without fear of interference by agents of the Volkstead law.

Thus the portal not only symbolizes the hundred years or more of peace between Canada and the United States without a gun along the international boundary, but it is also a beacon of hope to the thirsty ones. Many a resident of the Central States, to say nothing of Michigan and Western New York, would equally rejoice if the sight of a Union Jack on the Canadian frontier meant to them what that "little bit of bunting" means to the people of the western slope.

REVIEW OF WORLD EVENTS

(Continued from page 22)

IF it has not accomplished all that was hoped for the Armament Conference at Washington has at least done something toward attainment of the optimist's dream of permanent peace. It is probable that very few men feel in their hearts that peace ever could be permanent. Human nature changes little. Scientists who once gave all their attention to the production of armour plate that would resist shot and shell and to the making of ammunition that would penetrate any armour, are now devoting their attention to the making of deadly gases to be used in warfare. No one of the present generation needs to be told anything about the horrors of war. A new generation may enter into war lightly enough, to find out that all that has gone before, and which would be known to them only by what they could read was child's play in comparison with the horrors that they would become acquainted with. But at least the Washington Conference made some progress. Britain, France, Japan, Italy and the United States agreed to limitations in respect to capital ships that will greatly reduce the burden on the tax payers of their respective countries, or at least can do so. They also agreed upon the abolition of submarine warfare against merchant vessels. In this respect Britain would have gone the limit and agreed to the abolition of the submarine as a weapon of warfare altogether. Arrangements were also made which brought these powers into harmony in respect to their interests in the Pacific. The result of this phase of the conference was that the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty was made unnecessary. It has been a matter of friction between Japan and the United States, and has not been popular in Canada. The treaty served its purpose handsomely for a long time, however, and the British Empire has had no reason to regret it. The agreement reached by the delegates of the powers at Washington have to be adopted by their parliaments. There is naturally much interest in the English speaking world as to what will happen to them in the United States Congress. With the fate of the Treaty of Versailles and its component part, the League of Nations pact, fresh in the public mind there is naturally some question as to whether the Washington agreements will have any better luck. It is impossible for those who give any thought to the matter to avoid the conclusion that President Harding of the United States and his government could have obtained the objective sought at the Washington Conference by bringing their nation into the League of Nations. Whether the people of the United States think so or not that is the real fact. There was at the time such strong prejudice in their minds against the League of Nations pact that their government was probably afraid to try to swing them into line with it. The agitation against the pact was due in a very large measure to the activity of propagandists who would love to see trouble with Britain. They have a fertile field in the mass of minds that know of nothing outside of the immediate States surrounding that in which they live.

* * * * * *

FRANCE came out of the Washington Conference with the loss of a great deal of American sympathy. The insistence of her delegates upon the right to maintain a huge fleet of submarines created a bad impression on this continent as well as in Britain. Mr. Arthur Balfour, Britain's foremost representative at the conference, used some very blunt language in his condemnation of the French attitude. He went so far as to declare that the French proposal as to submarines would arouse in Britain a feeling that it was an aggressive move against her. In spite of the ties of language and of blood there has not been in the United States any particularly friendly feeling towards Britain. Any affection that the American people have for a European nation was directed towards France. But that nation, through its delegates at the conference assumed a most aggressive attitude and was more than once reminded that the conference was not called for the consideration of plans to increase armament, but for the purpose of decreasing them. Some keen observers, early in the conference, expressed the view that France was aiming towards a formal alliance with the United States and Britain, if possible, or with Britain in any event and that her whole attitude was dictated by this desire. Others held that she was determined now that her greatest military competitor was prostrated, to be the dominating factor on the European continent. Time will prove the fallacy or otherwise of some of these views.

* * * * * *

ONE of the most frequent boasts of the people of the United States is that they do the biggest things in the world. It is a pardonable claim, for they do accomplish many wonderful things. Canada, however, can claim every once in a while the equality in accomplishment. A little while ago the Chippawa-Queenston Power Canal, the largest undertaking of its kind in the world, was officially opened. At the same time the largest generator in the world was put in motion. This generator develops 55,000 horse power and is one of the battery which subsequently will develop between six and seven hundred thousand electrical horse power. While this work was undertaken and carried to completion in the Province of Ontario and for the benefit of a section of that Province, all Canada can share in the glory of it. It was conceived, planned and completed by Canadian engineers and workmen. As a contribution to the development of Ontario, rural and urban alike, its value cannot be estimated at this time in dollars and cents. Whatever may be the individual opinion as to the merits or demerits of public ownership of the Hydro-Electric Power System, this power canal project stands as one of the greatest achievements on this continent or in the world.

* * * * * *

FOR the first time Canada is governed by a party which has not a clear majority over all in the House of Commons. The Premier, William Lyon Mackenzie King, leader of the Liberal Party, heads the largest group. Next to that in number comes the National Progressive Party under Hon. T. A. Crerar, while third is the Conservative Party under Hon. Arthur Meighen, former Premier. When the Progressives refused to link their fortunes with those of the Liberal Party, Mr. King had no choice but to form his cabinet from the material at hand and a straight Liberal Government was constituted. No doubt the Progressives will generally accord support to the Government. This view is strengthened by the refusal of Mr. Crerar to become officially the recognized Opposition leader to which post a salary is attached. A government can only be judged by its record. Predictions as to what may be expected from the present cabinet would be unjust and unfair. More interest will attach for the immediate future to the working out of the group system in the Canadian Parliament. European countries know it and do not seem to be worried unduly by the constant political fluctuations which some of them experience.

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A SMILE OR TWO

In a Wet Climate.—Teacher—"What's the difference between a pint and a quart?"

Son of a Tippler—"A pint is what makes you happy; a quart's what makes you drunk."

Order Out of Order.—Maid—"Madam, our telephone doesn't work."

Mistress (impatiently)—"Ring Information and ask why."

The Housing Situation.—First Gentleman (sympathetically)—"It must be terrible to hunt for a house—I never do."

Second Gentleman (enviously) —"Lucky man! You own your house?"

First Gentleman—"No, I rent a room."

Love, Reason and Logic.—A romantic lover, failing to persuade his lady love to die with him by taking poison, confessed: "I just wanted to test your love—this phial contains only water."

"Don't you see," she replied, "how foolish it would have been for me to drink water?"

It Would—"It's funny how your horses are still afraid of motors here," said a holidaymaker to an old farmer.

"I dunno!" answered the farmer. "It's none so funny when you think how a motor must seem to a horse. Wouldn't it seem queer to you if you saw my clothes coming down the road with nothing in 'em?"

Playing Safe.—"Why are you lugging home that expensive box of candy?"

"Just to play safe. The wife kissed me this morning before I left, so I imagine it must be either her birthday or our wedding anniversary!"

REVIEW OF WORLD EVENTS—(Continued from previous page)

GREECE has been unable to pay any part of the interest or principal of the $8,000,000 of credit advanced by Canada in 1919, and is in a bad way owing to the failure of her campaign against the Turk Nationalists in Angora. This opened auspiciously enough, but came to a dead stop before its objective was gained. It is probable that the powers will soon straighten out the Eastern question and that Greece will have to take a dose of medicine that will not be palatable. She will be fortunate to come out of the predicament without internal troubles. Roumania also owes Canada $20,000,000 and interest for credits advanced in 1919. These credits were for the purchase of Canadian produce and goods. Canada paid the producer and the manufacturer and must herself carry the burden of the principal amount until such time as the two countries named are able to pay. The burdens and anxieties of war are suffered and realized long after the clash of arms has ceased.

* * * * * *

THE Spaniards are still hard at work in Morocco trying to conquer rebellious Moors in their sphere of influence. Probably 40,000 troops are engaged and the task is one that involves great burdens financially and physically.

SIR Robert Borden, Canada's representative at Washington Conference, has also discussed with the United States Government the question of a new fisheries treaty between the two countries. Under the recommendation of a Joint Commission made in 1918, the United States has been enjoying practically all of the privileges in Canadian waters that are extended to Canadian fishermen. But under present United States regulations Canadian fishing vessels may only enter American ports for "human necessities." Unless this can be changed it is suggested that Canada will be compelled to fall back on the old treaty under which American fishermen will be debarred from fishing in the waters of this country. The United States action is in keeping with recent tariff legislation under the Emergency Bill, the period of which has been extended. The so called Fordney bill, now under consideration would still further increase the United States tariff and Canada would be one of the countries hardest hit by that measure. It seems to be the determination of the United States to build up a great tariff barrier with the idea that it can export to all countries, but will not take any imports from any of them except those which are absolutely vital to it. Every country has an unquestioned right to make its own tariff laws. It has no right to expect outher countries to accept those laws "lying down."

$2000.00 IN PRIZES

You can be a winner if you try. Read the rules of the contest. Get started to-day

This contest was to have ended on November 19th, 1921, but owing to difficulties in the matter of reorganizing the National Pictorial Co. there had to be an extension to May 15th, 1922. The contest will positively end on that date and no further extensions made.

CASH AWARDS

The list of prizes for the best solutions of the puzzle is as follows:

First Prize—$300 Cash, to which will be added fifty times the amount of the subscription paid by the winner. This prize will amount to $500 if won by a subscriber who has taken a three-year subscription. Or, $375 with a one-year subscription.

Second Prize—$200 Cash, to which will be added ten times the amount of the subscription paid by the winner.

Third Prize—$100 Cash, to which will be awarded ten times the amount of the subscription paid by the winner.

Fourth Prize—$50 Cash.

Fifth Prize—$25 Cash.

Also Forty Prizes of $10 each to the next Forty successful competitors.

Also Thirty Prizes of $5 each to the next Thirty successful competitors.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

RULE 1—Add all the figures of the same denomination together and state the total of each set when added. Then add the totals of each set of figures and state what is the gross amount of the seven sets of figures when added.

RULE 2—Remember that the figure nine is not used in the entire puzzle.

RULE 3—Every solution must be accompanied by a subscription to the NATIONAL PICTORIAL, of from one to three years, as the contestant may decide, as the rates herewith state: One year, $2.00; Two years, $3.00; Three years, $4.00. Present subscribers may become eligible to compete for a prize if they forward to the Contest Department a renewal or extension of their subscription with their solution. Full payment must accompany each subscription or renewal.

RULE 4—In the event that more than one contestant sends in the same answer to the puzzle, a tie-breaking puzzle will be prepared for them to solve in order to break the ties. They will be given full opportunity to solve the tie-breaking puzzle, and the prizes will be awarded in accordance.

RULE 5—No employee of the NATIONAL PICTORIAL, or of the Contest Department, or any member of their family, will be eligible to enter the contest or win a prize.

RULE 6—Contestants may submit more than one solution to the puzzle if they accompany each solution with a separate subscription or extension of subscription.

RULE 7—All contestants entering the contest will, as a condition and consideration, be required to abide by the rulings of the Contest Manager, whose decisions shall be final.

RULE 8—Contestants can send in their solution in their own names, and be eligible to win a prize, but can have the subscription sent to some friend if they so desire.

RULE 9—The contest ends May 15, 1922. The prizes will be immediately awarded and paid, except in the case of ties, in which event the tie-breaking puzzles will be immediately sent out, and as soon as the ties are broken the awards will be made.

There will be no more extensions of this contest.

A Fascinating Offer

Thousands of people throughout Canada are subscribing to NATIONAL PICTORIAL, Canada's wonderful new Magazine.

In order to add a tremendous element of interest, and to afford a fascinating intellectual treat to its many subscribers, NATIONAL PICTORIAL is making a special contest offer which will result in awarding some two thousand dollars in cash prizes to successful competitors.

A puzzle contest has been arranged which will prove of decided interest to the thousands of readers of NATIONAL PICTORIAL. A figure chart has been prepared in which hundreds of figures from the figure two to the figure eight have been mixed up in a decidedly confusing manner.

Note the figure nine is not used in the entire puzzle. What may look like a nine is a six upside down.

This is a splendid offer and one that should attract thousands of young people who have the time and ambition to win a handsome prize. They can try to solve the puzzle, and if satisfied they are correct, forward their solution with a cash payment for a subscription.

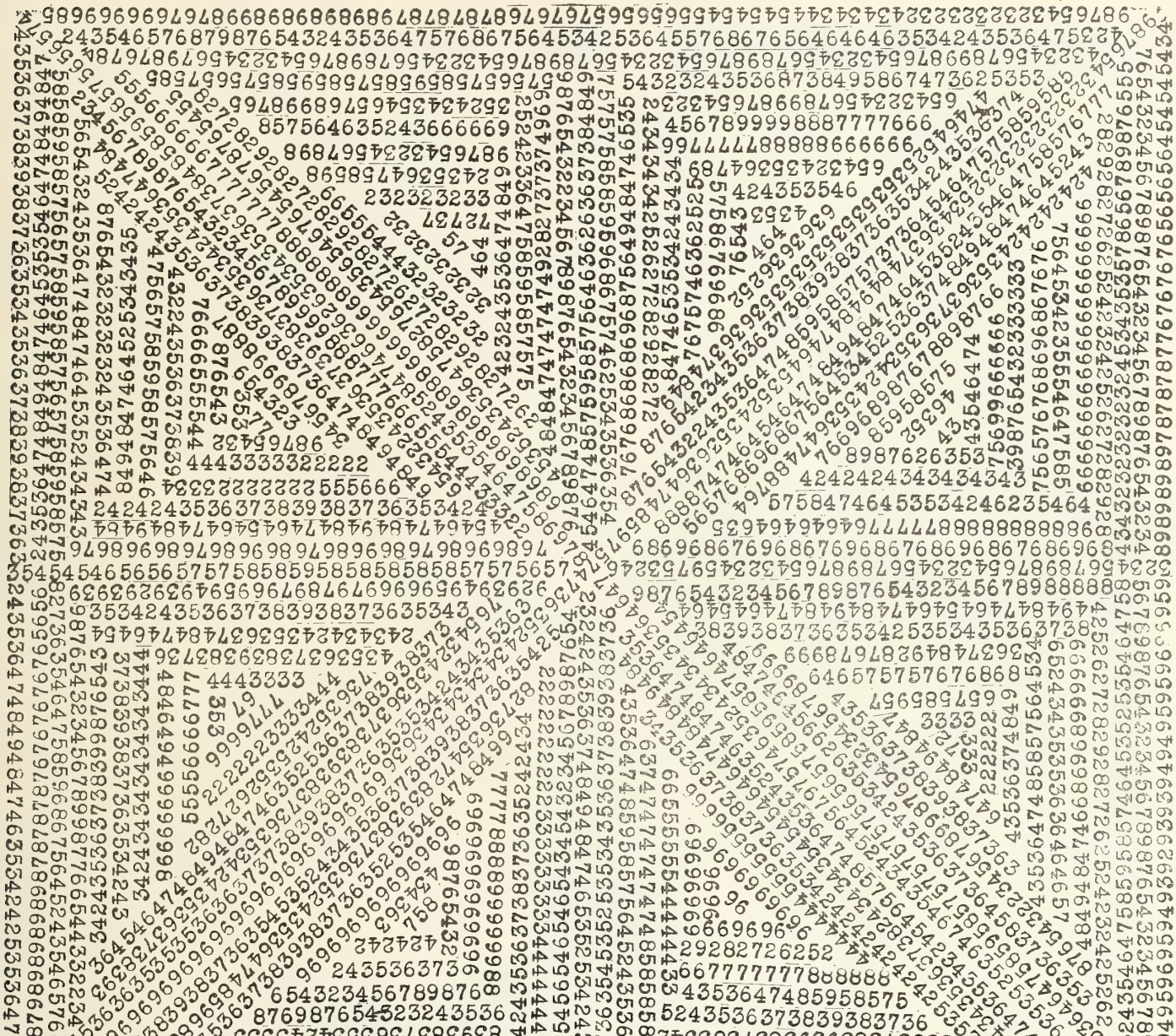
If you are doubtful about winning the highest award, which will amount to from $300 to $500 in cash, try for the second or third prizes, or in any event win

NO SOLICITING

NATIONAL PICTORIAL wishes to make it plainly understood that this offer is absolutely straightforward. In order to make any successful solver of the puzzles eligible to win a prize all they have to do is to forward their own subscription to NATIONAL PICTORIAL with their solution of the puzzle. They will not be required or asked to solicit subscriptions from friends or any one else.

for February

PUZZLE CONTEST



CUT OUT THIS SUBSCRIPTION FORM AND FORWARD WITH YOUR SOLUTION AND SUBSCRIPTION PAYMENT.

To the Puzzle Manager, NATIONAL PICTORIAL,
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I herewith enclose the sum of $....., to pay for.....year's subscription to the NATIONAL PICTORIAL.

NAME ..... DATE.....

Town or City..... Province.....

My solution is as follows:

The figures 2 added total..... **The figures 3 added total.....**

The figures 4 added total..... **The figures 5 added total.....**

The figures 6 added total..... **The figures 7 added total.....**

There are no Nines in the puzzle. **The figures 8 added total.....**

All the figures added together total.....

Any Reader Can Try

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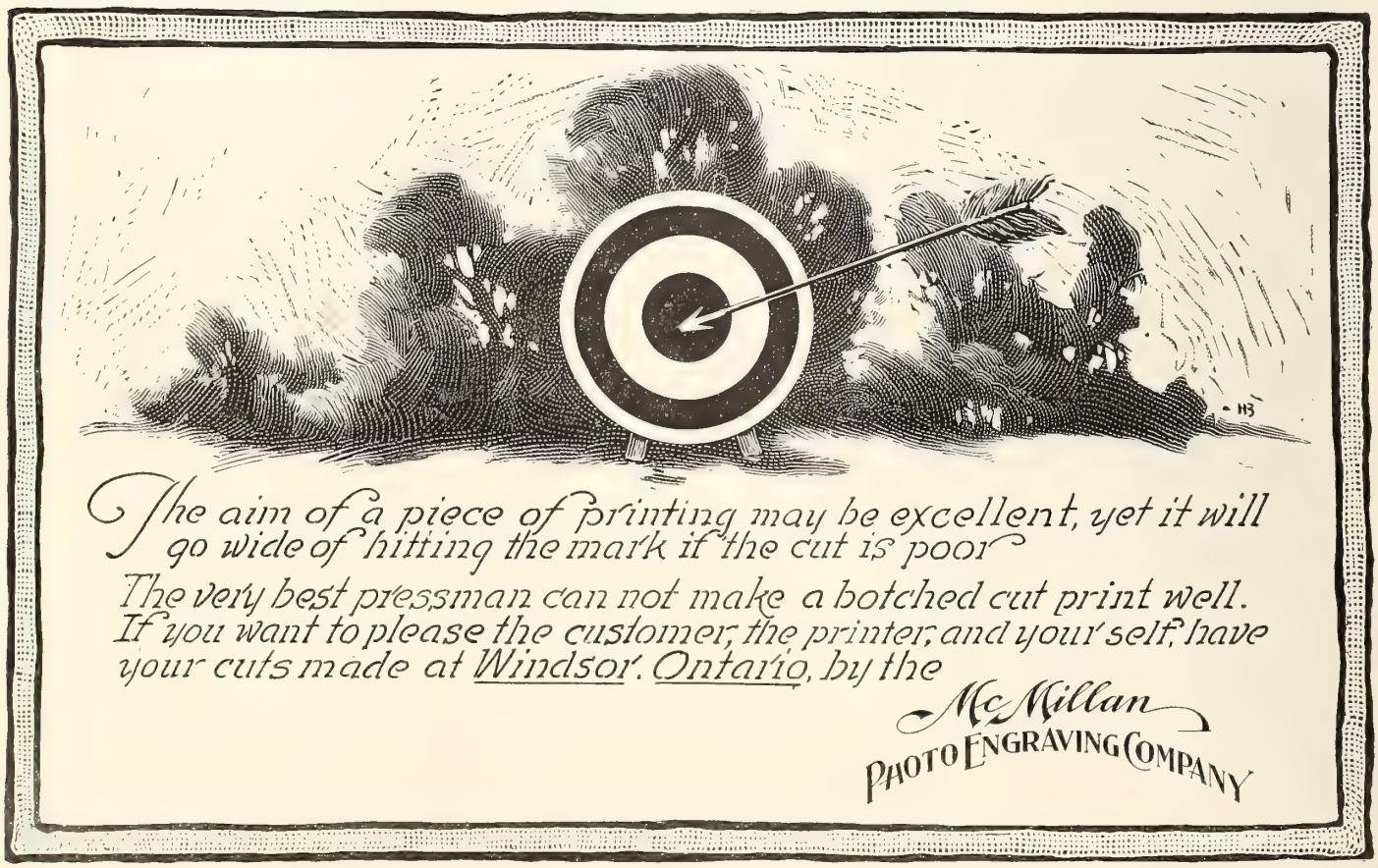
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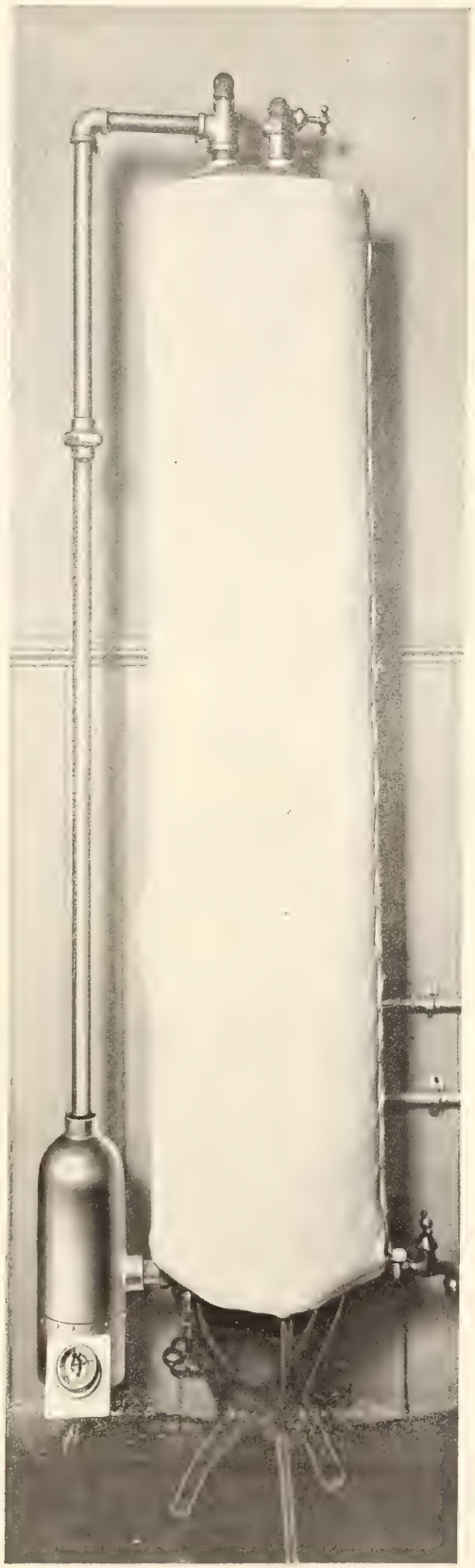

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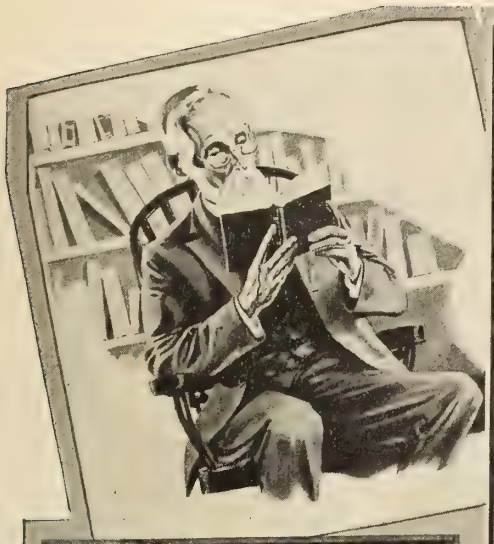

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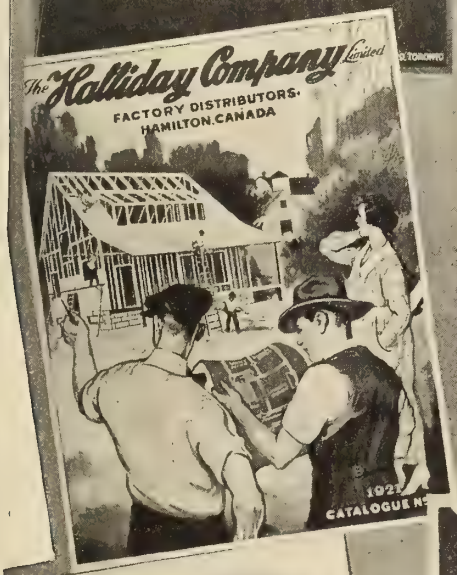

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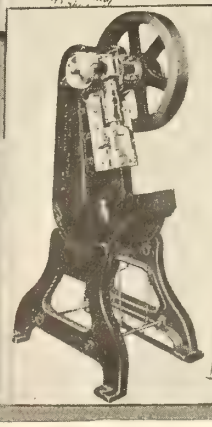

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SEPTEMBER 1921

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WINDSOR, ONT. SEPTEMBER, 1921

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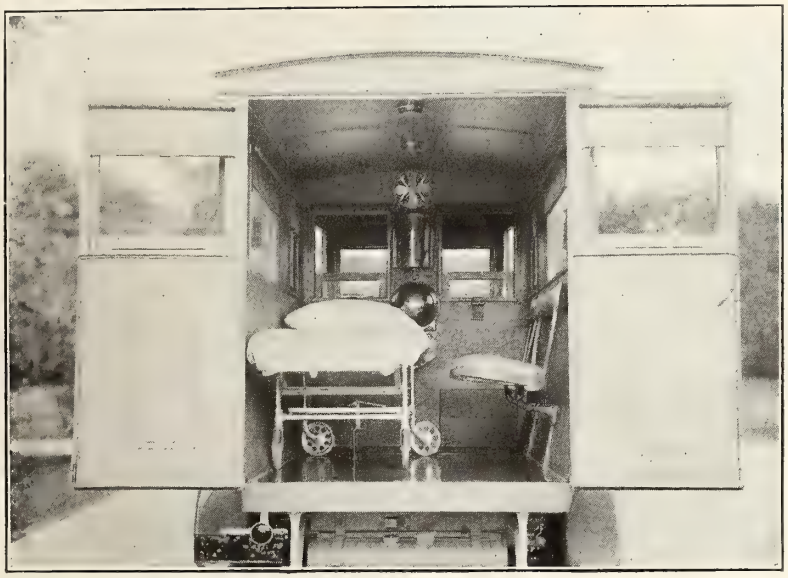

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THE EDITOR SAYS

ACHMED ABDULLAH, author of "Bucking the Tiger," "The Trail of the Beast," "The Mating of the Blades," "Feud," "Wings," "The Honorable Gentleman," etc.

"Halifax Health Centre," by Grace Crandall Lugar; "Labrador," by Greta G. Bidlake; "The London Season," by Doris Hemming, and "Scottish Land and Housing Problems," by W. L. Manson, are all interesting articles written for the NATIONAL PICTORIAL by its special correspondents.

William Arthur Deacon's page, "The Essayist," is a strong and direct appeal to Canadians for national literature, which cannot thrive without a more generous and sympathetic response from the Canadian public.

"Hunting Elephants in Siam," by Hugh Thomason, is an instructive and interesting account of one of the most important events featured in Siamese life and customs.

SEPT., 1921

READ IN THIS ISSUE

THE ESSAYIST
By W. A. DEACON.

MAKING YOUR MIND WORK FOR YOU
By ALBERT M. PEARSON

THE PROGRESS OF SINGING
By PHILIP A. H. KING.

DOGS AND DOGS
By PETER MCKUNE.

REVIEW OF WORLD EVENTS
By WILLIAM BANKS.

EDITORIALS
By WILLIAM ANTONY KENNEDY.

Capt. Achmed Abdullah, soldier, playwright, explorer—a romantic figure of the Orient in this Western World, where he is making his home, —in this September issue of the NATIONAL PICTORIAL gives us "The Dance on the Hill." It uncovers the author's sensitiveness to the bond of nature "that makes the whole world kin." Capt. Abdullah's artistic handling of the subject reveals the touch of a master.

"Flanked" is the second of Fred John Splitstone's series of three stories, and presents the second episode in the career of its hero—Albert Olesen.

"The Flood-Tide," by A. S. Hildebrand, and "Sacrifice," by Peter McKune, will appear in the October number of the NATIONAL PICTORIAL.

THE NATIONAL PICTORIAL is published monthly by the Pictorial Publishing Company, Ltd., Windsor, Ontario. James S. Richards, President and Treasurer; John M. Hanson, Vice-President and General Business Manager; M. A. Stewart, Secretary; Harry W. Ballard, Managing Editor; H. J. Snowden, Advertising Manager.

WILLIAM ANTONY KENNEDY,
Editor

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THE NATIONAL PICTORIAL

"A CANADIAN MAGAZINE FOR EVERYBODY"

VOL. II., NO. 2. **SEPTEMBER** WINDSOR, ONT.

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Illustrations by Harry Ballard and Paul Greeg

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SPLENDID FOR CHILDREN—FINE FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER

By William Antony Kennedy

September crowned with harvests rare
Turns Earth into a glorious Fair,
Where sun-kissed apples gleam and glow,
Where grapes hang, luscious and mellow,
And rural joys await the throng.

September decked in goldenrod,—
That wondrous gift of untilled sod
That borders every field and lane,—
Is first to note that bird-trills wane
And last to hear the robin's song.

"Then, as ever, end perfect days"

I DON'T know that anyone ever wrote those exact words, but surely some poet must have done so at some time or other—in the month of September. This, I am sure I read: "The vessel that holds the sands of time has a leak in it, which is never perceptible to people,—vacationists in particular, —until September's bluish breath blurs the horizon line."

One thing I know positively, and it is that September brings home to us the laxness of our clocks, for who has cared about a time-regulating apparatus when the great out-of-doors dial was at hand for all to read its face and know just when to do what they felt most like doing at the right hour? Now, September has ended all that. Besides ushering in such changes in the earth's yearly programme as the "equinox," it interferes with the daily routine of life. It makes man realize anew the importance of a time-measuring device, regulated by springs and wheels that cause minutes to tick off until they accumulate minutes, hours. "Nine o'clock" makes many a child's heart sigh. Yes; for all, young and old, September ends "perfect days," unless—

Unless one gets his vacation in September, oh, then—oh! what a wealth of pleasure he will delve into! He will get thrown into his lap at first hand all the good things many have watched grow during the summer, wishing all the while that they might ripen prematurely, that they might have a chance to enjoy them,—pears, apples, grapes! Then September for this privileged person is a succession of perfect days. It was only necessary to change the point of view and the panorama has changed. But that case is the mere exception which proves the rule—September sounds the call—to business!

And now this business concerns as much, if not more, the housewife than the man of the family. Man may be reading the papers each day, pondering upon the great questions that nations have wrestled with in previous months, but which he passed quickly by in the midst of summer interests of outdoor sports, to see them now in the light of the September atmosphere loom up like huge bugaboos that must eventually frighten nations into action. Woman keeps on just the same. International politics interest her, disarmament affects her keenly, but September throws many good things in her way, and she works hard to make the most of them.

The Dance on the Hill

By Achmed Abdullah

Illustrated by Harry Ballard

BEHIND him the Koh Haji-Lal, the "Mountains of the Red Pilgrim," closed like a ragged tide. In front of him the snowy peaks of the Gul Koh pointed to the skies in an abandon of frozen, lacy spires, while ten miles the other side Ghuzni dipped to the green of the valley with an avalanche of flat, white roof-tops, huddled close together beneath the chill of the Himalayas. The English doctor lived there, mixing his drugs and scolding his patients in the little house at the end of the perfume sellers' bazaar, in the shadow of the great bronze Mogul gun which both Afghans and Lohani Sikhs called the Zubba-zung.

Mortazu Khan thought of him as he came down the mountainside, his rough sheepskin coat folded across the small of his back to give free play to his lungs; his short, hairy arms, sleeves rolled to the elbows, moving up and down like propeller-blades. He walked with the suspicious step of the hill-bred who reckons with inequalities of ground, lifting his rope-soled sandals gingerly over timberfalls and crumbling granite slides, putting on extra speed when he crossed a wide spread of rust-brown bracken that covered the summer hue of the slope like a scarf, again warily slowing as he forded a swift little stream bordered with scented wild peppermint and chini stalks and gray, spiky wormwood.

But straight through he kept up a steady clip, averaging well over five miles an hour, uphill or down.

There was peace with the Suni Pathans who squatted on the upland pastures, and so he had left his rifle at home, carrying only a broad-bladed dagger. He was glad of it, for a rifle meant weight, weight in the hills meant lack of speed, and speed was essential. All last night his wife moaned terribly, and the village wise-woman, at the end of her remedies, had told him that he needed the English *hakim's* skill before the day was out if he wanted his wife to live; his wife, and the little son—he hoped it would be a son—whom she was bringing into the world with such anguish.

Three hours he figured to Ghuzni. Three back. Rather a little more, since the foreigner was not hill-bred. Thus he would safely reach his village before the sun had raced to the west; and by night his wife would hold another little son in her arms.

Of course there would be a wrangle with the *hakim*, Mortazu Khan thought—and smiled at the thought.

First would be the ceremonious Afghan greeting, cut short by the Englishman's impatient, "Why haven't you come sooner?" and his reply that his wife was a stout hill woman who had borne children before this; also that he had called in the wise-woman.

"What did she do?"

"She gave her fish sherbet to cool her blood. She put leeches on her chest. She wrote a Koran verse on a piece of paper, lit it, and held it smoking under Azeena's nose—"

And then the *hakim's* furious bellow: "Of all the damned—! Good God! man, let's hurry, or your wife'll go out before we get there!"

At the end of the imagined scene, Mortazu Khan's smile twisted to a lop-sided frown. The doctor would be rightly angry. He should have gone to him yesterday. He should not have called in the wise-woman. He had given her five rupees. He shrugged his shoulders. To-morrow he would make her eat stick and force her to give back the money—

He increased his speed as he reached the edge of the slope where it flattened to a rock-studded plateau, with here and there little gentians peeping from granite splits and opening their stiff azure stars. He bent and picked one to put in his turban for good luck, and as he straightened up again he smelled a familiar odor and saw two small, reddish eyes glaring at him from a clump of thorny wild acacia.

He stood quite still. Instinctively he fingered across his left shoulder for the rifle—which was not there. Then he walked on. At this time of the year the blue-gray, bristly-haired mountain bears were not dangerous. They were busy filling their sagging bellies with prangus leaves and mulberries against the lean season. He would leave the bear alone, he decided, and the bear would leave him alone.

But when a moment later he heard the animal give tongue—a low, flat rumble growing steadily into a sustained roar, then stabbing out in a squeaky high note that sounded ridiculously inadequate, given the brute's size—Mortazu Khan, without looking over his shoulder, jumped sideways like a cat, cleared a heap of dry twigs, and made straight for a stout fir tree that towered in lanky loneliness a dozen yards away. He reached it and jumped behind it. His hands gripped the rough, warty bark.

"Some cursed fool of a foreigner must have burned her pelt with a bullet of pain." He spoke aloud, after the manner of hillmen. "And now Bibi Bear has a grouch—"

He completed the sentence just as the bear tore out of the acacia clump and made after him with a huge, plumping, clumsy bound and a whickering, whinnying roar.

"Allah he thanked because He gave me nimble feet!" ejaculated Mortazu Khan. "And praise to Him furthermore because He made this tree and caused it to grow thick!" He finished his impromptu prayer as he slid rapidly to the west side of the fir, while the bear lunged, big flat paws clawing, gaping mouth showing the crimson throat, the chalk-white teeth, the lolling, slobbering tongue, ears flat on the narrow head—like the head of a great snake.

The bear missed the hillman by half a yard and, carried away by her weight and impetus, she landed, paws sprawling, head down, on a bed of ochre moss studded with needle-sharp granite splinters. Her pointed muzzle bumped smartly against the ground, was torn by the ragged stone edges, and plowed a painful furrow through the moss, so that it rose to either side in a velvety cloud.

She bellowed her disappointment and fury, sat on her hunkers, slid back half a dozen yards, using her fat hams with the speed and precision of roller-skates, then returned to the attack, launching her blue-gray bulk straight for the west side of the tree.

"*Ahi!*" Pig and Parent of Piglings!" shouted Mortazu Khan, as he rapidly made the half-circle around the tree to the opposite side.

"*Waughrrr-yi-yi!*" said the bear, very low in her throat and with a certain hurt, childish intonation.

"Pig!" repeated the hillman, wiping the sweat from his forehead, while the bear, who had again landed head down on the ground, wrinkled her ugly, thin-skinned nose where the warm blood was trickling down into her open mouth.

Mortazu Khan watched carefully. He knew that he was safe as long as he kept the tree between himself and the brute; knew, too, that he was the more agile of the two.

Not that the bear was slow, but her body was longer, her

bulk larger. She could not make short turns in a whizzing, flying half-circle like the hillman. She could charge—with a thousand pounds of bunched muscle and brutal meat—but when she missed, the best she could do was to use her nose and forepaws as brakes, bump back, twist in a sharp angle right or left, according to what side of the tree Mortazu Khan had slid—and return to the charge. And always the man, keeping tight to the fir, got ahead of her, while the bear, squealing like an angry boar, landed on the ground, hurting her delicate nose and clawing with her paws until the moss was shredded to rags, and the sand beneath seemed to look up with scared, yellow eyes.

"Infidel! Parent of naughty daughters!" shouted Mortazu Khan as the bear missed him by less than a foot.

His hands were hot and raw. His heart was cold with fear. For back across the hills was the mother of his sons—and then he cursed again the little bird which gurgled in the branches. He could not see it. But the gurgle was becoming loud, insistent, blending curiously and malignantly with the bear's wicked bellow.

Underneath his duffle shirt sweat rolled in icy balls. His feet hurt. Moss had been around the base of the tree, but he had worn great holes in it, then long furrows and grooves. One of his sandals had split the heel-rope and had flown away

AND SO THE TWO STOOD THERE, CONFRONTING EACH OTHER, BOTH BREATHING HARD, READY TO LEAP, READY TO FINISH THE FIGHT

Little stones clattered mockingly. Twigs crackled and whined. Somewhere from the higher branches a noise trembled—a gurgling, throaty noise. Doubtless the cry of a *buvra kurra*, black tree grouse, thought the hillman, cursing the bird because of its place of security, cursing the bear because of her wickedness.

"Dog! Jew! Drunkard! Illegitimate cow!" he yelled as he danced round the tree, left and right and left again, his fingers scraping the bark and the bark scraping his fingers—"Away! away!"—Bibi Bear after him, roaring, fuming, and always missing her aim.

The bear's little, narrow-lidded eyes glowed like charcoal balls. The hair along her back was thick and taut, her ears flat. There was something ludicrous in her appearance; too—something which spoke of iron, sinister resolution.

Plump! Down on her nose, paws furrowing the ground! Twist and squat and twist.

She tried to learn from Mortazu Khan, tried to whiz her bulk in shorter circles, to charge straight at her foe. But always she missed. Always she had to brake with head and paws, and make sharp angles while the man danced away.

and out, while he had stepped through the other so that it was around his ankles. His toes were bleeding.

And Azeena waited!

But what could he do with his bare hands, without his rifle? The dagger? He could throw it—yes! And what then? One does not kill a mountain bear with a single thrust of steel. So he kept whizzing around the tree, and his thoughts whizzed along, his fears, his hopes—and then, quite suddenly, the bear changed her tactics.

"*Airrh-whoof-airrh!*" she said with low, rumbling dignity.

"*Wheet-wheet!*" came the echo from the branches of the tree where the cursed feathery thing was roosting in safety.

And Bibi Bear rose on her hind feet, fir needles and moss sticking to her pelt, belly sagging loosely, perspiration rising from her nostrils in a gray flag of steam. Straight toward the tree she walked, forepaws wide extended as if to embrace the fir and the miserable being who was clinging to it for dear life.

Something like a slobbering grin curled the brute's black, leathery lips, and Mortazu Khan watched. His skin seemed to shrink. Blue wheels whirled in front of his eyes. A hammer beat at the base of his skull.

Ahi! There was Azeena who would not live out the day unless . . . .

"Allah!" he said. "It is not I who shall be a widower to-night, but Azeena who shall be a widow!"—and his knife flashed free while the bear came on, slow, ponderous, thinking in her ugly, twisted brain that all would be over in two crimson minutes if she could only tear the man away from the protecting tree.

Mortzau Khan knew it, too. "Assassin!" he cried. "Base-born and lean bastard!"

"*Waughree!*" replied the bear.

She came on without haste, leaned smack against the tree, and tried to reach around it, right and left, with her murderous claws. But the tree was too stout, and for the moment the hillman was safe.

He smiled. Then he frowned. For the sun was rising higher, and he had to reach Ghuzni—the doctor—and back yonder Azeena was dying. . .

"Unclean spawn of filth!" he cried. "Large and stinking devil!"—and quite suddenly, watching his chance, he flashed his dagger to the left. He brought down the point with speed and ferocity, straight into the brute's right eye.

Something warm and sticky squirted up his arm. The bear, crazed with pain, jumped high in the air like a rubber ball, came down again, roaring, squealing, bellowing, slid lumberingly to the left, and again Mortazu Khan resumed his dance.

But this time it was another dance. This time the bear had no sharp angles to make. Both man and beast were close against the tree, circling, circling—

The sun rose and dipped. Far on the edge of the horizon the peaks of the Gul Koh flushed gold and lavender.

"*Waughrrr!*" snorted the bear, stamping her clumsy paws.

"*Wheet-wheet!*" chirped the echo from the uppermost branches of the fir, silly, mocking—and safe! And back beyond the bracken-clad slope Azeena was dying hard, and his son was dying—dying before he was born—because Bibi Bear had broken the truce of the fat season.

Mortazu Khan trembled with rage and fear. But—away! —circling the tree, escaping the murderous claws!

He did not jump. No longer did he dance. He seemed to stream, to flow, like a liquid wave, his body scrunched into a curve while his lungs pumped the breath with staccato thumps. Only his hand was steady, taking crimson toll again and again, and the bear followed, roaring like forked mountain thunder. The blood on her huge body was caked with dirt and moss until the wounds looked like gray patches on a fur jacket.

A shimmering thread of sun-gold wove through the branches and dipped low to see what was happening. Far in the east a crane-pheasant called to its mate. The wind soared lonely and chilly.

They were out of breath, man and beast. Momentarily they stopped in their mad circling, the bear leaning against one side of the tree, a deep sob gurgling in her hairy throat, the blood coming through her wounds like black-red whips, while the man was huddled against the opposite side as tight and small as he could. His right hand felt paralyzed, but still it gripped the dagger. He knew that the end was near, knew that he himself must hasten it, that he must face Bibi Bear—face her in the open—and kill or be killed. For back yonder was Azeena, and the minutes were slipping by like water.

He raked together the dying embers of his strength. "Allah!" he mumbled. "Do thou give me help!"—And then he heard again the cry of the cursed feathery thing.

"*Wheet-wheet!*"

But it seemed less mocking than before, more insistent, as if the bird, too, had lost its sense of security, had begun to fear the shaggy murderer below.

Mortazu Khan looked up. Then he saw it. It had dropped to a branch lower down, and it was not a bird—it was round and bunched and fluffy and blue-gray. A little fat bear cub it was; and then Mortazu Khan knew why Bibi Bear had broken the truce of the fat season, and a certain pity and understanding came to the hillman's simple heart.

Here he was fighting for his wife, his unborn son, and he said to himself that the bear, too, was fighting for the young of her body, for the thing which gave meaning to life. And it was without hatred—with respect, rather, and a feeling of comradeship—that Mortazu Khan stepped away from the protecting tree, deliberately to give battle in the open.

The bear followed, growling. And so the two stood there, confronting each other, both breathing hard, ready to leap, ready to finish the fight.

It was the man who leaped first. For the fraction of a second he balanced himself, his bleeding toes gripping the ground. Then he went straight into the bear's embrace, the point of his dagger ahead of him like a guidon. His lips were crinkly and pale, his tongue like dry saddle leather, his eyes cold and gleaming. But straight he jumped, and straight stabbed the knife, finding the bear's pumping, clamorous heart, while the claws met across his shoulder-blades and tore a furrow down his back.

Straight to the heart! With every ounce of bunched strength and despair, and as the bear, in mortal agony, realized her steely grip, he struck again and again. But there was no hatred in the blows.

"*Ahi!*" he sobbed, as the bear toppled sideways and fell, curling up like a sleeping dog. "*Ahi!* Poor Bibi Bear! Brave Bibi Bear!"

His back bled and hurt. But he jerked the pain away with a shrug of his massive shoulders. The English *hakim* would have two patients instead of one, he told himself, and, dizzy, a little depressed, he turned to resume his walk across the plateau.

But something seemed to float down upon his consciousness, imperceptibly, like the shadow of a leaf through the summer dusk, and he stopped and returned to the fir-tree. Standing on his toes, he reached up and caught the toddling, fluffy cub which was trying hard to back up, to regain the security of the higher branches.

"Come, little Sheik Bear!" he crooned as he might to a frightened child. "Come! There is room for thee in the house of Mortazu Khan! Room and food and water—and soon, if Allah be willing and the *hakim's* medicine strong, a little man-child to play with thee!"

And, with the cub nuzzling his heaving chest with a little grunt of satisfaction, Mortazu Khan walked toward the flat roofs of Ghuzni, leaving behind him a thin trail of blood,—but he went hurrying, hurrying.

THE SAILOR'S LADY

Caressing winds of morning,
  Take thou this kiss from me;
Now waft it to my lover
  Sailing the gleaming sea.

Calm winds of summer's noontide,
  A thought I give to thee,
Transmit it to my lover,—
  This thought of him from me.

Soft, teasing winds of evening,
  Hold me in your embrace,
Then hie thee to my lover,—
  Blow gently in his face.

Strong, daring winds of midnight,
  Sweep fast across the sea,
Fill out the sails of my lover's ship
  As he hastens back to me. —BY G. H. G.

The Prairie Mother

By Arthur Stringer

Illustrated by Harry Ballard

SYNOPSIS

Chaddie McKail, the mother of twins in a western hospital, is surprised that her husband, Duncan McKail—fondly known as "Dinky-Dunk"—takes eight days to come in response to her wire announcing the new arrivals.—Questioning discloses that he is worried over something, but he insists on keeping his worries to himself. Only after she has been back some days at the ranch house at Casa Grande does Dinky-Dunk disclose that he has "gone bust" through unlucky speculation. While Chaddie reviews the situation with dismay, she consoles herself with the thought that Casa Grande is still hers. But Dinky-Dunk has lost not only his "pile" but £7,000 he received in trust from an English cousin, Lady Alicia Newland, who is expected to arrive shortly to inspect her ranch,—a ranch that does not exist! The Prairie Mother decides they must give up Casa Grande to Cousin Allie and move to the Harris Ranch, which is legally hers. There they will begin all over again as they started out four years before. The last days at Casa Grande are spent by Chaddie and Dinky-Dunk in planning the future, which, Chaddie discovers, lacks the backing of ready cash to make the planning interesting. However, she resigns herself to conditions with good grace, and the last evening at Casa Grande finds her at the piano, easing her overburdened feelings with music. The English cousin arrives and settles in her home at Casa Grande. Chaddie and Dinky-Dunk move to the Harris Ranch. Chaddie is piqued that Lady Allie should ignore her presence almost completely, but she is touched by the Englishwoman's love for children. The relations between Casa Grande and the Harris Ranch, renamed Alabama Ranch, are somewhat strained as far as Chaddie is concerned.

I DON'T give a rip what Barrie may have written about the bringing up of children—for he never had any of his own! He never had an imperious young autocrat to democratize. He never had a family to debarbarize, even though he did write very pretty books about the subject. It's just another case, I suppose, where fiction is too cowardly or too finicky to be truthful. I had theories about this child-business myself, at one time, but my pipe of illusion has plumb gone out. It wasn't so many years ago that I imagined about all a mother had to do was to dress in clinging *negligees*, such as you see in the toilet-soap advertisements, and hold a spotless little saint on her knee, or have a miraculously docile nurse in cap and apron carry in a little paragon all done up in dotted Swiss and rose-pink, and pose for family groups, not unlike popular prints of the royal family in full evening dress, on *Louis Quinze* settees. And later on, of course, one could ride out with a row of sedate little princelings at one's side, so that one could murmur, when the world marveled at their manners, "It's blood, my dears, merely blood!"

But fled, and fled forever, are all such dreams. Dinkie prefers treading on his bread-and-butter before consuming it, and does his best to consume the workings of my sewing-machine, and pokes the spoons down through the crack in the kitchen floor, and betrays a weakness for yard-mud and dust in preference to the well-scrubbed boards of the sleeping porch, which I've tried to turn into a sort of nursery by day. Most fiction, I find, glides lightly over this eternal Waterloo between dirt and water—for no active and healthy child is easy to keep clean. That is something which you never, never, really succeed at. All that you can do is to keep up the struggle, consoling yourself with the memory that cleanness, even surgical cleanness, is only an approximation. The plain, every-day sort of cleanness promptly resolves itself into a sort of neck and neck race with dirt and disorder, a neck and neck race with the soap-bar habitually running second. Sometimes it seems hopeless. For it's incredible what can happen to an active-bodied boy of two or three years in one

THE PRAIRIE MOTHER CONFIDES HER THOUGHTS OF HER FIRST-BORN TO HER DIARY. SHE WRITES. . . .

brief but crowded afternoon. It's equally amazing what can happen to a respectably furnished room after a healthy and high-spirited young Turk has been turned loose in it for an hour or two.

It's a battle, all right. But it has its compensations. It *has* to, or the race would wither up like an unwatered cucumber-vine. Who doesn't really love to tub a plump and dimpled little body like my Dinkie's? I'm no petticoated Paul Peel, but I can see enough beauty in the curves of that velvety body to lift it up and bite it on its promptly protesting little flank. And there's unclouded glory in occasionally togging him out in spotless white, and beholding him as immaculate as a cherub, if only for one brief half-hour. It's the transiency of that spotlessness, I suppose, which crowns it with glory. If he was forever in that condition, we'd be as indifferent to it as we are to immortelles and wax flowers. If he was always cherubic and perfect, I suppose, we'd never appreciate that perfection or know the joy of triumphing over the mother earth that has an affinity for the finest of us.

But I *do* miss a real nursery, in more ways than one. The absence of one gives Dinkie the range of the whole shack, and when on the range he's a timber-wolf for trouble, and can annoy his father even more than he can me by his depredations. Last night after supper I heard an icy voice speaking from the end of the dining-room where Dinky-Dunk has installed his desk.

"Will you kindly come and see what your son has done?" my husband demanded, with a sort of in-this-way-madness-lies tone.

I stepped in through the kitchen door, ignoring the quite unconscious humor of "*my* son" under the circumstances, and found that Dinkie had provided a novel flavor for his dad by emptying the bottle of ink into his brand-new tin of pipe-tobacco. There was nothing to be done, of course, except to wash as much of the ink as I could off Dinkie's face. Nor did I reveal to his father that three days before I had carefully compiled a list of his son and heir's misdeeds, for one round of the clock. They were, I find, as follows:

Overturning a newly opened tin of raspberries; putting bread-dough in his ears; breaking my nail-buffer, which, however, I haven't used for a month and more; paring the bark, with the bread-knife, off the lonely little scrub poplar near the kitchen door, our one and only shade; breaking a drinking-glass, which was accident; cutting holes with the scissors in Ikkie's new service-apron; removing the covers from two of his father's engineering books; severing the wire joint in my sewing-machine belt (expeditiously and secretly mended by Whinnie, however, when he came in with the milk-pails); emptying what was left of my bottle of vanilla into the bread mixer; and last but not least, trying to swallow and nearly choking on my silver thimble, in which he seems to find never-ending disappointment because it will not remain fixed on the point of his nose.

It may sound like a busy day, but it was, on the whole, merely an average one. Yet I'll wager a bushel of number one Northern winter wheat to a doughnut ring that if Ibsen had written an epilogue for *The Doll's House*, Nora would have come crawling back to her home and her kiddies, in the end.

Wednesday the Twenty-second

LADY ALLIE is either dunderheaded or designing. She has calmly suggested that her rural phone-line be extended from Casa Grande to Alabama Ranch so that she can get in touch with Dinky-Dunk when she needs his help and guidance. Even as it is, he's called on about five times a week, to run to the help of that she-remittance-man in corduroy and dog-skin gauntlets and leggings.

She seems thunderstruck to find that she can't get the hired help she wants, at a moment's notice. Dinky-Dunk says she's sure to be imposed on, and that although she's as green as grass, she's really anxious to learn. He feels that it's his duty to stand between her and the outsiders who'd be only too ready to impose on her ignorance.

She rode over to see the Twins yesterday, who were sleeping out under the fly-netting I'd draped over them, the pink-tinted kind they put over fruit-baskets in the city markets and shops. Poppsy and Pee-Wee looked exactly like two peaches, rosy and warm and round.

Lady Allie stared at them with rather an abstracted eye, and then, idiot that she is, announced that she'd like to have twelve. But talk is cheap. The modern woman who's had even half that number has pretty well given up her life to her family. It's remarkable, by the way, the silent and fathomless pity I've come to have for childless women. The thought of a fat spinster fussing over a French poodle or a faded blond forlornly mothering a Pekinese chow gives me a feeling that is at least first cousin to sea-sickness.

Lady Allie, I find, has very fixed and definite theories as to the rearing of children. They should never be rocked or patted, or be given a "comfort," and they should be in bed for the night at sundown. There was a time I had a few theories of my own, but I've pretty well abandoned them. I've been taught, in this respect, to travel light, as the overland *voyageurs* of this country would express it, to travel light and leave the final resort to instinct.

Friday the Twenty-fourth

I WAS lazy last night, so both the ink-pot and its owner had a rest. Or perhaps it wasn't so much laziness as wilful revolt against the monotony of work, for, after all, it's not the 'unting as 'urts the 'osses, but the 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer on the 'ard old road! I loafed for a long time in a sort of sit-easy torpor, with Bobs' head between my knees while Dinky-Dunk pored over descriptive catalogues about farm-tractors, for by hook or crook we've got to have a tractor for Alabama Ranch.

"Bobs," I said after studying my collie's eyes for a good many minutes, "you are surely one grand old dog!"

Whereupon Bobs wagged his tail-stump with sleepy content. As I bent lower and stared closer into those humid eyes of his, it seemed as though I were staring down into a bottomless well, through a peep-hole into Infinity, so deep and wonderful was that eye, that dusky pool of love and trust. It was like seeing into the velvet-soft recesses of a soul. And I could stare into them without fear, just as Bobs could stare back without shame. That's where dogs are slightly different from men. If I looked into a man's eye like that he'd either rudely inquire just what the devil I was gaping at, or he'd want to ask me out to supper in one of those Pompeian places where a bald-headed waiter serves lobsters in a *chambre particuliere*.

But all I could see in the eye of my sedate old Bobs was love, love infinite and inarticulate, love too big ever to be put into words.

"Dinky-Dunk," I said, interrupting my lord and master at his reading, "if God is really love, as the Good Book says, I don't see why they ever started talking about the Lamb of God."

"Why shouldn't they?" asked Diddums, not much interested.

"Because lambs may be artless and innocent little things, but when you've got their innocence you've got about everything. They're not the least bit intelligent, and they're self-centered and self-immured. Now, with dogs it's different. Dogs love you and guard you and ache to serve you." And I couldn't help stopping to think about the dogs I'd known and loved, the dogs who once meant so much in my life: Chinkie's Bingo, with his big baptizing tongue and his momentary rainbow as he emerged from the water and shook himself with my stick still in his mouth; Timmie with his ineradicable hatred for cats; Maxie with all his tricks and his singsong of howls when

(Continued on page 44)

for September

HALIFAX HEALTH CENTRE

By GRACE CRANDALL LUGAR

"EVERY cloud has a silver lining," the old saying goes, and when applied to Halifax, it apparently runs true. Following the terrible disaster of 1917, everything looked black; even the most optimistic could not see light ahead. This is almost forgotten, except by those who still wear the mark of that terrible day, and the improvements resulting from that disaster are most numerous. A splendid result of those black days is the work being accomplished by the Public Health Centre established at Admiralty House by the Massachusetts Relief Commission. Nearly three-quarters of a million dollars was contributed by citizens of Massachusetts at the time of the explosion to help the conditions of this city.

HALIFAX HEALTH CENTRE BUILDING, FORMERLY THE ADMIRALTY HOUSE

At the close of the immediate relief programme, the Massachusetts Halifax Relief Commission found they still had the splendid balance of one-quarter of a million dollars. The crowding of families as a result of the shortage of houses following the explosion and the general bad housing conditions existing in Halifax, caused a high percentage of death and the spreading of diseases. Dr. Heiser, of the International Health Board, after making a careful study of the community of Halifax and Dartmouth, found the conditions to be worse regarding the spreading of diseases than in any other English-speaking city, and suggested the money be spent in a campaign of preventive medicine and public health education. The Massachusetts committee approving these views, a new organization was formed in Nova Scotia under a special act. $50,000 a year for a period of 5 years is apportioned from the New England fund, and the Dominion Government, Provincial and City Government, all undertake a part of the responsibility. Hence, the Health Centre was organized and opened at Admiralty House May 5th, 1920, that building being kindly loaned by the Deputy Minister of the Department of Naval Affairs of Canada. Since that date rapid progress has been made, and the good this Health Centre is accomplishing in Halifax and Dartmouth, not only giving free treatment and operations where needed, but in its preventive work, cannot be overestimated by the community. It is the first Public Health Clinic of its kind on the American Continent, and naturally is being watched by the other cities for results. Clinics have been opened in the Health Centre for pre-natal child welfare, pre-school age and school age; eye, ear, nose, throat and dental services; advisory and diagnostic tubercular services; clinics for the relief of venereal diseases and skin diseases with most of these services. Associated Public Health Nurses make domiciliary visits to the homes of recipients. These visits are made with the thought of seeking out the cause of illness, and where possible removing the cause by public health correctional teaching, or where necessary, by invoking the legal aid of the public health offices of the city. Lectures and pictures on health topics are given from time to time in the Assembly Hall of the Health Centre. Sanitary leagues for boys and girls have been organized, and in every way possible the Committee is endeavoring to uplift the people with whom they work. A visit to the clinic on a busy day is a revelation to an outsider. It is a bustling medical centre, spotlessly clean and airy, with white-capped nurses and keenly-interested doctors, the best of the local fraternity, who give their services gratis. The operating rooms are well equipped, and on the second floor is a ward for patients who are being operated on at the Health Centre, where they are brought the night before and kept 24 hours. Seven public health nurses, under Miss Ross's supervision, two indoor clinic nurses and one outside nurse, not fully trained, are now at the work on the field. The primary object of the clinic is to get public health contact with the family, and free treatment is given where it is found the social condition demands it. The Centre is absolutely a free and public institution, working for the betterment and uplift of conditions in the city, and under Dr. Royer's direction they are seeing results rapidly on all sides.

The pre-school age Dental clinic is the only clinic of this sort in the world. So the Commission is to be especially congratulated on making this departure, which is of wonderful value to the community. Caring for the teeth of infants up to the age of 6 years, they try to teach proper health habits to these kiddies and look after the nutrition, which is usually the cause of bad teeth.

THE NURSING STAFF OF HALIFAX HEALTH CENTRE

The Baby clinic, in charge of Dr. Gordon Wiswell, one of the city's best baby specialists, is the largest clinic at present and the most interesting. Here the children are examined and weighed, and advice is given to the mothers as to care and

feeding and when necessary, a nurse follows the case to the home to see that directions are carried out. This branch of the work is especially needed in Halifax, for the death rate of babies in the past has been appalling.

A Tubercular clinic and a Nutrition clinic are also accomplishing satisfactory work, while very shortly a Posture clinic will add to the other important branches. The children first have tonsils and adenoids attended to, then teeth, nutrition, and, lastly, they will enter the posture clinic for correction of carriage. The Health Centre conducts three tubercular clinics; one at the Health Centre; one at the Halifax Dispensary, and one at the Dartmouth Health Centre recently opened. These clinics are conducted by Dr. T. M. Sieniewiez and Dr. Hugh G. Grant, members of the Centre Staff. Just at present the outdoor day camp is being conducted on the Admiralty grounds by the Anti-Tuberculosis League for children who are suspects. These kiddies are fed and cared for from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., and are given the rest-cure treatment. This work is under the direction of two nurses, with assistance of the Health Centre doctors and nurses.

BABY CLINIC IN CHARGE OF DR. GORDON WISWELL

Even the garden is being utilized for the good of humanity; 24 families who are on the Health Centre list have been permitted to have garden plots to raise their vegetables. This scheme has proved to be a decided success and has helped the larder of quite a number of deserving people. The work of the first Health Centre has proved so successful that when reviewed by representatives of the International Health Board of the Rockefeller Foundation, a decision was made to earmark $200,000.00 for the building of a second Health Centre for the South End of Halifax. This new centre is being planned for the Dalhousie University as an integral teaching unit of the Medical School, and will serve as an out-patient department to the group of hospitals now growing up in the immediate vicinity of the Medical School. With Health Centre service for the southern half of Halifax conducted from a university building, staffed with public health nurses, students of medicine will be given great clinical opportunities, and will have, for the first time, ample opportunity to study domiciliary causes of diseases, and a chance to acquire a better fundamental ground-work for preventive medicine.

Dartmouth, as stated, has had a Health Centre established there and is doing the same type of work. There are never more than three clinics on the same day, and usually not more than two. The nurses all attend clinics; each nurse attends every seventh clinic of each department. The majority of visiting is done in the morning, and the afternoon kept for clinic lectures, etc. Halifax is to be congratulated on this public health move, and to the Massachusetts Halifax Relief Commission goes credit and gratitude for establishing this work. Dr Franklin Royer, as executive officer of the Massachusetts Halifax Relief Commission, has started the wheel working, and is carrying the load along successfully. Miss Ross, in charge of the Health Centre, is also to be commended. The Health Centre works in close co-operation with all local organizations and City Health Board.

THE ZODIACAL LIGHT

(CHICAGO SUNDAY TRIBUNE)

LOOK toward the east on some clear morning before the first gleams of dawn appear. There, rising like a great, gauzy, greenish cone of light, set tilted on the horizon is the Zodiacal light. Or, if early rising is an effort, wait till spring and look in the west after it is altogether dark. There you will see it again, streaming up from the sun.

You have a sure test for a faint diffused nebulosity in the sky as distinguished from a ground fog. Any mist of terrestrial origin always appears lighter against the sky, but when the Zodiacal light is shining, all mists and little clouds are dark against it.

The Zodiacal light is a great swarm of meteoric dust about the sun. We see it very much foreshortened. In fact, it is a thin, flat sheet, much like Saturn's ring, but infinitely more extended.

Seen from afar off, the solar system would appear a nebula, old and far advanced, it is true, with most of its matter rolled into balls called worlds, but still with enough star dust left to show its origin. There are many other nebulæ, such as we might fancy the solar system to have been in some past time, strewn about the sky. They are the ring, or planetary nebulæ. The order of evolution is for the central sun to throw the whole mass into orbital rotation, and then slowly to drain it empty, beginning with the center and proceeding outward. Ring forms have a tenuous dark center, like our solar system, and like them, our sky always has a faint green cast, as though the space about us, in truth, still bore some traces of the nebulous gases left over from the larger worlds.

Once, long ages ago, the whole solar system was in the shape of gas and loose strewn swarms of stones. Near the middle, where the gravity of the whole was centered, a mass collected into what became the sun, and all the clouds wheeled round this nucleus. We see the planets today still executing their maneuvers in the sky, exactly as their parent shoals were set to do.

CELESTIAL HIEROGLYPHICS

BY GRETCHEN H. GIBSON

Strange signs and letters carved in lasting stone
  Deciphered by the brain of patient men,
Tell us of early races now unknown,
  Bring ancient thought into our modern ken.

Last night a shooting star's uncanny speed
  Turned my gaze upward, and I wondered why
No marvel mind has ever tried to read
  The hieroglyphics written in the sky.

Perchance some learned genius may arise
  Who will to history add a brilliant page—
Transcribe these mighty writings in the skies,
  Reveal to us our obscure Angel Age.

Harvest Moon

By Faith Baldwin

Illustrated by Harry Ballard

THERE is no more attractive spot in a nine-days' journey than the big living-room-lobby of the Seven Lakes Inn. There are wide French windows giving on the verandas which front the largest of the lakes, and two tremendous fireplaces, decorative on the warmest day, and marvellously comforting in the cool evenings of early spring and fall. And here the weary golfer or over-ambitious paddler may find just the right chair, correctly cushioned, and nicely adjusted to the most tired backbone. As for the unobtrusive bridge-tables, the low, book-filled shelves, the standing-lamps peering so invitingly over the arm of a chair or the shoulder of a card-player, these are the tiny super-touches which make the Inn at Seven Lakes an unforgettable joy to the vacationist.

Returning, one sunny September afternoon, from eighteen holes of excellent golf, the Little English Novelist sighed with delight as the warmth of the log-fires greeted her entrance into the almost deserted lobby, and the tea-tables in the far corner of the room welcomed her with the shining of silver and fresh whiteness of linen.

"Isn't it perfect, Harry?" she began, in her high-bred pretty voice, and then, stopping suddenly, clutched at her husband's arm.

The big, blonde Britisher followed her eyes to the desk.

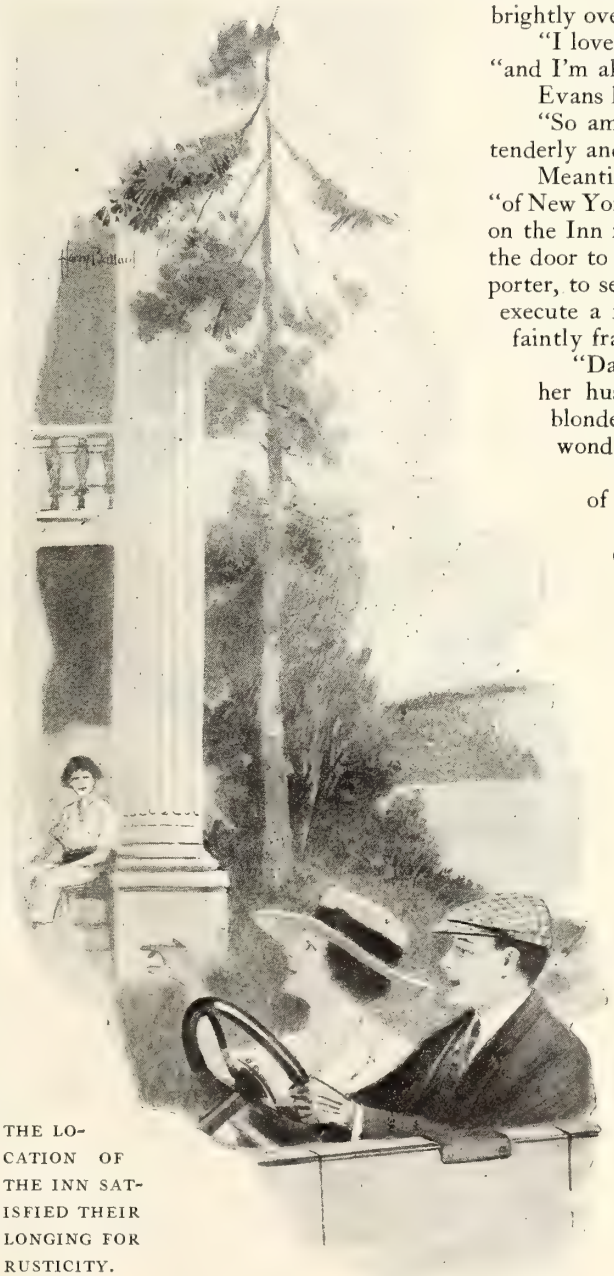
"*She* is!" he answered with emphasis.

"Just look at their luggage!" said his wife, with the funny little chuckle which had endeared her to her friends since childhood, and which, somehow, she had succeeded in getting between the covers of several books.

Harry looked. Guarded by the porter, a spick-and-span heap of bags, golf and otherwise, lay on the floor, newly initialed, unscratched, untravelled, — they fairly shouted their message in terms of leather and nickel to the world.

"My word!" remarked Harry Evans thoughtfully, "nothing lacking but the white ribbons, what?"

His wife was silent. She was watching the girl, who, turning from the desk, was walking so lightly across the lobby, beside the tall, straight man who had taken so long to register. And in her wise, humorous eyes there was a very strange expression, half envy, half sympathy and—but this is not mathematical—half pity.



THE LOCATION OF THE INN SATISFIED THEIR LONGING FOR RUSTICITY.

When the elevator door had closed behind the newcomers and their unreticent luggage, May Evans led her willing spouse to the nearest tea-table, and regarded him brightly over it.

"I love brides and grooms," she announced, "and I'm always a little sorry for them."

Evans looked at her a moment gravely.

"So am I," he said, and then smiled, very tenderly and with comprehension, into her eyes.

Meantime, Mr. and Mrs. William Norton, "of New York," as was written in black and white on the Inn registry, waited just long enough for the door to close behind a thoroughly approving porter, to seize each other around the waist and execute a few impromptu steps about the big, faintly fragrant, many-windowed bedroom.

"Darling!" said Mrs. Norton, halting her husband by the window, her shining blonde head on his shoulder. "Isn't it wonderful?"

He paid the Lake the casual tribute of a cursory glance.

"You are!" said he, and did the expected thing.

"Silly person!"

She surveyed him with worshipful, possessive eyes.

"How long is it," she asked reflectively, "since I told you how much better looking you are than any other man on earth?"

"About twenty minutes," answered Mr. Norton, modestly.

She drew him to a mirror and they studied each other for a moment in solemn silence. What Billy Norton saw was very easy to look at; a girl, of that extraordinary type produced only by America, which at thirty-five looks twenty-six and at twenty-six looks about nineteen; a slim girl, with sunny hair and eyes and a laughter-loving mouth; a girl with poise and tenderness and charm; in short, a girl, *his* girl. And for her part, Mrs. Norton saw nothing to cavil at the mirrored reflection of her lord and master; a lean, long man, whose eyes were reliable and whose mouth and chin were very firm and fine; in short, a man, *her* man.

She turned to him with one of the spontaneous gestures of happiness that lighted her small, tanned face and deepened the brown of her eyes.

"Billy—isn't it wonderful to be alone? Away from everyone, responsible to no one? And think, it's for two whole weeks."

He didn't answer. Not in words. Presently she said:

"Ring for the maid, will you, dearest, and let's unpack—otherwise there will be one perfectly good trousseau utterly ruined. Did they take the car to the garage for you?"

"Let's not be in a hurry to unpack," said Norton. "I want to sit down here in this bully big chair, and I want you to sit on my knee and tell me, thirteen times at least, that you love me, and that you are glad we are married."

He was thirty-six years old, but his smile had never grown up.

"Silly person!" said Mrs. Norton again. Her repartee appeared slightly limited, but her tone was encouraging and she obeyed.

At seven o'clock he unpacked the bags himself and assisted his wife into an amazing evening gown.

The dining-room of Seven Lakes Inn is small, and very livable, with candle-lighted tables scattered carelessly about. The guests, and there are just the right number at the Inn, are friendly folk, for somehow the uncongenial never find their way to Seven Lakes. And May Evans, at the next table to the Nortons, watched their utter absorption in each other without the slightest hint of discourtesy or impertinence.

"How old would you say she is?" she asked her husband.

Evans looked up from the match flame, cupped in his big palms.

"Twenty," he said, "or thirty. It's a deceptive type."

"They're not very bridal," said Mrs. Evans.

"Rot! I have never seen two more engrossed people."

"But she doesn't blush," complained his wife, "and he doesn't stammer. And they both *eat!*"

Her tone was tragic. Evans laughed aloud.

"What a nice laugh! "said Anne Norton, at the adjoining table.

"They look like nice people," answered Billy; "when you're tired of me—I mean, just plain undiluted me—I'll pick them up for you."

"Billy!"

"They're holding hands!" remarked Mrs. Evans at that moment.

"May," said her husband, "you're incorrigible."

"Well," she answered, "after all, I'm a novelist."

"And married only three years," he added smiling.

"Billy," said Anne Norton suddenly, "the attractive couple at the next table—they're holding hands!"

"It must be catching," said Bill comfortably, "perhaps they're on their wedding-trip too."

"Oh, no!" said Anne, with conviction.

"How do you know, little wise one?"

And if May Evans had been looking then she would have seen the loveliest blush, outside of her novels, in all the world.

* * *

They met, the four of them, on the links the following morning. And it took but a few minutes for them to discover that they spoke the same language, as well as English. Sitting together, over long frosted glasses of orangeade, on the club-house veranda, May Evans lightly touched her new acquaintance on the sleeve of her strictly-tailored shirt-waist.

"You must forgive me," she said, charmingly, "an old married woman—but Harry and I have been speculating about you two since yesterday. It's your wedding-trip of course?"

"How did you guess it?" asked Bill in astonishment.

"There are—unmistakable symptoms," answered Mrs. Evans over her husband's unrestrained laughter.

"Billy!" his wife turned to Norton in mock despair, "I told you we could never conceal the truth!"

"Who wants to," said Norton stoutly, "I'm not ashamed of it."

"Remember our honeymoon, May?" asked Evans. "In Cornwall?"

"Of course. Weren't we ridiculous? Always afraid of treading on each other's mental toes, two amazed strangers in an amazingly strange world?"

"But how long have you been married?" asked Anne Norton, after a little silence had fallen which seemed to include only the two opposite and leave her and Bill out.

"Three whole years!" replied May Evans, solemnly.

Simultaneously, the Nortons turned and looked long and inscrutably into each other's eyes.

"Does it seem so interminable—an eternity—in comparison with, say, three whole days?"

Thus Evans spoke, smiling over the rim of his tilted glass.

Norton offered him a cigarette-case with a responsive widening of the lips.

"Well," he answered cautiously, "in comparison with three days, it does."

When they parted at their respective doors,—for they were neighbors,—they were very good friends, the four of them—still—

"So we're not to be alone, after all!" sighed Anne.

"Not altogether, apparently," answered Bill, from the muffling depths of a towel. "Sorry?"

"Certainly."

"But they're tactful people," her husband reassured her; "after all, the shine hasn't quite worn off her wedding-ring yet. I imagine we can see just as much or as little of them as we wish."

"You are thinking," remarked his wife astutely, "of auction-bridge!"

"Perhaps I am," he admitted, unabashed, "in moderation. But not to-night. There's a moon, and I'm going to take the prettiest girl at the Inn canoeing."

"Do I know her?" inquired Anne, with a provocative tilt of her little chin.

"Intimately. Anne—Anne—" his arms went around her, "you're the sweetest thing—"

It was several nights, however, before May Evans approached her husband with—

"Dare we suggest bridge to those two infatuated infants?"

"Certainly not!"

"Perhaps you are right," she conceded, "but I like them! And I am sure they would be amiable opponents. You know, Harry, I think them by far the most congenial couple here."

She sighed. She was fond of a good game. But she did not suggest it. Anne Norton did, however, the following evening, and the four sat down at the most secluded table and played what Harry termed a "conversational" game, for several friendly hours. Once, on going down three, Mrs. Evans discerned her husband's eyes amusedly upon her, and knew, with the clairvoyance of some wives, that he was remembering an earlier remark of hers, that "they want to play, after all, Harry, but they'll doubtless play abominably!"

They serve, at eleven-thirty, coffee and sandwiches at the Inn. It is a pleasant custom, and very welcome to belated motorists or canoers or auctioneers.

"Completely vanquished, Evans!" said Norton, leaning back in his chair and watching, with visible amusement, his wife's palpable hesitation over his coffee-cup as she poised the sugar-tongs in her slender fingers.

"Rather!" admitted Harry, without rancour, "you play a ripping game, you two. That's what I call teamwork."

"An excellent omen," said May Evans, lightly.

"Marriage ——" began Norton sententiously.

"Proceed, oh, Oracle!" interrupted Evans, chuckling.

"Suppose *you* define it for us," suggested Anne with some mischief.

Norton subsided, and Evans, clearing his throat, looked deep into the wicked eyes of his demurely silent wife before him.

"Marriage is an obstacle race," he said.

"Oh, Harry, that's very bad indeed," his wife commented mildly.

"Suppose you have a shot at it," he amiably responded.

"Marriage," answered the Little English Novelist, "is a partnership, run on the unbusinesslike basis of 25-75."

"Very cryptic," said her husband, with disapproval, "very cynical—and quite untrue."

"Are we talking," asked Anne Norton, suddenly, "of unsuccessful marriages only?"

"Are there any others?" inquired Evans, with guile.

May Evans laughed outright.

"There's no use, Harry," she said, "you simply can't pose as a hardened skeptic, a disillusioned benedict. And I admit that I place not the slightest belief in my own shallow attempt at epigram. What's the good of trying to frighten these children with bogies which do not—necessarily—exist?"

"We're bogie-proof," announced Norton, complacently, "talk all you want. As shining examples of unhappy marriage you two are flat failures."

"But," persisted Evans, pulling at his trim, blonde mustache, "what, after all, is marriage, anyway?"

There was a little silence—then—

"Just loving," answered Anne Norton slowly, "just giving, just growing and learning and playing fair."

Her radiant eyes were on her husband as she spoke. And May Evans, an emotional little person, felt her throat tighten.

Alone with her husband that night, Mrs. Evans came out of a becoming brown-study far enough to say—

There's something about the Nortons that puzzles me, Harry."

Evans, struggling with a collar-button, turned to look at her where, propped against the pillows, she lay, her soft hair falling about her shoulders, an unopened book in her hand.

"How do you mean?" he asked, the button conquered.

"I can't explain. But they're so—*friendly*—with each other—somehow."

"Isn't it compatible with matrimony?" inquired Evans seriously.

IT WAS THAT NIGHT THAT ANNE AND BILLY WERE SO INDISCREET AS TO SIT OUT ON THEIR BALCONY.

"Of course. But the honeymoon isn't matrimony. It's—a preface. People have to settle a bit before they really begin to take stock of one another and find out just how friendly they really are. The first weeks, the first year—it's all wonder and bewilderment—and disillusion. All just discovering and blind groping. Afterwards—ah! That's the real test—afterwards. No one is really *married*, Harry, until a year or two has passed. And sometimes twenty pass and a couple living side by side, man and wife, are less married than when they made the necessary responses."

Evans sat on the edge of the bed and pulled off his shoes.

"You're right," he said, "of course. But the Nortons are different. The girl especially—she seems an awfully wise little thing."

"Yes," murmured his wife, "that's what puzzles me."

"Perhaps they grew up together," proffered her husband. "Childhood pals and all that; a cradle-companionship that not even marriage had the power to disturb essentially."

"Perhaps. I'll ask her."

But her eyes, as she snapped out the bed-table light, were thoughtful.

* * *

"How long," asked Mrs. Evans of Mrs. Norton, as they waited for the men on the first tee, "did you and your husband know one another?"

Anne considered.

"Before we were engaged?" she asked, "but it's disgraceful—eighteen days!"

"That was—*chancey*—" remarked Mrs. Evans, apparently to herself—"Oh!" she added, in sudden compunction, "how impertinent you must think me! I don't mean to be—it's not just idle curiosity, my dear."

"And brides," she told herself, "are always sensitive — though almost always ready to talk."

"I don't mind," said Anne Norton with her heart-warming smile, "but we were engaged a little longer than that. Six weeks."

"And another theory bit the dust," said Mrs. Evans, continuing her mental conversation; "one for you, Harry, old man!"

Aloud, she said lightly—

"Well, six weeks or six years, you're a lucky girl, Anne—I'm glad you told me to call you that, it's a dear name—and he's a more than lucky man."

Talking it over later, with her patient audience of one:

"They're just made for each other," Mrs. Evans said. "It's a rare instance. They've found each other without much looking, Harry."

But it was that night that Anne and Billy were so indiscreet as to sit out on their balcony and watch the late golden rising of a gloriously full moon. Clearly their voices drifted into the room adjoining, where Mrs. Evans was covering sheets of notepaper with her weekly letter home, and her bath-robed husband reclined with pipe and book.

(Continued on page 49)

THE LONDON SEASON

By DORIS HEMMING

IN London we are forbidden by Society to say there are four seasons. In Paris there is one season for spring, another for summer, another for autumn, and another for winter, but in London there are not four seasons, but one season.

Properly speaking, the London Season begins in May, at the moment when the boatmen on the Thames take the punts out of their winter casings, and the gardeners in Hyde Park dig up the tulip bulbs and in their place set out a hundred summer flowers. The Season begins when the green of Regent's Park is broken by the glory of the rhododendron and the misty tints of pink and white may. One feels that it is here when morning in Rotten Row means the rendezvous of the theatrical and the royal set, of aristocrats and sportsmen who canter lightly on mounts that are equalled in no other city of the world. It is the season when the hostesses of Park Lane roll back the dust covers from their satin-seated chairs, and pore over the latest edition of Debrett as they make up their lists for the year. It is also unmistakably the Season when the householder in Kensington orders a coat of fresh paint for the cream-colored mansion that was so badly smudged during the fog of last November, and touches up the gay exterior with rows of flaming geraniums and white daisies nodding in the window boxes. It is the Season when the children are conveniently despatched to boarding school, in order that mother may be free to devote her attention to Society. It begins when father, with an orchid tenderly nursed in his buttonhole, inspects the new coat of varnish that has made the "Rolls" look like an advertisement for piano polish—when Algy, of commendable war-time reputation, reads up the new regulations for medals and badges, and plasters his manly breast accordingly. 'Tis the Season when a young man's fancy lightly longs to dance at tea-time, and the milliners in Bond Street work far on into the night. And this year the brilliance of the prospect was enhanced by an atmosphere as clear and golden as sparkling wine, for even the miners have contributed to the gaiety by lifting the cloud of smoke that usually dims the metropolis.

UPSTREAM COMES A CANOE THAT WOULD MAKE ANY CANADIAN JEALOUS, PLIED BY A GIRL IN A JERSEY BLUER THAN THE SKY.

NOW it must not be imagined that the season is a trivial affair. It is not. The standards set by that inexorable lady, Dame Fashion, are beyond the reach of all but the few, and those who aspire must be prepared to work and spend unstintingly, to smile unceasingly, and leave cards at the hundred homes of the elite.

But truly, if they have six daughters and three nieces their reward may be great. They may marry off four of them before Goodwood sets a weary seal on the breathless round of gaiety. They may make another rung on the social ladder, by winning the notice of a dozen hostesses in Belgravia, whose functions were above them last year.

It is a period of great effort, great possibilities, and occasionally of great satisfaction. So, also, is it a period of great weariness, great financial embarrassment, and invariably of great disappointment.

Society takes the Season very seriously, but it is of even greater consequence to the workaday world of London that is dependent on the caprices of the wealthy for a livelihood. The Season is to the artists, dressmakers, bookies, hotel and restaurant keepers, caterers, stables and garages, what the tourist months are to Switzerland. The Season simply must be a success, and every caterer to public taste determines that nothing—no, not even the miners' strike—shall be permitted to check the rushing stream of expensive hilarity.

So we find the Academy at Burlington House displaying the work of the modern English painters—the rows of stately portraits so essentially British in their restraint, refinement, and lack of originality—accumulating little red stars in the corners as the multitude passes by.

The Albert Hall is posted up with announcements of concerts for every other day, and its round walls echo to music made by the greatest artists in the world.

At Olympia the royal box is filled with members of the King's household for a week, when the Military Tournament pits the finest sportsmen of the navy against their comrades of the army. There one finds horsemanship that may have been equalled, but never excelled, in the horse show on the other side of the Atlantic.

It is also a strenuous period for the Royal Family, for such a host of hospitals require opening, and so many universities are ready with honorary degrees, that the Queen and the Queen Mother have hardly time to appear in the many gorgeous processions that are arranged for these summer days.

The Season attracts visitors galore—diplomats from Europe, potentates from the Orient, and millionaires from America. The heavy doors of the Guildhall and the merchant companies' halls swing back in their honor, and quaint old pageants are revived to extend the right hand of fellowship to the strangers from overseas. Even this year, when the world-wide depression has reduced travelling to less than normal, the programs of officialdom are almost as long as ever.

THE fashionable gaiety that revolves about Hyde Park may be likened to the doings of Society in other capitals of the world, but the Thames presents a spectacle that

is unique. Not the Rhine with its castles, the Hudson with its palisades, or the St. Lawrence with its bridges, can be compared to this stream with its artificial banks ablaze with liburnum, and its flotilla of river craft "chunking" from lock to lock.

Hugging the banks are the punts, poled by men in flannels who lately wore khaki all year round. Upstream comes a Canadian canoe that would make any Canadian envious, plied by a girl in a jersey bluer than the sky. Commanding the right of way by virtue of her perilous wake, comes a motor launch fringed with curtains, set with wicker chairs, and trailing a Union Jack. Here and there between the houses that line the shore are the house-boats with their gramophones and flower boxes, and supper tables laid out formally on deck. It is a scene of ease and loveliness, that catches the germ of maddening gaiety on high days only and holidays, when regattas call the river folk for miles to applaud the winners of the races, and while away an evening with music and fireworks.

MISS Winnifred Randall, a fair-haired, blue-eyed beauty, and Miss Margot Greville, a black-haired, brown-eyed maiden, were recently selected by a party of judges as the most beautiful blonde and brunette in all England. The selection was made from among one thousand of the prettiest young women of the British Isles. The two will appear in J. Stuart Blackton's production of "The Glorious Adventure," supporting Lady Diana Manners, England's most celebrated beauty.

* * *

On August the 1st, The Rock of Ages, at Burrington Coombs, Somerset, England, was the scene of an assembly of nearly ten thousand pilgrims. It was there that Toplady, driven by a fierce mountain storm, sought shelter in the deep cleft in the rock, and wrote the famous hymn: Rock of Ages.

Pilgrims of all creeds assembled to pay tribute to Toplady and sing his world-famous hymn.

THE PUNTS ARE THE "GONDOLAS" OF THE THAMES

THE HUNT

Life, the huntsman, winds his horn
  At the dawn of day,
Youth makes answer echo borne,
  Far and far away,
Youth comes breaking through the thorn,
  Shouting for his prey.

Youth and Life together ride
  And much they find to kill;
Youth's chatter wakes the countryside,
  Life is a huntsman still;
The furry things crept home and died,
  Or helped the bag to fill.

At length the day ran to its end,
  The sky leaped up in red;
Youth had no arrows more to send,
  The little beasts were dead,
Life rode his stirrups, "Ho, my friend,
  Now for the hunt!" he said.

Youth leaped to earth and flung around
  "Who hunts in the blinding dark?"
But a spear sang past with a whistling sound,
  And a bolt ripped a sapling's bark.
"The bag's not full," cried Life, and ground
  An edge that struck a spark.

Then in the dark, all silently,
  They grappled for a hold;
A white mist rose—they could not see;
  At dawn the wind blew cold;
And Youth? But the gray thing by the tree
  Was a man who had grown old!

—*Hortense Flexner.*

MAKING YOUR MIND WORK FOR YOU

By ALBERT M. PEARSON

ORDINARILY we think of the human mind as that part of the human anatomy, located in the skull, called the brain.

While it is true that the brain is the seat of sensory power, and sends through its mechanical control-systems the different waves which demonstrate knowledge, yet the brain within itself has no thinking capacity whatever, nor is it any part of the real mind more than the ears or eyes or toes.

This fact can be easily grasped when we realize that all animals have brains of one character or another, but none so far have been proven to have organized thinking ability.

Mind is somewhat indefinable, except possibly by long scientific deduction, but for ordinary purposes it may be described as that prime factor in mortal being called intuition or soul.

We readily conceive how this may be so when we become accustomed to the truth that thoughts all occur outside of the corporeal body, not inside, and are only made manifest by their effect on the action of the body.

We do not actually think with the brain, but with every cell composing the whole body, the brain functioning as a control-box, merely registering and directing these thoughts in their different phases and degrees.

Referring back to the ionic theory, we must accept the fact that the component parts of the human anatomy, that is, the skin, blood and bone, etc., are in the last analysis exactly the same as wood or stone or any other material, and, therefore, have apparently no sensation. But through its general assembly, there is brought about a condition whereby the body reflects the outside power through the subconscious mind, and the state called thinking is brought into existence.

A very old illustration of this statement is demonstrated by the human eye. Apparently an eye sees an object, but so does a camera, the only difference being that the eye gets certain impressions of shape or color through the thought waves that a camera does not receive, simply because it is not in connection with the soul, and this is further shown to be true by the fact that no two persons ever see in an object the same shape or color.

Assuming that the subconscious mind is the connecting link between the power and the conscious mind, and that the conscious mind puts into action the thoughts submitted by the subconscious mind, we have a basis by which we can control, or at least get a large benefit of, the unlimited ability of the subconscious mind, provided we realize this deeply enough to submit ourselves to its capacity.

AN EXAMPLE OF THE POWER.

Very recently a demonstration of the stilling of the conscious mind in order to obtain the benefits of the subconscious mind has been reported in nearly all the newspapers of the country. A certain college in the Middle West had a football team which was apparently unbeatable. Every game into which they entered, even those with more powerful opponents, resulted in victory for them. Investigation brought to light the fact that before they went into any game they retired to a room and offered themselves up in a session of prayer. The result was always a victory. Why? Simply because in going through a form of prayer they ceased to combat the subconscious mind with wrong directions, and received the latent power to know and to do things which their conscious minds could never have invented of themselves.

In this connection it is well to say a word about prayer. The reason we do so seldom receive a direct answer to our supplications is because we go into prayer without humility. We ask some sort of a special dispensation which will immediately result to our particular benefit.

On the contrary, if we will realize that our prayers are answered through the connection of the subconscious mind with the power, and that the stilling of the conscious mind will allow the subconscious to apply the power, our prayers, if right, will be answered. In truth, the very act of doing this is prayer.

How many times have we reached a point in our lives where everything seemed doomed, and yet this thing and that would come about until the apparently hopeless chaos was straightened out and order prevailed. This means nothing more nor less than the exhaustion of the human mind to a point where the subconscious mind stepped into control of the situation. It was then able to apply its unlimited resources to the problem, and the result was order out of confusion.

THE SUBCONSCIOUS MIND IN BUSINESS.

The operation of the mind in business affairs is exactly parallel with the instances herein related. A man or group of men, with the many variations which come up in the trend of their operations, can get no quicker relief than by using this method of stilling the conscious mind.

The solution is always present when the power is applied by the subjection of the conscious mind to subconscious suggestion. It may not come about by the preconceived method which they humanly evolved, but when it does come, it is the right way. Do not be afraid to try it or to follow its direction.

CANADIAN SCENERY

By PRESTON YOUNG

DARK AND SOMBRE, MOUNT ASSINIBOINE STANDS CUT BOLDLY AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF CLOUDS

LEAVING that region of indescribable beauty,—the Lake Louise district,—and turning from the dark, forbidding Mt. Assiniboine that stands guard sphinxlike in its midst, let us take a hurried trip across Western and Central Canada, passing through Mount MacDonald by way of the Connaught Tunnel. We shall not follow any defined route, but roam at random where the imagination yields to the magnetism of wonderful and interesting points.

Takakkaw Falls, meaning in the Indian language, "It is wonderful,"—a 1,200 foot cascade,—one of the marvels of the Yoho Valley, near Field, B. C., beckons to us, and as we gaze admiringly at it, we are reminded that the aborigines were not insensible to the beauties of the American Continent, and in their concise, staccato speech, they succeeded frequently in paying rich homage to its enchantments.

While in the neighborhood, we do not fail to visit that huge and mighty monument of nature, Mount Stephen, in whose secure protection nestles the small town of Field, with the erratic Kicking Horse River rollicking nearby.

Next, one of the famous Canadian glaciers calls to us,—the Asulkan Glacier, whose ice fields are just beyond the doorstep of Glacier House, at Glacier. There, blooming mid the snow, are crocuses to gladden the sight of the tourist who attempts the hazardous climb to the highest points. The journey is one series of enjoyable and admiring sensations after another and in striking contrast with some of the arduous ascents.

On the way, Crow's Nest Mountain, snow-shrouded and distant, fascinates the sight, while from the Asulkan Pass is viewed one of the magnificent panoramas that encircle Glacier.

OF scenery other than mountainous, the Narrows on the Mattawabika River are worth the tourist's attention. If he has not had an opportunity to become acquainted with the vast expanse of Ontario's woods and waterways, the Narrows will give him the incentive to give up all else, and roam during at least one season through similar fastnesses where streams and lakes meet him at every turn.

Of lakes, Jackfish Lake is one of the lesser lakes of Ontario that will hold him captive on its shores. Nowhere is there more excellent fishing. And its wild and rugged scenery is unsurpassed, unless it be by the north shore of Lake Superior, rich in wildness and beauty, where the cold, blue water of the greatest of lakes dashes itself continuously into spray.

THE BEEHIVE IS A CURIOUS MOUNTAINOUS FORMATION.

Flanked

By Fred John Splitstone

Illustrated by Jack Floyd

"OF all the fool notions!" said Bentham Center one crisp autumn morning, when it found Hooper's general store locked and the shutters closed. "This Albert Olesen buys a store and then shuts it up. How does he expect to do business that way?"

This interrogation from the populace was unanswered and unheeded. Albert was inside the store, busy with saw and hammer and paint brush. He had bluffed the money from the village banker to buy out a losing business, and the penalty for not changing it into a paying one would be the loss of his mother's home—that, and the humiliation of not making good in the estimation of Dora, the daughter of his old enemy, who had brought him and her father together in the enterprise.

"Another of 'Old Zeke's' schemes," ventured a wise villager. "He lures the poor Swede into buying a ramshackle store, and pretty soon he won't have any store, or home either. You'd naturally think Old Zeke has money enough so he could afford to stop stealing the roofs from over the heads of widders and orphans, now, wouldn't you?"

These remarks and other fragments of conversation, provoked by the closed store, indicated that Ezekiel Barker, the president of the Bentham Center Bank, was not beloved by his fellow townsmen; nor was any overwhelming admiration expressed for the intellect of Albert Olesen. Albert was an orphan, but scarcely the kind people grow sentimental about. He was twenty years old, six feet two in his stockings, and three years of wrestling with logs in Steve Pepper's sawmill had given him the muscles of a gladiator. Bentham Center was rather inclined to think him a fool for giving up a steady job; when it read the hand-painted sign on the front door of his newly acquired place of business it was quite sure.

as this Swede is putting in before he has sold a nickel's worth."

But Albert, assisted by his pretty sister, Hilda, and his sturdy fourteen-year-old brother, Karl, was, in the interval, working wonders within the old store. New counters were built; tables set up for bargain displays; shelves rearranged, and the whole given a liberal coat of white. Then the front of the building renewed its acquaintance with the paint brush, and during the night of Friday, the eleventh, a big gold sign was hoisted into place above the door. "S. Olesen & Co., General Merchandise," it read. "S. Olesen," that being Albert's mother, in whose name the business was to be conducted, because Albert was not yet of legal age.

Only Albert himself can ever know how utterly worn-out he was the night after the sign had been nailed in place. To his brother and sister the era of preparation had been merely an exciting interlude, but to him it was a time of trial, for he knew that the future success of the "S. Olesen & Co." depended on first impressions, and he had not spared himself in getting ready.

Albert took down the shutters at eight o'clock. Bentham Center rises early, and the "Grand Opening" was on. To

"WHAT A LOVELY STORE YOU HAVE!" DORA EXCLAIMED, BY WAY OF GREETING. "IT LOOKS JUST LIKE A CITY PLACE."

CLOSED FOR ALTERATIONS

GRAND REOPENING, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12

"He shuts up for almost two weeks!" said Steve Pepper. "I always knowed that boy was moonin' 'round too much for his own good. His head is full of high-flown notions. I expect he wants to be the Marshall Field of the Cut-Over country, eh?"

Albert was doing the carpentering and painting because money was of more importance to him than time, since he did not intend to reopen until his new stock of goods arrived. When it came in, Bentham Center commented even more critically. "Hooper never bought as much stuff in six months

jaded city shoppers it would have been anything but sensational, but it gave Bentham Center's buyers the shock of their lives. The broken-down chairs, the cracker boxes, the upturned sugar barrels and the sawdust-filled cuspidors that had clustered in an irregular circle around the big, rusty heating stove were gone, and the stove itself had been transformed by a liberal coat of polish. The shelves were neatly filled with attractive goods, the floor was as clean as soap and water and scrubbing brushes could make it, and walls, ceiling and woodwork were a dazzling white. And wonder of wonders! in the rear was a corner railed off and labeled "Rest Room," wherein were homemade settles and comfortable rocking chairs with chintz-covered cushions, the work of the Widow Olesen and her

daughter; also a couple of small tables where women shoppers could write letters and address post cards—a stock of the latter in highly colored effects, showing the beauties of Bentham Center and the wonders of the Cut-Over country, being ready at hand.

By nine o'clock half of Bentham Center had heard about the transformation of Hooper's old store, and before noon several score of village women and a number of farmers' wives had come and seen and purchased. The bargains displayed on the tables down the middle of the room were attractive, and Albert and his clerk were so attentive and alert that it was really a pleasure to spend money with them.

The stock, as is the custom with village stores, included everything from apples to zephyr yarn, and there were few calls for things which the foresight of the young shopkeeper had failed to provide. The ladies of Bentham Center were not too proud to carry home their lighter purchases, and the farmers and their wives bundled their buyings into wagons or buggies or automobiles, according to the wealth the gods had given them, and the readiness with which they parted with it. Karl had been organized into the delivery service for heavy parcels—Karl and a push cart, newly painted, which Albert had dug up out of the rubbish behind the blacksmith shop.

One potential customer there was whom Albert expected with mingled hope and fear. Needless to say, this person was of the feminine gender—none other, in fact, than the daughter of the redoubtable "Old Zeke," who held the mortgages on the Olesen store and the Olesen home. Dora Barker was the prettiest girl in the village and her father was the richest man, but she did her marketing in person; and seeing that her father had what might be called a financial interest in S. Olesen & Co., Albert felt a reasonable hope that she would drop in to make a few purchases and look over the store. He knew that he owed the place to her tact and goodwill, and when he thought of thanking her again, in the hearing, perhaps, of some of Bentham Center's keenest ears, his heart thumped like a trip-hammer.

The watched door never opens for the expected one, and it was while Albert's head was eclipsed in the sugar barrel, from the bottom of which he was scooping ten pounds of granulated A1 for a farmer's wife—there was no rationing system in those days of happy memory—that Dora tripped in.

Albert rose from his stooping posture rather red in the face, and his color deepened as Dora's dancing eyes met his steady ones. "What a lovely store you have!" she exclaimed, by way of greeting. "It looks just like a city place."

"I'm glad you—you like it," Albert managed to stammer, "because you—because I—well, I couldn't have ever had it if it hadn't been for you. I don't know how to thank you."

"You have thanked me several times already," laughed the girl, "and I don't deserve to be thanked at all. I coaxed papa to lend you the money for purely selfish reasons. As long as you and he were fighting each other he was bound to be cross, and I don't like cross papas."

"Anyway, I do thank you, Miss Barker," said Albert. "You cannot know what it will mean to me if I make good."

"You will make good, surely," was the reply. "You know how to make people like you, and that counts for a lot."

Albert wanted to say that he wished to know how to make one certain person like him, but the farmeress was listening with both ears, and so he tied up her package in silence, made change, and turned to the next customer, which was Dora. Her purchases were soon made and neatly packed in her little market basket. "Let me send them around to the house," pleaded Albert.

"The idea!" she retorted. "As if I couldn't carry them myself. And besides, I want them right away. It takes half a day to get anything delivered in Bentham Center."

"Not when it comes from this store," said Albert. But Dora only laughed again, and floated out of the store like an animated sunbeam.

Toward the middle of the afternoon the store filled up with customers. The farmers' wives were taking kindly to the bargain counter, and the shelf goods were selling too. Albert was so busy that he could not go home for supper, so Hilda brought him a snack, which he gobbled hastily in the back room. That evening there were no village loafers around the big, cast-iron stove, but half a dozen women from the country rested themselves in the comfortable corner, while they waited for their husbands to finish shopping and gossiping and drive them home—and they said loudly that Olesen's was a distinct addition to the attractions of Bentham Center.

"HOLD ON!" CRIED "OLD ZEKE." "WHAT'S THIS? TWO THOUSAND CASH AND A RENEWAL OF THE OTHER THREE THOUSAND!"

It was a tired Albert who put up the shutters and turned the key in the big lock that night, and it was long past ten o'clock when he set his face toward the cottage home where his mother was waiting for him. She had visited the store that afternoon, and was duly impressed by its magnificence.

"Little Mother," said Albert, speaking Norse, and with his arm around her shoulders, as was their custom in their confidential moments, "we made a good start to-day. We took in over two hundred dollars—just think of it! Two hundred dollars in one day! If we can average six hundred a week we will make five times as much as I did at the mill—and you shall have a new silk dress, little mother. It was you who made it possible, you know. Really, it is your store."

"My good boy, my big boy! So like his father was in our dear Norway, when he asked me to go with him to America. I knew only that America was far, and that I was afraid to go—but he was my man that asked me, and what could I

(Continued on page 53)

GALLOPING GOTHAM

By NAPIER MOORE

TO the majority of persons who, remarkable as it may seem, actually manage to exist, be healthy and moderately enjoy life outside of New York, the terms "New Yorker" and "hustle" are synonymous. In their mind's eye a New Yorker spends each and every day in the manner of the gentleman who donned a scarlet coat and went to see an epileptic bull. They get that impression from fiction stories of New York life written by authors whose postal address is Nome, Alaska, and from the movies. It's a belief as firmly rooted in Vladivostok as it is in Nanaimo, B. C. And—pardon me for giggling—it's a mere fallacy.

The verb "to hustle" is a prime favorite with New Yorkers, especially when they're out of New York. They love it. They masticate it slowly and swallow it with infinite relish. And the joke is that only two New Yorkers know the real meaning of it—Messrs. Funk and Wagnall. I never met either of them, but no two men on this earth could have done more to help me earn a living than Funk and his friend Wagnall did when they wrote their dictionary. Take their word for it, "to hustle" means to "shake or shuffle together in confusion; jostle; shuffle along." The New Yorker's own interpretation—"to show push, energy and perseverance"—Mr. Funk and Mr. Wagnall dub "colloquial."

There are two periods in the day when New Yorkers do literally and colloquially hustle. From 8 to 9 a.m., and from 5 to 6 p.m. Then it is that they shake and shuffle together in confusion. Then it is that they jostle and show push, energy and perseverance. Without it they'd never get to work; they'd never get home. I firmly believe that if in 1914 one battalion of native-born Gotham subway shock troops had been hurled against the German army, the Garbage Department of the City of Christiania would have been sweeping up Teutonic remnants inside half an hour.

Take him out of the bowels of the earth, however, and the Gothamite is another being; he's a resident of Greater Hickville. For with all its skyscrapers, its subways, its gymnastic electric signs, New York is primarily rural; its proletariat is rustic in its simplicity.

To the New Yorker out of New York the spectacle of a row of country yokels watching a game of quoits would be a scream. Yet you can see the same man any day, planted right in the heart of Manhattan, standing hour after hour gazing at nothing. Absolutely nothing.

A WEEK or two ago the newspapers made mention of a certain Mr. Weinecke's comet, which happened to be passing the earth on the other side of the street. At noon of the day on which the heavenly body was closest to this planet—a trifling distance of some 175,936,431,000,000,000,000,000,005¼ miles—an unknown Gothamite saw it with his naked eye. There it was, just two points to the starboard of the sun. Now the man in question cannot be blamed for being ignorant of the fact that he had the strongest optic on the North American continent. In point of fact, he could have done the world's greatest telescope out of a job, because the telescope never found the comet at noontime. Not realizing his optical strength, however, he communicated the discovery to a passer-by. Naturally the second observer couldn't see it, but, in the firm belief that it was just lack of practice, he anchored there for the day and concentrated his entire visionary capacity upon the sky. In half an hour one thousand and two Gothamites were gazing at the sky. In one hour Broadway was blocked by a dense mass of people, all gazing upward. By 3 p.m. traffic was being diverted through Philadelphia and Buffalo. At 6 p.m. a man who had stood from one o'clock elbowed his way through the mob. "That's a dangerous job," he said. "What?" asked another without lowering his chin. "Painting a flagstaff," said the first. "Oh," quoth the second, "that's what it is. Where?" "I dunno, the sun was in my eyes," said the party of the first part.

A DAY or two previously hurry-up calls were sent to headquarters for police reserves to clear away an enormous throng which persisted in remaining glued to Park Row in front of a candy store. In clanging patrol-wagons up came the reserves. In mass formation they charged in the firm conviction that some ghastly crime had been committed. Inch by inch they fought their way to the window. Then the full horror of the situation struck them. Behind the plate-glass window, contentedly chewing a chocolate-coated almond, sat a mouse!

Only this morning I rushed out from a restaurant, leaving a doughnut and coffee untasted, to investigate a mob. It was the hour when Park Row is a turbulent stream of humanity roaring its way to the business area of lower Manhattan. For some reason the stream was dammed. Eddying round a central point of interest was a multitude. A big, jostling, perspiring multitude. I sensed bodies lying on the sidewalk with daggers inserted neatly between the third and fourth shirt buttons. Throwing caution and a perfectly good straw hat to the winds, I plunged into the whirlpool. Struggling and gasping, I reached the centre, to behold a cheap-jack selling balloons which, when inflated, became colored babies with bright red frocks. Nobody was buying them. That mighty host of hustling New Yorkers, dismissing all business cares and worries, oblivious to time clocks and waiting bosses, simply stood there and watched the balloon merchant's cheeks rise and fall as he gave birth to rubber piccaninnies.

THIS afternoon I wriggled through a congregation that almost filled City Hall Park. Was it waiting to hail the Emperor of Yap? Was it waiting to behold His Radiant Honor, Red Mike, as Mayor of Gotham, welcome to the city the Panama delegation to the annual convention of the Society for the Provision of Iced Tea for Blonde Eskimos? It was not. The congregation, mopping its collective brow beneath a sizzling sun, patiently, aye, gladly, stood there watching with bated breath a scroggy-looking specimen of the feline tribe stalk an unsuspecting sparrow among the shrubs which adorn the civic green.

What New York would do without its City Hall Park I know not. It is the haven of the native rubber-neck, the gaping-ground of the masses. Let a gardener turn on the hose and the crowd is upon him in an instant, fascinated. Let an automobile halt in front of the City Hall, let a top-hatted man get out and walk up the steps; like magic the crowd gathers. With open mouths they respectfully stand and watch him. Steadfastly they wait until he comes out. Should the Mayor come out with him to pose for the camera, oh, rapture, what a feast! They don't know who the stranger is. They never ask. He may be a bill collector. What odds?

There's your hustling, bustling, rip-roaring, go-getting Gothamite. Some night when it's cooler I'm going to picture to myself what would happen if the Woolworth Building caught fire. Meanwhile, having an hour or two to spare, I'm going out to watch a man in a white coat turn a handle and make lemon drops fall out of a spout. I'll have to be there in good time to get near the window, so excuse me for dashing off. One simply hustles all the time in New York.

HUNTING ELEPHANTS IN SIAM

By HUGH THOMASON

BEYOND the busy lines of floating houses, on a tongue of land between two of the numerous branches of the River Menam Po, stands the *paniet* or elephant stockade. This is a square enclosure of posts, ten feet high and about two feet apart. It is surrounded by a broad wall with a parapet, and at one end is a pavilion for the king and his court. On opposite sides of the stockade are two narrow openings, connected with passages which lead through the wall. These passages are closed by great beams which hang pivoted at one extremity from a framework overhead. They can easily be drawn aside by ropes, and when the tension is relaxed, they swing back again and bar the entrance. Outside the wall more posts are planted, so as to enclose a large triangular space, whose apex is at the narrow gap in the wall. In the base of the triangle a wide gate is left, and beyond this, radiating lines of posts direct the advance of the elephants. Such is the scene of the great "Elephant Hunt," which takes place once in every four years.

North of the Nakwan Nayok River, a vast tract covered with long grass stretches away to the Korat hills, from whose jungle-clad slopes the wild elephants come down to wander over the plain. The natives who live in outlying homesteads go in considerable fear of them, and occasionally a man is chased and killed by a "rogue" elephant. An elephant that is about to go *musht* can be recognized by the patches of oil which exudes from his temples, and, when in this condition, he goes off by himself and is a dangerous fellow to approach. The herds may be stalked without much difficulty, and though they are shy, they do not exhibit that unreasoning fear of man which causes elephants in wilder districts to stampede. Sometimes, indeed, when in mischievous mood, they will come among the paddy-fields, doing great damage, and the cultivators fly to the frail protection of their houses, where they do their best to drive away the intruders by firing guns and banging tin pans.

One of my camps was on the Bangpakong River, not far from Pachin, and there I used to see the elephants almost every day. My first encounter with them followed upon the report that a herd of five hundred had been seen on the other side of the river. I found the ground trampled all over, and in one place the grass was crushed down and showed clearly the outline of an elephant, who had been lying on his side.

STRAIGHT ON, THE LEADERS WENT DOWN THE BANK AND DOWN INTO THE RIVER

Then as I was pushing through some tall reeds, which screened the country in front of my sight, I came suddenly upon two huge black shapes. Two elephants were quietly tearing up great bunches of grass and stuffing it into their mouths, while the small white herons sat on their backs as contentedly as on the buffaloes'. The elephants did not see or hear me, but as I was making a *detour* to avoid them, they suddenly winded me. Instantly they threw up their trunks the better to catch the scent, and then with flapping ears they shambled off in the opposite direction. On another occasion I saw five or six wallowing in a mud bath, and among them two half-grown ones. Each wrapped his trunk fast around the other's head, and they gnawed each other like two great puppies at play

AMONG all the wild elephants that I saw, either in the jungle or at Ayuthia during the hunt, there were no tuskers except young ones. Where the big tuskers go to I do not know, but tracks have been seen where, in addition to the footprints, there were pairs of holes made by the point of the tusks, which were so long that they touched the ground at each step as the elephant walked along. The young tuskers which are caught and tamed at Ayuthia sometimes grow enormous tusks. In the museum at Bangkok there is a tusk that measures nine feet ten and one-half inches along the outside curve.

Weeks before the hunt is to take place at Ayuthia, the elephant-catchers are sent out into the jungle. The business of elephant-catching is part of the system of forced labor, and these men now form an hereditary caste. They take with them a score of tame tuskers and a small army of beaters. Many days may be spent in locating the herds, and many more are required to collect the wild elephants into one great herd. All this while the beaters exercise the utmost caution, for were the elephants to be alarmed at this early stage, they would move off to a different place, and the work would have to be done over again. As soon as the elephants have been collected into a single herd, they are surrounded by a cordon of beaters and tame tuskers, and at night fires are lit to prevent them from breaking out. Then the great drive begins. A tame elephant leads the way, half a dozen tuskers press in upon their rear, and the herd moves off, while on either flank are the long lines of beaters. So they proceed over the open plain, covering ten or twelve miles each day, for they often stop to feed, and even on the march they do not exceed a rate of four miles an hour. When travelling with loaded elephants, the average rate is under three miles an hour. It may take fifteen days to reach Ayuthia, and at any stage of the proceedings one concerted charge by the wild elephants would brush aside the lines that hem them in, yet they never make the attempt. This drive differs from anything else of the sort, and it is only possible from the fact that, having been corralled in this way for many generations, the elephants are semi-tame. It has always been held that the elephants would not breed in captivity, and for this reason only as many as are actually required are selected from the herd, and the remainder are released and allowed to wander back to the jungle. Thus, to many of these elephants the drive is by no means a new experience. In the *keddahs* of India and in Northern Siam, where whole herds are captured to work in the teak forests, the beaters are careful never to show themselves, and elaborate precautions are taken to conceal the stockade in thick jungle; but here at the end of the drive the elephants have to face not only the stockade but a mob of spectators. For the Elephant Hunt is a great national holiday. In Bangkok all the government offices are closed, and every one goes up to Ayuthia. The trains are packed to overflowing, and the house-boats on the river recall, in a small way, the scene at a regatta.

THE last hunt that I attended was in the month of March several years ago. Our party traveled up from Bangkok by train, and, on our arrival, we found a launch waiting to take us to our boat-house through the streets of floating houses. On the platform of almost every house was a little altar, decked with flowers and incense sticks, to do honor to the king as he passed. As we sat at luncheon, the excitement of the crowd on the bank warned us that the elephants were in sight, so taking a sampan we rowed over to a small island in the river. From this point we could look across the level plain to the jungle, two miles away. The elephants were already half-way across the plain, moving forward in a compact black mass, guarded by the tame tuskers on every side. Each of the tuskers was ridden by a mahout and an elephant-catcher, wearing blue uniforms and broad-brimmed sun helmets. As the herd approached the river bank, the crowd scattered from before them, taking refuge behind the flanking lines of tame elephants. Straight on the leaders went, down the bank, and waded out into the river. Then followed a fine sight as the great herd hesitated for an instant on the brink, and poured over the edge in a black wave, two hundred and fifty of them, slipping and sliding down the steep bank in a cloud of dust, with trumpetings and squeals. Soon they were all swimming, keeping so closely together that they formed one black patch on the water, while the tuskers preserved their positions on every side. As they swam they held the tips of their trunks above the surface, while the mahouts, upon the backs of the tame elephants, knelt or stood upright. After gaining the other side, the herd was allowed to rest for awhile, and the hot, thirsty animals reveled in the shallow water, taking deep draughts and squirting streams over each other in excess of joy.

At length the final drive began. Led by two tame elephants, and closely hemmed in behind, the herd pressed forward into the outer stockade, and the bars were slipped behind them. They had still to face the narrow passage through a wall, leading to the inner enclosure, and this they did not like at all. As before, a tame elephant led the way, but it was not until the tuskers had come up and pushed and prodded those behind that the herd swayed towards the opening, and still those in front held back. At last one made a break, and with a frightened squeal ran in. He was followed by many others. In this way fifty or sixty elephants were gotten inside, but then a strange thing happened. Perhaps it was the sight of the great crowd pressing closely against the posts on every side that, at length, made the elephants realize that they were in a trap, but, whatever the cause, they were growing very restive, and remained huddled together in the centre of the stockade. Now and then they would crush against the posts, and one big fellow made a fierce charge in the attempt to regain his freedom. Then the posts creaked ominously, for, though they looked so stout, they were hollow with age. When the elephants came near, the crowd outside gave way and prepared to fly, should they break out, but between the posts were stationed men who thrust with long spears at the elephants, and kept them back. Matters were now at a deadlock, for no more elephants would go through the opening, and those behind were pushing forward and boring into the throng, the little tuskers charging fiercely in with the best of them. As the crush grew worse, some were trampled underneath, and some were lifted off their feet, while in the middle, one great tuskless male was seen high above his fellows, walking on the backs of those who had sunk to the ground. Then, mingled with the grunts and squeals, was heard a deep roar of anger, and on the outskirts of the scrum were some who slapped the ground with their trunks in rage. It was soon apparent that many of the smaller elephants were being crushed to death, and so the tame tuskers came round and drove the whole herd back again towards the river, but a pile of fifteen were left lying on the ground. Water was brought in long joints of bamboo, and poured over the prostrate elephants. A few recovered, and, with the help of the tuskers, regained their feet and joined the herd, but the greater number of them were dead.

(Continued on page 42)

REVIEW OF FASHIONS

By ALICE MERTON

DAME FASHION is the busiest woman in the world. A recently read joke in "Life" was about a man who asked another, who was on the point of getting married, if he thought he'd be able to keep his wife in her accustomed style. The answer was: "She never has time to get accustomed to any." And that's about it. Nothing passes so quickly as the "mode of the hour." You think you have it, and it's gone. Another hour brings another mode. So, those who would keep up with the busy lady "Fashion" must ever be on the alert.

One of the latest is a cape to match the sleeveless frock. The cape is short and circular, and can be finished with braid, and fastened by means of clasps or a simple ribbon. It is a pleasing and useful innovation, for the sleeveless frock, worn with silk, net, or cotton blouse, is no warmer than the ordinary skirt and blouse.

In a dozen ways is the charm of newness given to frocks that are in reality quite new in design, having won their popularity within the last couple of months or so. One of those fascinating new notes is the bell sleeve, which may be either long or elbow length.

Trimmings are quite daring. Brilliant embroideries of Volnay Red and Sorrento Blue, and gleaming jets decorate the fall gowns that have any pretension to smartness. The gowns are of Canton Crêpe, Crêpe de Chine, Satin, Tricotine and Serge.

Furs are both extreme and conservative in style. Exquisite linings, flare sleeves and beautiful girdles are their assets in addition to the quality of the pelt. Short-haired furs in light gray and taupe are considered the smartest.

Crêpes are more popular than ever. The approval they met with at the Auteuil races assures them a prolonged life. And the majority of crêpe gowns are black; it is the trimming that puts the gleam of life in them, or, rather, the stamp of individuality.

—Kadel & Herbert News Service

LATEST TO BE WORN BY WOMEN IS THE FISH-SKIN GOWN, WHICH IS MADE OF SHADED BLUE AND GREEN FISH SCALES. THE ABOVE GOWN IS TRIMMED WITH SAPPHIRE TULLE AT THE SIDES. WHEN THE WEARER IS ACTIVE, IT REMINDS ONE OF THE WAVES IN THE SEA. THE GIRDLE OF THIS DRESS IS OF JET AND RHINESTONES WOVEN INTO THE ROBE. THE TULLE IS STRIPED WITH LINES OF GOLD AND JET BEADS.

BUT for young girls, dresses of Jacquard Crêpe, made in very simple designs, are quite the thing for frocks this fall. The silk has about it more body than the ordinary silk, and by reason of its pattern, in two tones of coloring, it is especially adapted to dresses for daytime wear. You must acknowledge that a description of one causes the hearer to visualize some youthful acquaintance of hers in a most attractive light. For instance, what mother could resist wishing to see her youthful daughter in a Jacquard Crêpe that "combines two tones of blue with a hint of gold hidden away in its weaving, made simply, and finished off at the neck and wrists with collars and cuffs of the 'Bramley blouse' variety—the pretty cream material enhanced by delicate needlework and edged with narrow écru lace?"

One thing the Auteuil races have not yet done, despite warnings from Paris that short skirts are the exception and not the rule,—few gowns have lengthened to within six inches from the ground.

Skirts that are scalloped around their lower edges are, also, one of the newer features of autumn styles. They are not all regularly scalloped, but many merely droop to give that effect at some point or other, frequently the effect being given by means of one or more panels loosely applied. Some believe it takes away the dull monotony of skirts of the past. They like the unevenness of the hem. But here lies the difficulty,—it takes an artist to get the desired effect. No inexperienced dressmaker should attempt the "uneven hem." It cannot be "thrown together." It must be loved and prayed over, if one entertains any expectation that it will emerge "a perfect thing."

"OPHELIA" is a new color. It is purple pink, and very popular when used in large spots of trimming on black hats. Petunia and Fuchsia are colors that are frequently seen in Paris. But "almond green," it is claimed, is the most successful color. Just think of the prettiest, softest, grayest green imaginable, and you know just what it is.

Many of the newer coats have sleeves with arm holes so large that they almost reach to the waistline. The sleeves are set in along a straight line, and are left with wide-open cuffs, so that the squareness of the effect is not broken. Fur trimming is used on both cuffs and collars, the straight band effect being carried out. Long coats for suits are the correct things, it seems, the short coat being reserved altogether for sport wear.

CHILDREN'S frocks are beautiful and simple. Perfectly straight lines are emphasized if possible. While a short time ago white Canton Crêpe was the correct thing for all children of ages between babyhood and six, now for four-year-olds there are black taffeta frocks to be worn over bright-colored bloomers that are invited to peep from under the crisp, black taffeta skirts. In some the bloomer is slipped in and tacked to the frock, making a one-garment affair that is both satisfactory and fascinating.

Peasant costume designs are used for models of embroidery in both children and adult toilettes. Often, in fact, the peasant costume is the idea from which many of the more elaborate gowns are fashioned. That accounts for much of the brilliancy in embroidery and jets mentioned in the first part of this fashion review.

Photos by National Photograph.

The broader-brimmed hats are more suitable for the street costumes which are adaptable for afternoon occasions. The latter are of silk jersey or some woolen material that can take pleating.

The short box coat is much appreciated by the younger women because it accentuates their youthfulness.

Trim tailored lines are the keynote of all wearing apparel this autumn.

Plaids that have great splashes of color promise to be quite the mode this fall, especially for intensive out-of-doors and sportive occasions.

The fringe, so popular this summer, will continue in vogue as it does, add a touch of smartness to skirt, scarf and sweater.

Walking hats are narrow-brimmed and of tweed simply ornamented, or of other material in keeping with the texture of skirt or wrap.

AMATEUR BASEBALL IN CANADA

By J. W. FITZGERALD

AN article on "Amateur Baseball in Canada" is like walking into a Scotchman's house to see what he is having for breakfast. The fact is that Baseball is the porridge of the bill-of-fare in the sporting world in this country. Thousands play golf; thousands are lawn bowlers—but the world of Baseball is limited by the population only. Everybody pretty much plays ball more or less seriously as a matter of recreation. Oarsmen, canoeists, swimmers—all have their own main sport, but if you scratch deep enough you will find very few of them who do not also indulge in baseball as a second string. And they are more or less adept at it, too.

And that is one of the big signs of the "Nationality" of the game—the great numbers of boys and girls who are adepts at the sport. Almost any old kind of gathering will yield a pretty fair ball team or two. When it is considered that to acquire any kind of skill at baseball it demands from our youthful days pretty close attention and application, not to mention a strong portion of our time, the answer is that the development of such huge numbers of really fair or better players is rather plain—most youths learn the game on the sand-lots at first hand before they tackle other forms of sport.

The obvious thing to do in the face of a proposition like this is, therefore, to confine this short article to baseball in its organized state. Incidentally it *is* highly organized.

There was a time in the dim and distant past when the amateur and the professional mixed freely, and nobody cared so long as the game was up to the mark. That is all changed within the memory of the present generation, and there is now an attempt to make ball-players conform to the amateur laws as they do in other lines of sport. It is not the province of this article to discuss how well the plan is succeeding. The fact that is of interest here is that the amateur game is controlled.

IN this Province there is the "Ontario Amateur Baseball Association," and pretty much every town of any size has its own association working in affiliation with this main body. Presumably, this idea holds sway in the other Provinces, though there is no central body for the Dominion. Possibly each Provincial Athletic Union controls its own baseball through these affiliations.

There are, of course, in all the larger cities "Semi-pro." Leagues, which are frankly outside the amateur pale. Into these drift the veteran professional, who is no longer able to hang it out in the paid ranks of baseball, and not a few who have tried out and failed to make the grade. This field for ball-players, so wide in the United States, has not taken the same hold in Canada because of the scarcity of cities of large population. The idea is here, however, and all that is necessary to make it germinate is the setting of a population large enough to make it pay financially.

It does pay across the line—so much so that these Semi-pros. are real rivals to the leagues in "Organized" ball. The condition of the game in the United States is frankly and openly professional. There are dozens of these "Semi-pro." Leagues all over the country, and there is little attempt to keep the game purely amateur. Baseball over there appears to be an athletic law unto itself.

There is no intention in this article to enter into the pros and cons of this question. The fact remains that there is more or less amateur government of the sport in Ontario at any rate.

What is to the point in this connection is that the governing body here is able to give a few facts and figures that are illuminating.

THE Ontario Baseball Amateur Association, with F. E. Robbins, of Hamilton, as President, and M. B. Dulmage, of Guelph, as Secretary, has undertaken to guide the destinies of the youth in baseball in an amateur way. It has evolved an association of the various leagues in the several cities and towns in the Province, and brings the champions together every fall in final games for the championships.

There are under its classification, seniors, intermediates, juniors (age limit 20 and under), juveniles (age 18 and under), and midgets (age 17 and under). These age dates are fixed at May first of each year.

That classification naturally leaves outside of the pale of the Association hundreds of teams that are manned by youngsters under the lowest age set. It also does not embrace many of the factory, shop and church teams. Despite these more or less organized teams outside the membership of the Association, Toronto alone has 5,000 active playing members registered with the Toronto branch of the Ontario body. It is quite safe to say that as many more are playing the game in some sort of way.

The same proportion may be assigned to baseball in every town throughout the Province, and thus some faint idea of the hold that baseball has on the youth of the land may be gathered.

THE motor-car has been a tremendous factor in booming the game in the villages and the rural communities. Formerly it was out of the question to transport ball teams across country; now there are cars for the asking all over the place—and they are being used. The result is that not only are games and leagues possible that formerly could not be thought of, but there are great crowds at these cross-roads games filled to overflowing with zeal for their home team. After all, this gallery is a great incentive to bring out players and, when out, urge them to their greatest endeavors.

Just in this connection, it may be news to most teachers and elders generally, as it apparently is to the boys, that there is a smaller and lighter ball made for boys of 16 and under. For years it has been a problem to know how to pilot young lads into baseball without pulling their arms out of the sockets in heaving the regulation ball. It is ideal for men; it is too heavy for the small boy, and too big for him to get his fingers around it. Some philanthropist solved the problem by having this smaller and lighter ball made. It is of exactly the same quality as that used by the professional leagues. And yet the youth of the land has not taken too kindly to it. Those who have boys can readily understand that they demand the same weapons as "Babe" Ruth uses. Really a good deal of firmness should be exercised in insisting on these young lads playing with a ball exactly fitted to their physical powers. It is manufactured by the same people that make the league ball, on the same machines, and out of the same material. It is not the old "Fifteen-Cent" ball that used to be the bugbear of our early existence. It hits as far as the league ball and is quite as lively.

With the ball specially made for young boys there has also been evolved a smaller diamond to go with it. A 90-foot base-line and a 66-foot pitching distance is far too long for boys under 16, and this shorter distance gives them all the

facilities for making every play possible to their elder brothers on the larger diamond. No small boy could ever hope to throw to second and beat a runner stealing on the regulation diamond, and few could heave the ball that far at all.

More than anything in this connection is the fact that a boy under 16, on the big diamond, is straining himself on nearly every play he attempts, and that is something that must be avoided in all sports. The smaller, lighter ball and this smaller diamond do all that at no cost at all; in fact, they make it possible for the youngsters to play far better ball.

AMATEUR Baseball is in the process of evolving an offshoot in the form of "Outdoor-Indoor" Ball. Originating as an indoor game, suitable for a gymnasium floor, the game was launched in Chicago in 1887. A set of rules was evolved as near the regular game as the small floors would allow. It shared with basketball a good deal of popularity, but it was only when it was transplanted to outdoors that it really gave promise of becoming a real rival to the hard-ball game. And that is the stage we have reached. There are a host of reasons why this branch is bound to stay to the fore-front, notably because of the difficulty in securing fields large enough for the regular kind of ball. This "Softball" game does not demand anything like the space for the hard ball; it is much easier than in the regular game to lay out a diamond, because you can make it any size that will suit your plot. It is not as hard on the hands. These are but the surface reasons why this style of baseball is certain not only to survive, but also to rival in popularity its hard-ball parent.

It is no "sissy" game by a long shot. As a matter of fact, it is a faster game than the regular kind of ball. A fumble is almost certain to handicap, for the shortness of the bases makes booting and recovering in time to get the hitter or the baserunner an impossibility, or next door to it. This feature which is always the bugbear of the youth of the day—that he dreads anything savoring of femininity—was effectually chased by the fact that this was the game that held sway very largely in our Canadian army in France.

There is one slight drawback at this stage which is, however, in the way of being corrected—the game is being played under the regular baseball rules as much as possible, but there are points that do not suit, and up to date there are no recognized set of regulations. Steps are now being taken to standardize the rules for this style of game. It had a set of rules for the indoors playing, but the transplanting of it to the wide outdoors has made it a cross between the two, and there are points that neither set of laws covers satisfactorily.

As has been said, the size of the diamond may be made to suit the ground you have at your disposal. A most convenient size for young men has been found to be 60-foot baselines—that is, 60 feet between each base. That would figure out in the same proportion—keeping the same comparative measurements as in hard ball—44 feet from the pitching box to the plate; but owing to the fact that in this game the ball must not be thrown overarm, but is confined to underarm pitching, it has been figured that 35 or, at most, 40 feet is more suitable.

For the small fry, the baselines can conveniently be placed at 40 feet, with the pitching box 27 feet.

Underarm pitching does not mean, by any manner of interpretation, "side-arm," but the boys have evolved all the curves and twists for this game that are so effective in the hard-ball style.

The balls and bats have been standardized, and the big ball of the exclusively indoor days has given way to the smaller "Playground" one. It hits farther and is much more easily handled and thrown than the bigger one. No gloves are used and none needed, even by the catcher, so that picnic parties are fully armed when in possession of a ball and a bat.

International Photo

THE KING ON BOARD THE ROYAL YACHT BRITANNIA AT THE COWES REGATTA.

The recent races at Cowes, Isle of Wight, were well attended and thoroughly enjoyed. The King, who is an experienced yachtsman, took a hand at the ropes and a turn at the wheel in an endeavor to speed up the Britannia. The Duke of Connaught, a guest on board the Royal Yacht, was an interested spectator.

Water-tennis is the latest innovation in the realm of sports. It was played recently at the Basin Bathing Beach at Washington, D. C. The game is played according to established rule, but the racquet has wire substituted for gut. The players' costumes are the usual bathing garb. Needless to add that an enthusiastic crowd of spectators encouraged the players.

Motorists report they have discovered a veritable paradise in the Island of Vancouver, webbed as it it is with a perfect system of roads. It would seem that there remains yet one game to be invented—it is one in which, besides racing, the occupants of a car might indulge in some ultra-novel sport whose rules would give a fertile brain occasion to exercise itself.

A Canadian girl, Miss Allison McBail, of Sherbrooke, Quebec, has been chosen by Coles Phillips, artist and illustrator, as the most beautiful debutante and "New York University Girl," at a beauty contest, held at a concert of the musical clubs of New York University. Miss McBain excels in all sorts of sports.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

THE PROGRESS OF SINGING

By PHILIP A. H. KING

ASK a singer of the old school if the art of singing is declining, and he will be pretty certain to answer "yes," as long letters to leading British papers from celebrated singers have recently shown. Is such an answer true? In one respect, undoubtedly "yes"; but regarding the question in a broader way, emphatically "no." It all depends upon the point of view; and the viewpoint of the older singer is, naturally, turned to the contemplation of what he learned about singing in his student days, while the younger artists are more concerned with newer developments.

That the art of pure vocalization, as it was practiced a generation or two ago, is dying out, there can be little doubt. On the other hand, it is unquestionably true that tremendous progress has been made in the art of interpretation, so that the net gain, musically, has been great. Referring to history, we find that in the days of the Italian "castrati," the male sopranos who flourished in the time of Mozart, and earlier, there was one man who could sing a chain trill up and down two octaves in one breath, a feat which no prima donna specializing in colorature stunts in this year of grace would be likely to attempt. Yet nothing is said of this star's interpretative ability; whereas to-day intelligent interpretation, as something superior to mere technique, is more and more demanded of singers, even of those who, like Galli-Curci and Tetrazzini, have come to the fore primarily as executants of florid music. Miss Geraldine Farrar spoke of this recently in a newspaper interview, remarking that much more was required now of operatic performers than in the days when luscious tone, and little else, was expected of them.

British-Colonial Photo.
ENRICO CARUSO

* * *

SINGING, as it was learned in the old halcyon days of Italian opera, the days of Rossini, Bellini and Donizetti, consisted, first of all, of the production of perfect tone. Next came skill in vocalization, roulades, runs and all sorts of cadenzas. Interpretation, as we know it to-day, must have been on a lower plane, since it is noticed that when, in order to get easy applause, a singer resorts to tricks such as the overheld high note, etc., the kind of trick that passed muster once upon a time, he lays himself open to severe criticism on the part of people who care more for the music than for the singer. In those "good old days," singers labored long and patiently to acquire the perfect tone and skill in vocalization that composers and public demanded, until sure control of the breath, accurate placing of the tone and ability to sing trills as brightly as a canary, and to toss off runs as nonchalantly as a conjurer shakes trinkets out of his sleeve, were matters of almost common knowledge. Life was, of course, so much more leisurely then that study could be extended to a greater length than is now often possible. The result was, naturally, that singers started out on their public careers more fully equipped in the line of mere technical skill than could possibly have been the case had less time been devoted to mastery of the mechanics of singing. Then it followed, as a consequence, that voices generally lasted longer than voices do to-day, and that there was (according to tradition) an elegance and a grace about singing which is less common in our own time.

"Can you tell me?" Sir Walter Parratt, Master of the King's Musick, once asked a class at the Royal College of Music in London, "why it is that there are no longer any singers capable of singing the melodies of Mozart as they should be sung?" And he answered his own question with. "Because people to-day aren't willing to go into the backwoods and practice their scales for five years like they used to do."

On the other hand, we ought not to forget that a singer trained to sing the melodies of Mozart "as they should be sung" might be incapable of singing the more complex music of Richard Strauss, Debussy, or Vincent d'Indy,—not to mention the puzzling scores of Prokovieff and Stravinsky. If there is loss in one direction, there is surely gain in another.

The sad fact is that singers, as a class, have been less truly musical and less cultured in a general way than instrumentalists. One reason of this probably is that the singer gets results more quickly and with less trouble than the player upon an instrument. Picture, for example, a pianist talking of a debut after three or four years of preparation, even after five years! Yet a singer can do it. Moreover, a singing pupil may be forbidden by his teacher to practice more than half an hour twice a day, while the pianist or violinist will be scolded if he does not put in at least three or four hours at his instrument. But whatever the cause, the effect has been a lamentable lack of scientific musical knowledge on the part of singers as a body. Mapleson, the celebrated impressario, had a story about a noted tenor who could scarcely write his own name and who, after painfully learning how to put "primo tenore assoluto" after his signature, got no further than the "ass" on an occasion when he wanted to be particularly impressive, as he spilled the ink. So he let it go at that! Even to-day the number of operatic singers who, in learning new roles, depend more upon the help of a coach at the piano than upon their own ability to read the score, is much greater than most audiences imagine. There have always been conspicuous exceptions to this rule, as witness Albani and Christine Nilsson a generation ago, and Sembrich and Melba at a later period, all of them musicians playing one or two

instruments and understanding the theory of music; but I have known opera singers who learned their roles by ear.

* * *

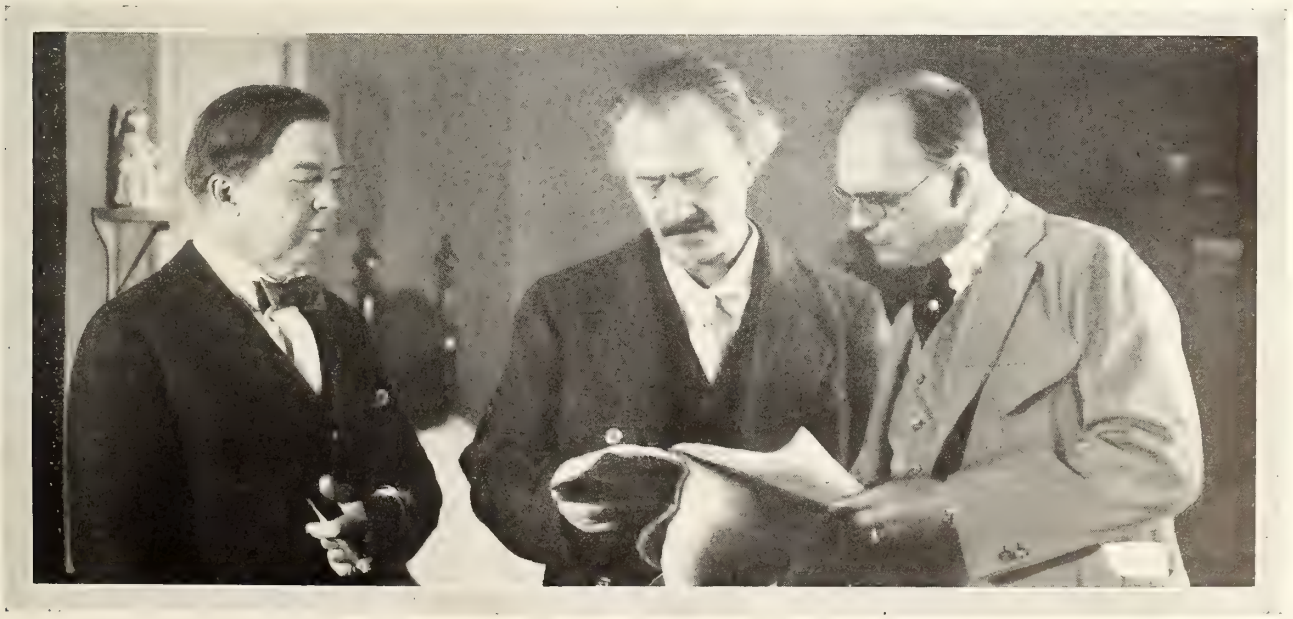
NOW I come to the turning point in my argument that singing is, in the main, better than it used to be, even if, in details of technique, it is inferior. The spread of education, sweeping musical education along in its path, and the progress of music in general, are constantly making singers into better musicians than the singers of yesterday were. At one time it was enough if a prima donna or tenor, singing in "Lucia," "Puritani," or "Linda," moved more or less gracefully about the stage and, at stated times, advanced to the footlights and sang, with impeccable tone and flawless execution, the arias upon which they chiefly counted for their success. To-day, the soprano who would shine in "Pelleas and Melisande," or "L'amore Dei Tre Re," not to mention the Wagnerian music dramas, and the tenor and baritone who would make a hit in the modern Italian pieces, must be actors as well as singers, and must keep in mind a thousand and one points of the performance that were never thought about in the "good old days."

In proof of this contention, it is only necessary to compare the careers of Adelina Patti, in her day the outstanding figure in the world of song, and Enrico Caruso, the most conspicuous singer of our time. "It is foolish to talk about a born singer," declared a singing expert, herself a pupil of Marchesi, the teacher of Melba, Eames, Calve and many other renowned opera stars, "there never was but one born singer, and she was Adelina Patti, and you can call her a born singer if you like, because she was not a musician." Patti was, indeed, a queen of song born to the throne. Her phenomenal voice, universally supposed to have been the most perfect woman's voice ever known, was naturally so well placed, and her own unconscious method of breathing and producing tone was so sound and wise, that when her brother-in-law, who was her teacher, took her in hand, he found that he had practically nothing to do. Patti had, apparently, but to open her lips, and the loveliest vocal tone heard by any theatre-goers in any part of the world gushed out. With that, Patti was satisfied, as the majority of her audiences were. She had a quick and accurate ear and, especially in the earlier days of her career, her manner of learning a new role was to get someone to play over for her, on the piano, the music of her arias, which she would soon be able to repeat by rote, without a mistake. As Patti began her career, so for the most part did she carry it on, as a supreme singer, but as an indifferent actress and musician. David Bispham, in his book of reminiscences, tells how, in the last act of "Aida," she would carefully arrange her skirts and the convenient cushions kindly provided for her by a considerate stage manager, before settling comfortably back to die; and one of her favorite kinds of music in her Welsh castle was that procurable from an expensive electric orchestrion!

* * *

THE Patti of our time has unquestionably been Caruso. Like Patti, the idolized tenor whose marvellous voice has been but lately stilled, was gifted with a voice that stood out above all the voices of his contemporaries, whether men or women, as the most conspicuous voice in all the world; but, unlike Patti, Caruso was not content to let it rest at that. Had Caruso followed the example of Patti and developed only his voice, he might have got just as many engagements, he might have sold as many, or nearly as many, gramophone records, he might have got exactly as much applause from the multitude; but he could not have earned the respect that erudite critics delighted to show him. Like Patti, he had one great asset, his voice. He was not especially talented along other lines of music, as Sembrich and Nielsen were; and for some time after he began to sing in opera his acting was decidedly wooden. But, by dint of hard work and application, he so improved his acting, as well as his singing, that I have heard as keen a critic as Scotti pronounce both very intelligent. Had Caruso lived in the time of Patti, this probably would not have happened. He likely would have done exactly what she did, that is, sung perfectly so far as the mechanical side of singing went, and awakened, owing to the natural warmth and feeling in his voice, tender sensibilities in the breasts of those hearing him, but left the higher aspects of singing untouched. Since the artist is, to a certain extent, the product of his time, it is tolerably certain that if Patti were on earth to-day and embarking upon a career, she would accommodate herself to improved conditions as Caruso found it advisable to do, and

(Continued on page 50)



International Photo.

THE GREATEST PIANIST IN THE WORLD VISITS THE HALLS OF THE SILENT ART,—IGNACE PADEREWSKI, WHO CONFESSES HIMSELF AN ARDENT MOVIE FAN, AT THE GOLDWYN STUDIOS, WITH RUPERT HUGHES, THE EMINENT AUTHOR, AT THE LEFT, AND REGINALD BARKER, THE FAMOUS DIRECTOR, AT THE RIGHT. THE CELEBRATED PIANIST AND POLISH PATRIOT IS DISPLAYING THE SAME INTEREST IN A SCENARIO THAT HE DOES IN A MUSICAL SCORE.

ART AND AMATEUR PHOTOS

By GASCHET DE L'ISLE

WITH the widespread development of Art, there has crept into amateur photography, in many instances, a very fine sense of the artistic, which deserves the attention and appreciation of the art critic that it might be encouragingly led, through improving channels, to still greater perfection. The wonderful appeal of the camera to the public in general goes to prove that Art is very close to man, and should give the pessimistic great encouragement.

What touched the masses when the kodak first made its appearance on the horizon, was that they were to be admitted into the "magic circle" and have a part in doing that wonderful thing: get a likeness of someone they knew. It touched a secret spring of longing, almost envy, that lay in the human heart. It was in their power to reproduce a picture! And they started out with vim. Take the beginning of kodaking, everything came within its range, from the new or old homestead with the family picturesquely—so they thought—grouped about it, then the baby, the boy or girl at play, on to the most freakish conceptions of college youths. It mattered little whether those who had posed for the picture could be recognized by their own friends and relatives. It was the usual thing to hear a girl say: "I don't know if you can make me out. That's me, right there on the fence, smoking a cigarette, and my brother's hat's on my head. And, oh, yes! that's John holding a wreck of an umbrella over the lot of us." We do not mean to say that from the first there were not many who sought to fix, by means of the camera, scenes of unusual interest and charm, but they, you must admit, were the few to be found "far from the madding crowd"; they are not included in the vast numbers who kodaked, kodaked unremittingly, excusing the blurred prints which they cherished none the less because they had not been properly focused. It was a picture taken by themselves, and it was a picture of themselves, the effect on others mattered little. If the subject of the picture had stretched out inadvertently one of his feet and it appeared grotesquely out of proportion, that was only a matter at which they rejoiced. Indeed, there were hundreds of thousands of pictures taken feet foremost just to reproduce that effect. Sometimes they were good caricatures, oftener they were simply missed pictures.

NOWADAYS, no one can deny that there are frequently to be seen good pictures taken by amateurs, pictures of such quality of excellence that they are worthy of being classes as works of art. Prize contests from weekly papers have done much to emulate public interest. Prize photographs aroused in many a desire to come up to standard. Hitherto careless and aimless devotees of the kodak habit were influenced to stabilize their efforts, and henceforth sought to become proficient amateurs, to whom values and composition meant something. They invariably succeeded.

Singleness of purpose stamps the good photograph with a seal that distinguishes it from inferior productions. It is subject to the same principles that underly Art in its highest expression. And unless the amateur recognizes those principles and applies them,—he may be particularly gifted and apply them unconsciously,—his work, though it may be mechanically perfect, lacks a solid foundation; he may accidentally produce good pictures, but they will be a matter of pure chance.

Here, in this field, we must admit the influence of the artistic movie photographer, who, at times, presents to his audience marvels of light and shadow and composition that are certainly masterpieces. Such invariably evoke appreciative response from even a variously educated audience, because they are in reality the results of impressions the real scenes would make upon them had they only the cultivated power of transmitting them.

It was this latent yearning for expression which was aroused when the kodak was placed upon the market, within easy reach of all. And the public acted like children acquiring a new toy—the majority tired of it in a short time. But many recovered after a while from the mad frenzy of kodaking, kodaking continuously and at random. They settled down to a more scientific handling of the camera, and gradually there dawned upon them the higher possibilities of photography. They passed milestone after milestone of progress, until today they have reached a point of achievement that commands appreciative recognition from the art critic. That photography should not yet have attained perfection as an Art is merely a sign of its vitality, and not a cause for condemnation or underrating. In the groupings or composition, and in the estimates of values, there is room for infinite variety which limitations of color do not affect, and there is infinite latitude for individual taste and impulse which differentiate as much the work of one photographer from another's as the "manner" or "school" do in the array of pictures that adorn the walls of any world-renowned gallery.

SCULPTURE OF FRANK SIMMONS

THE State of Maine, and Portland in particular, are rejoicing over the wonderful gifts bestowed upon them by the late Frank Simmons, who was borne in Maine in 1839, and died in Rome in 1913.

They are now on exhibition in the Sweat Memorial Art Museum, after having been classified and arranged by the Portland Society of Art.

Portland's acquisition of these art treasures is due in great measure to the late Judge Joseph W. Symonds, who made the first suggestion to the artist that he should leave all his works to this city. The collection has been very handsomely arranged by Mr. John Calvin Stevens, of the Portland Society of Art, and is viewed under most favorable conditions of lighting and background.

The works on view are in marble, bronze and plaster. The bronzes are: "Galatea," "Sybil," "Washington" and "Paris." The marbles are: "The Promised Land," "Mother and Moses," "Medusa," "General Grant," "Penelope," "Bust of Franklin," "Simmons's Mother" and a "Vase with Doves." Works in plaster are: "Hercules and Alceste," "Bust of Franklin Simmons," "Bust of Mrs. Franklin Simmons."

The bronze statue of "Galatea" is an interesting characterization of Pygmalion's animated statue in the act of stepping from her pedestal. The figure is life-size. The perfect naturalness and simplicity of the work are among its greatest charms. The beauty of the face and form, the nobility of the action, and the graceful folds of the drapery show the highest technical efficiency.

Turning to the marbles, the observer is at once attracted by the two Egyptian figures, "The Promised Land" and the "Mother and Moses," both of which are beautiful beyond description. In the former, an ideal work, the modelling is masterly, and the expression appealing. In "Mother and Moses," the mother, or Joshabed, is shown as a typical high-caste Israelite, of beautiful slender figure, with a sweet contemplative expression. The little figure of Moses, encircled by the mother's left arm, is exquisitely pure in modelling and contour. His lifted face and the tiny hand which reaches upward toward his mother could hardly be excelled.

LORD BYNG OF VIMY

CANADA'S GOVERNOR-GENERAL

The fine old City of Quebec warmly welcomed on Canadian soil the gallant leader of the Dominion's sons in time of war, who has now come to be their staunch friend and guide in the era of peace.

British-Colonial Photo

LORD AND LADY BYNG ENTERING THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS AT QUEBEC THE DAY OF THEIR LANDING IN CANADA.

Ottawa, Canada's capital, also extended a memorable greeting to Lord Byng, of Vimy, new Governor-General of the Dominion, on his arrival to occupy his official residence at Rideau Hall. More than 20,000 people assembled in front of the new Parliament Building to do him honor.

—International Photo.

INTERIOR OF LEGISLATION CHAMBER IN THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS AT QUEBEC, SHOWING LORD BYNG IN THE ACT OF BEING SWORN IN AS GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

THE ESSAYIST

A page written by WILLIAM ARTHUR DEACON

FIRST EDITORIAL

LITERATURE is a growth of the soil as much as wheat or potatoes. Canadian literature can only be produced in Canada by Canadians for Canadians. Only such productions can have the grand style, with its simplicity, spontaneity and solid worth; only such can contain those intimate, unconscious revelations in which lie the seed of enduring charm. Author and public must combine to create it. "Even Moses wist not that his face shone, but some chronicler of old observed the peculiarity and wrote it down," says Emily Ferguson in "Open Trails." The Public is the subject of observation, and the author but the mirror which reflects back again its heroisms, humor and pathos, tinted magically with the hues of his own soul. This was obvious when the minstrel of old chanted of battles to the king and warriors who had fought in them. It is not obvious to-day with the printing press, mail trains, and a hundred other agencies standing between the author and his public—not obvious to-day, but quite as true.

The Canadian public furnishes wonderful material to the literary artist, material which is being seized on with avidity, and exported, while the demand at home is being supplied to a great extent by the importation of foreign goods, which can be manufactured cheaper elsewhere. Two nations, those nearest to us spatially, are among the greatest producers of books and magazines. Both speak our language. They can print cheaply because of quantity production. As a young, thinly populated country, we are at so serious a disadvantage that up to this time the rule has been that the promising Canadian writer must seek London or New York, and that the Canadian reader must look to those points to supply his wants.

Many of us think that the time has come for a change. The Canadian Authors' Association has been formed recently to procure better conditions for our writers. All book-lovers are eligible for associate membership, and should communicate with the secretary, Mr. B. K. Sandwell, Editor of the "Canadian Bookman," who can be reached at McGill University, Montreal. The Association has been dubbed "the Union." The remark was sarcastic, but the idea is a good one. Perhaps in time we can get our wages raised level with those of a bricklayer's helper.

Already we have two novelists, Hopkins Moorhouse and Robert J. C. Stead, who are writing Canadian stories, for Canadians, publishing them in Canada, and selling enough books to make a modest living. Mr. Moorhouse looks a little thin, but this is from overwork rather than malnutrition. Other writers, not quite so popular, are making similar efforts towards a true literary nationality.

The Canadian public has not done its share, nor anywhere near its share, as consumer. Books by local authors must be bought; our own magazines must be subscribed for. Otherwise you will drive out another generation of native writers, as our parents drove out the last, to be absorbed into the American Literary Movement.

The chief aim of this page is to familiarize the readers of the "National Pictorial" with our own writers and their work. Photographs will form a feature, though the whole scheme came up too late to admit of that in this issue. No effort will be made to keep the page uniform structurally; it may contain one article or several. Nor do we set rigid geographical limits upon ourselves. American and English literary topics will be discussed. But there will be a unity about the page for all that, fundamental and unchanging—the Unity of Viewpoint.

THE HEADPIECE

A PIG'S head was propped up in the butcher-shop window. It was a nice head, all washed, and clean—almost rosy it looked; and I swear there was a contented smile on its face, as it watched the people passing on Portage Avenue. It looked so much more pleasant than, say, the severed head of Sualtach stuck on the column in Conor's palace. For Sualtach's head made the column all messy; and Sualtach's face showed anger; and Sualtach's mouth kept up a great racket. No wonder King Conor, half-waking, said: "Too noisy is that head." Decidedly the advantage lay with the pig.

But between Piggy's ears I saw a little card which read 15c. It surprised me, for I had thought that pork was very expensive. Then I remembered that it was the other end of the pig which brought 60c. and 70c., and even—a few months ago—80c. a pound.

Now men sometimes have prices set on their heads. Usually they are the worst men in the country. But none of them so worthless that the price is fixed at anything like 15c. In the eleventh century, if a jovial knight jokingly took off a serf's head, the knight had to pay only five shillings damages. The market for heads was terribly depressed. At that time a pig's head brought such a small fraction of a farthing that only expert mathematicians could deal in them safely. To-day, with pigs' heads at 15c., workmen's compensation boards, and juries, and similar agencies have been raising the price on men's heads till no thoughtful contractor willingly allows his workmen to injure theirs.

Human posteriors have never been much of an asset. In *Candide* Voltaire describes a poor lady who had one of her buttocks eaten by cannibals, and the author leaves us to assume that the occurrence, while regrettable, was not one which she could readily air in court. My friend on the Pensions Board takes the same view. A soldier who has had a few slices taken off his hindquarters by a shell is not necessarily entitled to any compensation from that government which, during the War, saw fit to pay very high prices indeed for corresponding chunks out of the anatomy of hogs.

So it appeared at the end of my meditation that while a hog's rump is valuable, a man's is worth nothing; and while a pig's head is cheap, a man's comes high. The old adage, "Don't make a hog of yourself," started to take on a new meaning. For you and me the headpiece is the valuable thing.

Finally as to Sualtach. He had arrived at the palace to warn the King of the country's foes, even then marching on Emain Macha. He fell, accidentally, in the banquet hall, and cut off his head on the edge of his own shield. So filled was he with the sense of patriotic duty that the head continued to shout, "*Ulster arise, arise!*" until the King woke and the men-at-arms, and rushing to wild Murthemne's plain, they drove back Queen Maeve and all her host. Men will never forget Sualtach.

Piggy's head will smile quite decorously on the people on Portage Avenue, and make no noise at all, until somebody takes it home and puts it in the pot like Mr. Finnie's turnip. That will be the final, absolute end of Piggy.

The writer is a Canadian with a rather aggressive national bias. He welcomes this further opportunity of speaking to his kinsmen.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

By CLAYTON MacDONALD

GLANCING over the titles of books announced last month, we find the usual quota of contributions to the various departments of literature. It is noteworthy to observe that there are a great number of works devoted to the most serious problems that puzzle humanity: Science, Politics and Sociology, to which Travel and Biography are interesting adjuncts, while Miscellaneous fills up the blanks between the various subjects. Art and Poetry have their constant contributors. So there is enough, we must admit, of serious matter to satisfy the whole world of scientists, philosophers, sociologists and artists. Fiction, likewise, generously supplies all the exigencies of its readers. There is only one department short, and it is the JUVENILE. In subsequent months, let us note how it continues to rank. We are under the impression that it always ranks last. Now, that is decidedly unfair, considering the number of children in the world, from the age of reason upward to those proud of their *teens*, yet, nevertheless, children. We are not prepared at this moment to engage into a full analysis of the whys and wherefores of this deficiency, but simply wish to call attention to the fact that it exists, and frankly ask why writers of marked ability neglect training the young mind so as to equip it to grasp later in their lives the problems they take such pains to impart to adults in pleasing, entertaining ways. Think what a collection of juvenile literature we would have,—real works of art, pulsating with life caught at full tide, and presented to youthful readers in the most realistic and impressive manner, if great writers but gave the matter serious thought. And consider what effect the having done that would have upon the masterpieces of to-morrow! Much of the so-called poetic and overlicensed slush would be eliminated. A child would be peeping over the writer's shoulder, watching him write for a child grown older, with a mind greatly and wonderfully developed, capable of understanding and following allusions *to* and analyses *of* the values of life, but conserving in his heart the simplicity and lovableness which won him his original and lasting hold upon mankind. Here is a question for writers to ponder: "Do you really love children, or is that love just one of the many little illusions we all love to cherish about being sensitive to at least one of God's gifts,—His greatest gift,—a little child?" It is not enough to write *about* children, write *for* them.

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TWO books that have aroused interest in reading circles recently are, "If Winter Comes," by A. S. M. Hutchinson, and "Some Experiences of a New Guinea Magistrate," by Capt. C. A. W. Monckton.

The former came to the public as an agreeable surprise, a welcome addition to the three books, "Once Aboard the Lugger," "The Happy Warrior," and "The Clean Heart." "If Winter Comes" is a work that appeals to the analytical and imaginative mind who will sympathize with the hero, Mark Sabre, and frown at his practical,—sternly practical,—wife Mabel, for whom "things are ever as they are simply because they are," and never arouse speculative wonder in her mind. The book is the story of the man, Mabel is incidental to the story, so is the young woman he loved before his marriage to Mabel. There are many interesting situations and incidents arising from the marked contrast between the imaginative and supersensitive Mark and unconsciously practical Mabel, and also between Mark and the fascinatingly unhappy young woman he loved before his marriage to Mabel. Further complications are brought in with the advent of a fourth important character and carry on the story to its climax. It is not our policy to give a synopsis of any book and spoil the reading of it for others. It is the general opinion that "If Winter Comes" is a work of art infused with warm humanity and carries a seriousness throughout the plot that is indicative of the author's own mental attitude towards life and its problems. Not often when an author introduces to his readers a hero about whom has faded the glamor of youth, does he succeed in establishing between him and the reader the bond of sympathy that focuses the right interpretation on his acts and motives. Mr. Hutchinson accomplishes that difficult feat, and so thoroughly, that despite the matured subtlety of character displayed by Mark Sabre, he impresses one with a remarkable lovableness of disposition that wins the continued approval of the reader throughout the disappointments, harassments and intrigues that touch him at every turn.

Captain Monckton's story of his life and experiences in New Guinea in "Some Experiences of a New Guinea Magistrate," is a book of another class and type that is, nevertheless, as much appreciated by the public. It is a work that the younger and older generations will prize and hurry to read once they glimpse the first chapter. One of its advantages is to be both entertaining and informative. Though it is but the story of British officials on the outposts of the Empire, in a far-off archipelago, it is sufficiently interesting, with an interest that accrues with each incident in which cannibals, adventurers and the average good man jostle in adventures that cause us to reaffirm that "Truth is stranger than fiction," if we only will believe it. The story abounds in pleasing geographical details, is permeated with romance, and breathes throughout its pages the indomitable spirit nursed by British ideals of justice and square-dealing.

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"The Flaming Forest," by Oliver Curwood, is the third of his trio of stories about the "Three-River Country,"—"The Valley of Silent Men," and "The River's End." In its pages glows the magic of the Northland interwoven richly with romance. It bears the same relation, in point of interest which it awakens, to the beauties of the land of the Northern Lights as do O'Brien's stories to the allurements of the South Seas.

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"The Song of the Blood Red Flower," by a Finnish writer, Linnankoski, wrestles with the values of life, a theme suggestive of Galsworthy's "Dark Flower," but admitted to be treated in a superior way. Johannes Linnankoski, introduced by this novel for the first time to English readers, may be considered a symbolist in the broadest sense of the appellation. A poet, he seeks to reach his readers through the graceful shadings of his pen; a moralizer, he presents only graphic illustrations of his intent. Olof, the hero, starts upon the voyage of life without any realization of its obligations, like the much-quoted but much-abused butterfly, he gathers pleasure at random until passing through a series of adventures he comes across the one woman, Killikki, who symbolizes the womanhood of the twentieth century. "The Song of the Blood Red Flower" is considered to be a wonderful work, one that reaches out beyond the limitation of the sphere where it was created into the greater one that includes all humanity.

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Catty Atkin, (Harper & Brothers), by C. B. Kelland, is a book intended for boys,—boys in their teens. It is the story of the adventures of Catty and his friend, Wee-Wee Moore, in a lumber camp in the Maine woods. The time of the year is midwinter, when the boys spend some weeks out there. It is a welcome book to both boys and their parents, for Mr. Kelland is the kind of writer that parents have the greatest confidence in, and the sort of story-teller that the boys like.

OPERATIC SONGBIRDS AND THEIR FAVORITE DISHES.

One would think that the famous songbirds of the operatic stage, some of whom are extremely temperamental, would display something of temperament in the selection of a favorite dish and engage a special chef to prepare it for them. Some of them do, but the majority of the famous divas select a simple dish and enjoy nothing better than to prepare it themselves.

Above
Rosa Ponselle
famous of the Metropolitan Opera Company in her kitchen preparing her favorite dish, Spaghetti.

Right
Miss Florence MacBeth
famous coloratura soprano, is shown in her kitchen preparing her own "Tootsie Macaroons."

Center
Mme Kathleen Howard
noted contralto, favors creamed mushrooms

Right
Miss Sydney Thompson.
whose dramatic readings and ballad recitals have won her distinction, is shown here in her own kitchen preparing Apple Sauce.

for September

LABRADOR'S FISHER FOLK

By GRETA G. BIDLAKE

WHEN, on July 7, the S. S. Glencoe blew a great blast and drew up at the entrance to the "tickle" leading to Battle Harbor Island, I stood on deck eager to set foot on this strange soil. The steamer was soon surrounded by motor dorys and rowboats taking off casks of salt, drums of gasoline and the fishermen passengers, while, farther off, we spied the Mission launch cutting through the waters. We were to go ashore in this, for the narrow straits or "tickles" are not navigable by such ponderous craft as steamships.

Once around the cape past Trap Cove, Battle Harbor Island came in sight. The slim mast of the Marconi station rose from its summit—a slight thing, but linking these bleak hills with the hum of busy cities. Below it stood the hospital of the Grenfell Mission and the doctor's residence, and, nearer the water, the piers and warehouses of the fish merchants. The village church and school stood out plainly, while the village itself ran along the foot of the hills to the left. We sailed through cold but sunlit waters, past floating lumps of ice, past the black hulls of fishing schooners, and wound our way among smaller boats till we finally landed at the pier below the hospital.

This was not the end of my journey, though the worst was over. My summer station lay on the mainland six miles away, and as I looked on these bare hills, forbidding masses of grey rock lightly blotched with vegetation, I inwardly hoped to find Deep Water Creek a bit more friendly. This proved to be the case, a most auspicious thing, and one which cheered me at once.

I depended on chance to reach the Creek, however, and again chance favored me. A stalwart fisherman, a patriarchal, half-breed "huskie," had come over from Fox Harbor for a load of salt, and would take me across with him. Once on the mainland, I could easily reach the Creek, which lay only two miles away by a hill trail or four miles around the coast by water. This proved true, too, for I had not been more than an hour in his pleasant wife's company before a boat came from the Creek. There were three men in it who had come around Cape St. Lewis to spread their nets for drying on the wide flat of the Harbor, and they offered to take me back, trunks and all. We passed headlands of rock piled on end, as it had been thrown by some ancient upheaval, long, low islands and bare, dotted with sea fowl, a small whale spouting in the distance, icebergs sailing across the view near the horizon, while along the shore the salmon nets were marked by empty casks that bobbed up and down. I began that minute to love Labrador.

In an hour's time I entered the mouth of the cove and saw my village perched high on the cliffs above me—six houses, and for the most part pitifully poor and small, but hospitable I knew, and picturesque enough to satisfy all my desires. I climbed a rough pathway first of poles and then of stepping-stones, and presented jolly Aunt Susan, who came down to meet me, with the first mail since January 15, when a dog-team carrier had gone through.

AUNT Susan was to be my hostess, and it was in one of her rooms that I was to teach school. I liked her. She was of Eskimo ancestry, and possessed the good-natured, fun-loving characteristics of that race. When I arrived, she stood her mat frame against the wall, picked up the rags and led me upstairs to the room that was to be mine. I was moved in.

The next morning I arose early to arrange the school-room furniture. I had a flat-topped packing box, three small tables, some chairs, a few benches and two cloth blackboards, with a small collection of readers and kindergarten material, all drawn from the house furnishings or from the remnant of supplies left by the last teacher. I drew on my trunk for the rest. I had brought pencils, erasers, two more blackboards, crayons, readers, flags, word-builders and number cards, and even a school bell. This I rang at nine o'clock, and my fifteen scholars, who had been standing curiously on the platform outside for half an hour or more, filed in.

These shy, Northern children were eager to learn. The dusky, brown-haired, black-eyed Eskimo tots were adorable. From a schoolma'rm's viewpoint, their sense of number was undeveloped, their range of knowledge was limited and their ideas of school were sketchy, there having been a teacher there only twice before. All this left one with little that could be used to "connect up" new facts, but their eagerness and willingness were compensations. One teacher to the coast remarked that she wished some one would write a Labrador Primer with plenty of "dog" and "seal" and "ice" in it, for one could scarcely ask children to read about "a cat" when they had never seen one, nor about ponies and visits to grandma in the country, and other things quite beyond their comprehensions. I got over this by making reading cards, using words that were the names of familiar objects, and adding new sentences to them daily.

CHILDREN in these villages have a hard lot. Food and clothing do not always go round families that still keep increasing their numbers, and, while they receive all the care their parents know how to give, still there is a great need for more teaching of dietetics, sanitation and simple rules of health, which every Grenfell Mission volunteer tries in some measure to supply.

Five of the six houses in my village were occupied by "liveyere" families, the other going "up the bottom" in the seclusion of St. Lewis Bay for the winter. Whole villages sometimes do this.

No description of Labrador life is complete that does not mention the dogs. There are two varieties, "huskies," or Eskimo dogs, and "straits' dogs," that is, huskies interbred with a Newfoundland strain, and either kind can, and do, make the nights hideous with their yelping. I soon learned, following what seemed to be the custom of the place, to rise and heave a stick of stove wood into what I judged was the centre of the sound, thus scattering the dogs and ensuring silence for a few hours at least. These dogs, which can haul over one hundred pounds apiece, are a blessing in winter, but, in summer, rather an all-round nuisance. They forget authority and wander around the fish stages, gorging on offal, or lie about underfoot watching with wolfish eyes for a chance to steal something. When too unruly, my host would step out on the platform and crack the long walrus-hide whip belonging to the dog team over their heads, and this "put the dogs in their place."

LABRADOR is not so desolate as we have often been led to imagine. Besides caribou moss, there are several kinds of small bushes and at least ten varieties of berries, including cranberries, blueberries and bakeapples, all, with the exception of this last, changed somewhat by adaptation to a colder climate. In the sheltered crevices of the rocks these grow luxuriously. On the side of the hills remote from the sea, spruce, fir, poplar and birch trees attain quite a size, while farther inland there are magnificent forests.

The country is well watered. There are lakes, ponds and little brooks connecting the links of their shining chains wherever you look from the hilltops. The creek that gave my village its name issued from a lake lying below the level of the cliffs, and it had worn its way through a wall of rock fifty feet high. What persistence in so small a thing!

RAGS AND COMPANY

By ANDREW SOUTAR

SYNOPSIS

Hereward, an English actor, who wears the smile of the debonnair towards the world while his heart smarts under the hurt of disappointment in his career, when strolling about a London Park, meets with his cousin, Kitty Mallairs, likewise an actress. The recognition is mutual, and, as they had lost sight of one another for some years, they recount to each other the happenings of the intervening years, disguising successfully the reality. . . . Hereward is interested in sheep-raising; he speaks of that as of the whim of one in affluence led into stock-raising as a safe investment—a speculation. Kitty revels in her descriptions and allusions to a rose-trellised cottage in the country. Thus they chat, intermingling their conversation with reminiscences of stage-life when they played corresponding parts,—she had played Desdemona to his Othello. But while sipping thus together the cup of memories they reach the dregs in the person of one Septimus Bandyke, erstwhile manager of their company, who had taken from them their very best: Kitty's talents and youth, Hereward's cash—money to the amount of one hundred pounds sterling he had borrowed from a dear little old aunt of his to back up a play that was to net them a fortune. The play had run two nights, on the third Bandyke had gone. They had not heard of him in years. Now, he appeared to be at the top again. He had a child in the old days, a daughter, now Miss Bandyke, who was about to wed the son of a knight. That very day there was to be given a dinner to celebrate the coming event, and by the luckiest stroke of chance Hereward had secured two invitations to the dinner. He and Kitty Mallairs dwell upon the ingratitude of Bandyke with all the bitterness which their own wasted lives contribute. *She* had loved Bandyke, had given him her affection, her hard-earned shillings; *he* had lost his money and caused his aunt, a sweet, simple soul, to lose faith in mankind. They must seek to revenge themselves. Hereward invites Kitty to accompany him to the dinner. She accepts. They will meet at the appointed hour and go to Bandyke's. There they will expose him,—his base ingratitude, his dishonesty will be made public. . . . Kitty leaves Hereward and hurries to her lodgings to make ready for the drama that will be enacted in the home of the ungrateful one. But on the way home she stops at GOLDSTEIN'S, dealer in second-hand costumes, and makes her selection of an evening gown. There is a suggestion of more than a passing desire to humiliate an old acquaintance of hers in her thoughts of Bandyke and the coming dinner. She writes letters to friends, to her landlady, warning them in case of accident to her, then she takes particular pains in arraying herself in the most becoming and up-to-date style. At the rendezvous Hereward is there, the facsimile of the finest fashion plate Kitty has ever seen. They exchange compliments, then pass to discussing what is uppermost in their minds,—the downfall of Bandyke and incidentally of his daughter, whom they remember but faintly as a child. Hereward rehearses the speech he will make at the dinner. He begins: "Dear friends, lend me your ears."

"'I COME to worry Septimus, not to please him. Behold in him the personification of base ingratitude and ineffable snobbery. From out of the past I drag the bones of his obligations, and here, in your presence, command him to liquidate his just debts under pain of being branded a thief as well as a snob. And if he should still refuse——'"

"Is that all?" she inquired, in a thin, lifeless voice.

"No," he said sharply; "the rest I will tell you later."

They did not speak again until the cab stopped outside the door of Mr. Septimus Bandyke's house in Knights-bridge. A carriage was moving away along the street, having disgorged its scented contents.

"Leading lady in Stamet's new play," Hereward whispered, as he saw Kitty glance at the slim, majestic figure being received at the door. "Wonder what he'll say when he has to receive us? Now, child, pull yourself together; the curtain's up—this is your call."

ARM in arm, they walked up the steps. The flunkey at the door led them towards the reception-room. There was a full crowd and a great cacophony.

"Mr. Hereward Lidell and Miss Mallairs!"

There wasn't even a lessening of the babel, but out of the crowd came a girl of twenty, a sweet-faced girl with great blue eyes and a voice that brought tears to Kitty's eyes because of its extraordinary plaintiveness. It was Bandyke's daughter. Only once before in her life had she seen Kitty, but she remembered her and with beautiful simplicity raised her head to the kiss.

"I was a baby when last I saw you, Miss Mallairs, but I have not forgotten the joy of my first night at the theatre. You were so—so splendid."

She nodded graciously at Hereward. He whispered to Kitty:

"That's the sort of man he is. Sending her on in advance to break down our resolution."

The girl sought out her father, and brought him to the newcomers. His face was most peculiarly wrinkled as he came towards them. Instinct told him that they represented a conspiracy, but it wasn't the time to inquire how they had been able to force themselves upon him. He was a little man, with gray hair and young eyes. Thin, too, for his dress clothes hung loosely from the shoulders, and there was an angularity about the hips and elbows.

"My dear friends!" he said. "How good it is to see you again!" Then followed some introductions; Margaret, the daughter, took Kitty away to meet the son of the knight; Bandyke was so ill at ease that he abandoned Hereward to his own devices, and Hereward amused himself by wandering about the room and making a mental note of the names that were likely to get into the social columns of the newspapers on the following day. One of the guests seemed strangely familiar to him. . . . .

"An old friend of Mr. Bandyke?"

"Very old," said Hereward, in reply to the man.

"Wonderfully energetic man for his years!"

"Pooh!" said Hereward. "He's not old."

"Gray, friend—slightly worn."

"Well, what of that?" said Hereward. "You must pay a price for the fortune you make."

"True. And this—this marriage should mean——?"

"Anything," Hereward agreed; "money begets money."

And he wondered why the man made a note of the remarks on his left shirt-cuff.

A FOOTMAN came towards Hereward and said that Mr. Bandyke was in the study and would be charmed to see Mr. Lidell there for a few moments before dinner. He followed the man along the corridor, and straightened his shoulders as he crossed the threshold of the study. Mr. Bandyke was pacing to and fro. As Hereward entered, the little man darted to the door and turned the key in the lock. Then he wheeled on Hereward. His eyes were full of fire and fight.

"Now, show your cards," he said.

Hereward pretended that he didn't understand.

"Show them," cried Bandyke, fiercely, "and don't wait until you have a chance to lie in front of the company. What are you doing here?"

Hereward smiled contemptuously.

"I came as your guest, Bandyke; I and Miss Mallairs."

"You lie."

"Then why didn't you order me out of the house when I was announced?"

"You lie!" he repeated, and his whole body was shaking with rage. "The pair of you are up to some knavish trick. You're a couple of jealous, ear-biting failures. You think this is a splendid opportunity to levy blackmail. You think I should be afraid to meet any charge you might bring——"

"I wish you were younger, Bandyke, I'd choke you for those vile insinuations. You, the bloated little promoter! You, who robbed me of a hundred pounds! You, who stole all there was to steal in the days when we were supposed to be on sharing terms! You, who have scraped and hoarded a fortune together—you dare to accuse me and her of trying to blackmail you because of jealousy. Damme, I've half a mind to——"

(Continued on page 44)

REVIEW OF WORLD EVENTS

By WILLIAM BANKS

EXCEPTING the declaration of war with Germany on the eve of the world conflict, Britain has known few sensations, since King George succeeded to the throne, to equal that caused by His Majesty's denial of statements made in an interview credited to Lord Northcliffe. Of itself, the course taken by the King to refute the allegations were unusual, while fully in keeping with his constant effort to rule and live as becomes a monarch under a constitutional system. It had the added distinction of giving Premier Lloyd George a chance to strike hard at Northcliffe, who has for some time been turning his weapons against the British Premier and his cabinet. The interview complained of was itself given in New York under conditions out of the ordinary. The expressions to which the King and Lloyd George both took exception, were those which credited the former with "forcing" the Prime Minister to initiate the move for peace in Ireland. Northcliffe, who was in the United States on a holiday trip at the time, subsequently repudiated it. The evidence seems to be against him, though there was an effort to place the responsibility on the shoulders of H. Wickham Steed, editor of the London Times. It was to the latter that a New York version of the interview was credited. It is significant, however, that the interview, which seems to have been cabled only to the London Times and the London Daily Mail, both Northcliffe publications, was killed by the Times. It appeared in the early Irish edition of the Mail, being pulled out of the London and British editions of that paper also. It was not until the Irish papers got back to England two days later that the full text of the interview, and a clear understanding of its import, seized the people. It is more than probable that Lloyd George had the King's attention drawn to the interview without any loss of time. The statement read by him in the Commons on the King's behalf indicates that. Naturally there was nothing vague about that statement. "Fabrications" was the word applied to the conversations alleged to have taken place. It was also emphasized that the King had followed the invariable constitutional practice in respect to the speech from the Throne at the opening of the Northern Irish Parliament. In other words, the speech was prepared by his advisers.

IT was natural that Lloyd George should take the opportunity of adding to his reading of the King's statement in the House some words conveying his own opinion of the Northcliffe outburst. He did it in a paragraph that had a sting in every word almost:

> "I hope that this statement may do something to sterilize the effects of the criminal malignity which, for personal ends, is endeavoring to stir up mischief between the Allies, and misunderstanding between the British Empire and the United States, to frustrate the hope of peace in Ireland."

As an indictment, that is about as complete as could be. It takes a Lloyd George to fashion and present one like that. One may well believe that Lord Northcliffe's chief regret will be that he blundered to the extent of enabling the hard-hitting Premier to get in such a blow.

IT remained for J. H. Thomas, the leader of the British Railwaymen, and one of the shrewdest of Labor representatives in the Commons, to point the moral of the incident. Between the lines of his brief speech, those who are sufficiently acquainted with the British people and their ideas of government could read the respect which the Royal family has won for itself among all classes, coupled with the knowledge that the people, no less than the King, recognized His Majesty's limitations of power. Thomas held that the King's position was second to none occupied by any monarch in the world, for two reasons. These were, first, that he recognized no class or creed, but realized that "the interests of the people is his first and paramount consideration; secondly, because he recognizes that he is, and accepts his position as, a constitutional monarch."

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IN ADVANCE of the conference on disarmament, to begin its deliberations in Washington on Armistice Day, November 11, the British Commons has approved of proposals to build four powerful battle-cruisers, which will take the place of obsolete vessels. At first blush that looks like a bad preliminary to a gathering called for the express purpose of finding a way out of the struggle to increase war machines. In reality, it is merely a step toward keeping up the British fleet to the point below which, pending an agreement among the great maritime powers, it would be dangerous to drop. It is only fair to impress the truth, that ever since the Armistice, Britain has put into practical form many of the aims and desires of her people in respect to armaments. The personnel of the fleet to-day is roughly 30,000 less than when peace was asked for. Only eighteen capital ships are in commission as compared with thirty-six, and no new capital ships have been laid down in the last five years. Since October, 1918, no new cruisers, destroyers or submarines have been ordered. Britain has shown a way that other nations might have followed with advantage to themselves, as well as placating the suspicions and fears of their neighbors. The elaborate program of naval construction by the United States still in progress, and the feverish haste with which Japan built battleships and other naval craft, would have justified Britain in deciding to keep up with the construction of vessels for replacing some that are out of date. As it is, even with the knowledge that she is laying down four more big cruisers, she will go to the conference with a record that will compare most favorably with the two countries whose jingoes have talked of "the mastery of the Pacific," and who see in war a means to advance themselves and that only. All the nations that were invited to the conference have now accepted without reservation. President Harding may well feel proud of the response to his suggestion.

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THE coming Disarmament Conference gave to the British Empire premiers, in conference in London, the second of the reasons they advanced against approving any general plan of Empire naval defense at this time. The first perfectly sound excuse was that this is a matter that, in any event, must be decided by the respective parliaments of the countries interested. That is a constitutional safeguard that has more than once availed to keep Overseas Dominions' delegates out of tight corners in Empire Conferences. It is a proper one, of course, while there could hardly be one with more common sense in it than that of waiting the outcome of the Washington gathering. The premiers, however, are credited with saving the scrapping of Britain's dirigible airship fleet for the present. Technical experts of the British Government had decided that the fleet must go; that, either as a commercial factor or an auxiliary to the navy or army, it was too costly, while its efficiency was not such as to warrant reliance on it. This view is generally taken by enthusiastic supporters of the

airplane as against the big airship. It is somewhat startling to find it so strongly advanced in Britain when builders in that country have completed the largest airship in the world to the order of the United States navy. A few more years may find the dirigible so far improved as to upset many of the views and theories now held. The premiers have agreed to consult their parliaments on the matter of assistance in maintaining the air fleet, and continuing experiments with a view to improvements in construction, durability and usefulness. It is estimated that the cost under these various headings will, in the next six years, aggregate $50,000,000. It will be a matter for each Dominion parliament to decide by how much it will aid to meet that.

CANADIAN

ALBERTA is another Canadian province that has served notice on the politicians of the traditional schools, that there is a new power in the land. The United Farmers of that Western province won a clear-cut victory in the general elections, turning out Premier Stewart and his Liberal Government and holding a dominance over all other possible combinations in a Legislature of sixty-one members. In Alberta, as in Ontario, and to a lesser degree in Manitoba, there is a political significance in the events that have attended the general elections, the full meaning of which has yet to be unfolded. It would seem to be indicative of a change of feeling on the part of the majority of people toward the old political parties as we have known them. The farmers have certainly awakened to the possibilities of political organization. They will hardly be content to rest on the successes they have gained in provincial fields. It does look as if Canada is to have a Parliament that will contain at least four well-defined groups—Farmer, Labor, Conservative and Liberal. Or, perhaps, the two former may join. The puzzle for the political experts, who sharpen their wits on prophecies and calculations, will be to pick a winner in the next general election. This is not the place to discuss politics, but they offer a very inviting field for speculation now, and will continue to do so until the next Dominion election is a matter of history.

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CELEBRATING the tercentenary of the coming of the first white man, Penetanguishene, Ontario, has again shown to the people of Canada that they have a storied past. Too often Canadians are inclined to look to lands in other hemispheres and consider them only as having history and romance that are worth pondering over and investigating. Here in our own land there is a story as thrilling as any that ever graced the pages of a romance about any land in Europe, did we but care to give our minds to its unfolding. The series of beautiful pageants at Penetang, with the unveiling of a monument to Father Lecaron, the first white man on the shores of the Georgian Bay, and to other noted characters and incidents in connection with Huronia's history, were worthy the events they portrayed. Not the least dramatic was the literal burying of the hatchet which marked the end of the bitter feud between the Indian tribes, the Hurons and the Iroquois. Indian chiefs of both tribes were the chief actors in this ceremony. The preparations for the celebration, which were made well in advance, resulted in the discovery of many interesting relics and mementoes of olden days, carelessly stored in attics or sheds and lying unrevealed until search brought them to light. All over this country there must be many such relics awaiting the hands of some who know and appreciate their value as reminders of what it cost to win Canada, and to set it on the pathway of greatness in the arts of peace.

* * * * * *

COMMUNITIES on the Niagara Peninsula are agitating again for a service that will ensure them Canadian morning newspapers early in the day. The view of those who ask this is that the Americanization of the people by the influx of United States papers has reached serious proportions, and that it is time it was offset by accessibility to the Canadian morning press. Geography makes it certain that there will always be many ties of common interest between this country and the United States. The peoples of both countries are much alike in their ideals, aspirations, methods of living, sports and other phases of life, to say nothing of the interwoven business interests. It is undoubtedly true that the American newspaper and the American magazine have got a firm hold in many sections of this country, among native-born or British-born Canadians as well as among the many Americans who reside here. It is equally true that there is developing in Canada a spirit of nationality that is not the less sturdy, because it is sane and is not flaunted on every conceivable occasion. This is, also, finding a vent in the slow but sure appreciation of Canadian literature, in book and periodical form. Canadians and Americans will always have much in common. Their relations of blood and language make that a certainty. But they also have brains enough to know that there is room for two strong, vigorous-and progressive nations on this continent. Those of them who are doing any real thinking on the matter see that Canada has another mission in this world beside that of making herself strong in all that is good and true—she is the interpreter as between Britain and the United States. The war opened the door for her to that position wider than it had ever been before.

* * * * * *

"RAINMAKER" Hatfield made good on his contract to secure increased precipitation of rain in the Medicine Hat district of Alberta, and won the amount set, $8,000. If some one could avert the sudden hail storms, such as those which caused havoc in several areas of the Canadian West where crops promised a good yield, he would, no doubt, be booked for contracts for the rest of his life.

THE Dominion form of government has been brought into prominence during the recent political parleys, and many important and interested newspapers have discussed it in their columns. The Montreal Star insists that the different parts of the empire should come to a definite agreement as to the stand to be taken upon questions regarding the Pacific before entering the conference called by President Harding, and the Toronto Mail and Empire goes still further and demands that a foreign office representing the colonies, as well as the mother country, shall be established to define the course of the Empire in matters of foreign policy.

The Manchester Guardian, too, says that in some quarters in Canada there is deep disappointment at the imperial conference having failed to remove what it terms the "inferior citizenship" of Canadians, as comprised in these four points: The Governor-General is appointed by the British and not by the Canadian Government; appeals lie from the supreme court of Canada to the privy council in England; absence of Canadian representation from almost the whole field of foreign relations, and inability of Canada to amend its own constitution without an act of the imperial parliament, and the theoretical power of veto by the home authorities of any legislation passed by Canada.

As a matter of fact, these disabilities have already been practically wiped out. The Canadian Government is always consulted before a new governor-general is appointed. Canada can deprive its people, if it should see fit, of the right to appeal to the privy council. Representation of all the colonies in the diplomatic service is certain to come. Lastly, the right of veto has never been exercised by the imperial government, nor has it refused to amend the Canadian constitution in any way that Canadians desire. It has even, in deference to the wishes of Canada, suspended the conferring of hereditary titles upon Canadians. If it be Britain's first aim, as Lloyd George said, to secure an accord with America, its second is to maintain an accord with Canada.

RHYMED MEDLEY

By EDMUND ROSS

We've heard of "snows of yesterday,"
And, also, "roses fair,"
Whose fragrance long has died away
Upon the desert air.

But now we hear another lay,
A song filled with despair:
"The high wages of yesterday
Have become mem'ries rare."

* * * *

Now here's a tale Dame Rumor sings
About a man we know
Who does all sorts of wondrous things
And scarcely sleeps . . . Oh, no!

"Why, sleep," he said, "just clogs our brains
And wastes time galore,
'Tis work that builds and surely trains
Us to do more and more."

So word went out over the land
That such should be the rule.
But Man only raised up a hand
And said: "I'd be a fool

"To foreswear sleep, which is so sweet
That Shakespeare thought it fit
To sing its worth in rhythmic feet
And make all honor it.

"While I myself do so agree
With all the poet writes,
That when day dawns, I cry 'Damme!
All my sweet dreams it blights!' "

Now, now, indeed, what will he do
Who slept in full mid-day?—
Right there, in camp, with others, too,
Who have not failed to say:

"Yes, Mr. Edison, 'tis true,
Indeed it is, just look—
The kodak man came upon you
Asleep right near that brook."

* * * *

Another thing we hear these days
Has to do with the sun:
It seems that he hid by his rays
What earth was warned to shun,—

A comet fierce that scorched with vim
All that came in its way,—
The Weinecke, so named by him
Who first described its sway,

And warned poor mortals that, alas!
Should they but see its tail,
Why, not one on this earthly mass
Would live to tell the tale.

And yet despite this warning fair,
Some fools still tried to see
The comet as it sailed up there
Upon the azure sea.

They tried, and looked the livelong day
With strained limbs and eyes,
And when no comet came this way
They hissed and gave forth cries.

That blessed sun, he was to blame
For sending out such rays,
And sure they said it was a shame,
As they went on their ways.

* * * *

Another story still there is
About a *Becket* man
Who daily picks up blueberries
As fast as machines can.

He picks one hundred quarts when ripe
And feels quite fit and gay,—
He sure must have a linotype
Applied to work, folks say.

* * * *

It used to be a traveller's fad
To have his trunks and bags
All labelled up,—and he was mad,
If tourists failed to note his tags.

The fad still lives, only labels,
To keep up with the age,
Must show air lines, and not hotels,
As was the former rage.

* * * *

Last, but not least, among the things
That stand out in the past,
Are pirate feats and bandit rings
That are outrivalled fast.

For who, who lives now, can declare
What was done in those days
Can hold a candle and compare
To modern bandit ways?

And when we read of smugglers then,
Who worked in frail canoes,
Plying their barks with just two men
To unload all their booze,

We turn from them and all their brawls,
And closing our eyes,
A great big ship sending out yawls
We try to visualize.

HUNTING ELEPHANTS IN SIAM

(Continued from page 24)

IN the evening after the crowd had gone, the rest of the herd was safely pressed inside the inner stockade. The next morning the wall was thronged with sightseers, and those who could find no room there crowded into the narrow space between the wall and the stockade itself. The elephants seemed to be resigned to their fate,—some were pouring dust upon their heads, and blowing it over their backs with a philosophic air of disregard for their surroundings; the catchers, mounted on the tame tuskers, were riding in among them. They had ropes of rhinoceros hide, and at one end was a noose which they guided by means of a long bamboo pole. Having singled out an elephant, they seized the moment when one foot was off the ground to slip the noose deftly over his hind leg, and, having drawn it tight, they threw down the loose end of the rope. Then the men ran between the posts, and catching the rope lashed it to a post. If the wild elephant struggled, the tame tuskers forced him back, and as he approached the posts the rope was drawn in, until he was tied up against them. Only five or six elephants were caught, and the young tuskers were generally the ones chosen.

Shortly after noon the herd was let out through the opposite entrance to that through which they had been driven in. Outside, they were surrounded by a cordon of spearmen and tuskers, but, nevertheless, two or three broke away and charged through the crowd, who fled in all directions. This is what the Siamese really enjoy, and they show the most reckless daring, running up to the elephants and dodging away; but, generally before the play is over some one gets killed. One of the elephants that escaped was a young tusker, only four feet high. The little fellow was mad with rage, and chased the crowd, who danced around him shrieking with delight. This was one of the smallest elephants in the herd, but much younger ones have been taken in the hunt. Some years ago a baby elephant was actually born in the *paniet*, and ran around under his mother all the time, protected by her from the crushing and jostling. His little woolly body and absurd shrill trumpet soon came to be looked on as the chief feature of the performance.

As soon as the herd had been driven out, numbers of Siamese entered the *paniet* to search for any hairs that had fallen from the elephants' tails, for these are powerful charms.

In the afternoon the captured elephants were driven out, the mooring lines being passed from post to post as they went. Outside the *paniet*, a tusker ranged up on either side; a collar of rattan was slipped around the neck of the captive and attached to similar collars on the tame elephants, and so he was marched off to some long sheds, where the elephants were tied up once more to stout posts. There they remained for six weeks, by the end of which time they were quite tame. Meanwhile, the herd was taken to the river to bathe, and all that night they were kept upon the bank, closely surrounded.

On the last day of the hunt the catching went on in the open. This was an exciting time, for many elephants broke away and charged blindly through the neighboring gardens, and if they had found a house in their path they would have picked it up, in a fit of annoyance, and thrown it into the river. Sometimes the occupants of the house-boats are filled with consternation to find an elephant bearing down upon them.

When all was over, the herd was driven away again, with scarcely diminished numbers. The tuskers accompanied them until they are safely off the cultivated land, and then left them to find their way back to their old haunts.

DOGS AND DOGS

By PETER McKUNE

IN these modern, opulent days, one is accustomed to think of dogs as luxurious pets—beautiful, pampered creatures, which everyone loves and wants to caress and talk about. But there are dogs and dogs, and in my wanderings over the face of the earth, I've studied these likable, faithful animals, admired them, and preferred them often to the company of men. I could fill volumes about varieties of canines—could tell you stories of Collies, Airedales, Newfoundlands,—could even evolve a tale that would rank with Terhune's "Lad," but I prefer to write about "and dogs."

By "and dogs," I mean the self-reliant, fine common curs I found in multitudes in Mexico, during my visit to that country this summer. There are well-groomed pet dogs, mentioned heretofore, and "just dogs." The Mexican dog is a dog only, and along the railway route from Mexico City to Vera Cruz, this population of dogs *simplement* is particularly worthy of note.

The "and dog" under consideration here maintains himself—more often than otherwise, has no home and no master. He "hangs out" at the railway stations, and chances his existence from crumbs and scraps and chicken bones thrown out of the train windows by passengers while the stops are being made. The customs of the country make this possible—there are no dining cars on the Mexican trains, and at each station long stops are the practice, and the natives flock hither with huge trays of fried and broiled chicken, cakes, Mexican sweets, special Mexican dishes, blankets, shawls, earthenware, shoes, walking sticks, jewelry, beer, wine, fruits, pulque, coffee, milk, and other eatables and vegetables—and wares. But the principal viand commodity is chicken. It is delicious. Nearly all the passengers buy chicken, eat it then and there, and throw the bones out the windows. Hence, the self-reliant dogs—just dogs. Of course, I bought chicken and ate it with relish. I would not allow myself to think of the fattening of these chickens—I ate it with my thinking eyes shut. By pursuing that method, the flavor of the chicken remained unimpaired. Getting back to my subject, these "and dogs" flourish, for the traffic between Mexico City and Vera Cruz is crowded, there are about a dozen trains each day, all making stops at the stations, and the larger percentage of the passengers and train crews buy chicken; therefore, more bones—and better gleanings for the dogs.

The physical requirement of a dog *simplement*, or a railway station habitue, is that he be a husky, and able to fight for his rights. For when a chicken ham-bone is flung from the coach window, it alights in the arena of everyone for himself, a place where weaklings and cowards have no standing whatever. And the first one to seize said bone is not always the ultimate consumer. He is—if he is a husky and able to battle for his catch. That is the happy word—"catch!" Why, I've seen some of the neatest catches on the fly that any ball park crowd ever cheered.

The next requirement of these likable wayside dogs is that they be friendly. There are many ill-mannered, mean people about, and an ugly, impolite dog would not get on smoothly at all. He would be kicked and rushed with the bayonet, for Mexican railway stations still have a few bayonets loafing around. Almost without exception, the "and dog" is the nicest, friendliest creature one would care to meet. He takes his chance, first, as aforesaid, in the arena of catch-as-catch-can, but when the best prizes have been taken, he and the others that were unsuccessful, promptly board the trains—and circulate among the passengers. Why, bless me, the first time these visitors approached me on the standing train, I was almost deceived into believing that some of my own dogs had found me!—they were so glad to see me! I've seen reunions, apparently, on these trains that would almost start a tear in a dog-lover's eye!

(Continued on page 57)

PAGE FOR CHILDREN

SIAM

By ANNE GOSSELIN

IS it not hard to believe, children, that there are places on the earth so different from where we live, that if we were to dream of them instead of being told about them by people who have visited there and brought back pictures to prove what they say, we would believe they could never be real? For instance, take a country called Siam. We do not often hear about Siam. We know it is a country on the other side of the earth, in Asia, and if you look at a map of Asia, you will find it in the southeast corner, not far from China. Well, in Siam, the buildings have roofs shaped like a huge beehive, and others have roofs decorated like a wedding cake, with a smaller section resting on a larger, and so on, until the top one, that is quite small, ends up in a point like a lightning-rod. The Chinese use those sorts of roofs, too, and call them pagoda roofs. But, then, you have all heard a lot about China and not much about Siam, where cocoanut trees grow in the streets as thick as our maples. The people that live in Siam are different from any we know. They dress differently, they act differently. Surely this sounds like fairy talk about fairyland. But not at all. It is just another part of the earth, and if the people who live there came here, they would wonder at us and our ways of doing things. They would ask why we do not have cocoanut trees growing along our sidewalks, why our buildings have such flat roofs and are so square looking. If someone asked them to go hunting they would expect to find tigers, rhinosceroses and elephants in our forests, also monkeys, bears, peacocks, parrots and pheasants. And if they were asked to go driving, unless they had been here before, they would expect to look out through the front door and find elephants with *Howdahs*, something like an open hut, strapped on their broad backs, and drivers dressed in scarlet robes seated on the elephants' necks. They would never think of an automobile, unless, as I have already said, they had been here before. And if they went to visit a farm,—they do a lot of farming in their country, planting fields of rice,—they would expect to see oxen plowing and elephants doing the work of carrying things about, such as loads of hay or corn, if it was harvesting time. A tractor, or even horses doing the work on a farm, would make them open wide their bright, brown eyes, and there would be no end to the questions they would ask. Try and think if you have ever seen any Siamese at some time or other, maybe at a circus, maybe at a fair or exposition. They have straight, black hair, their skin is brown; some are lighter than others, it depends upon what part of Siam they come from. These people belong to the Mongolian race, the same as the Chinese, but they are browner than the Chinese. Siam is governed by a king. He rules the country very well with the aid of counsellors who form a cabinet. The king tries to have his people learn all that is good and useful. Their schools are very fine. There are telephones and telegraph stations in Siam, and some of the buildings are as grand as any to be found in other countries. One city, which is very old, is called Ankor-Vat, and is a great point of interest to travellers who like to see its curiously-shaped roofs, that look like fairyland towers.

The majority of the people who have to earn their living by hard work live in villages. The farm houses look like fishermen's homes, just plain huts of timber and bamboo. They all take great pleasure in boating, and on a holiday the river, a great river that flows all along their country, and all rivers and canals in other parts of Siam, are covered with boats that look somewhat like punts, but larger and covered over the top, high enough for people to sit comfortably in the shade, because it is always very hot in that country. The people dress alike, men and women, children, too. They take a piece of cloth, either silk or cotton, three yards long and one yard wide, wrap it around their hips, then pass it about their bodies until it looks like a pair of loose knickers. The King and his family and those who have travelled or have means, dress more or less as we do. But the ordinary people find their way very simple and less troublesome. There are no factories in Siam run by the people of the country, they don't care about working in factories, they prefer to weave cloth in their homes by means of a loom, and those who work otherwise prefer to farm. They travel a great deal by water, on the river that flows along their country, and by land they travel on elephants. But there are railways in Siam, and some day the people will learn that this is the quickest way of getting about.

Now, about the elephants again. They are about the most interesting animals in Siam. They are surely the most useful, except the oxen that work on the farms. You have heard of white elephants which are very rare. Well, there are some in Siam. The people take great care of them. If you will turn to page 23,—I am sure you have already noticed the picture on that page,—you will see a picture of elephants. One thing you will notice at once is that some elephants have tusks and others are without them. Of course, you will think that the artist who drew that picture forgot to draw some of the tusks. But I want to tell you he did not forget to draw them. He pictured what the man who wrote the story of the Elephant Hunt told him. Some elephants have no tusks. And that man knows, because he was there when those elephants were caught, and he is telling exactly what he saw. The Elephant Hunt took place in the country I have just been telling you about. In the jungles of Siam those huge animals are found in their wild state, and as the story tells us, they are driven out every four years down to the place where the King keeps his great herds of elephants. The hunters have no trouble finding them, and come upon them in the jungles where they like to feed upon jungle grass and bamboo.

There are many interesting things about Siam, but today we want to read about elephants only, so if you will turn at once to page 23, I believe you will enjoy the story.

The GARDEN FAIRIES

By MARJORIE DAY

I AM the fairy Marigold. I live in gardens and chum with old-fashioned fairies whose names are Petunia, Phlox and Daisy. We keep company sometimes with Snap Dragon, Ladyslipper, Pansy, Sweet Pea and others, but never with the Rose sisters, who are so proud that they must have a plot of their own. Why, they don't even look at the Lily family, who, I am sure, are a beautiful lot.

We have loads of fun that people know nothing about. We get news from all over Flowerland, carried to us by bees and butterflies. Mother Nature tells us the bee is a very busy insect that does a lot of good work, such as providing the people of the world with honey, and while we are the ones that produce the honey, without the bee it would all go to waste. Do you children ever think of us when you are eating it? The bee gets sweets from most flowers, those that grow in gardens, and those that grow wild in the fields, such as the clover.

All summer long we enjoy ourselves, and when winter comes we hide. Folk say we die. They are wrong. We only rest for a while. We hide and sleep like other things do in

winter. It isn't so much because we do not like snow and fear the cold. We are really glad when we know snow will soon come because we have had a long spring and summer, and it is now our time to rest and sleep. Nature is such a good watchful mother that she looks after us with as much care as your mammas do. She never lets old Father Winter nip us with his frosty breath. Long before he ever sends word he is coming during fall, she plans our sleep. The frocks we wore during the summer dry up. Those frocks, or petals as they are called, do not matter, they are not worth keeping, but what does matter is that part of the flower which holds on to the stem. If you will examine a blossom in the centre, you will see a number of thread-like parts with dabs of yellow dust upon their tips, while some in the middle are stronger looking and just a little different. They hold our secret for waking up from our sleep. When we lose our petals there are formed little pods or boxes about those thread-like parts which are called stamens and pistils. It is in those pods and boxes Mother Nature places the seeds that are to bring us back next spring. So, you see, we are so sure of coming back next year and have another summer full of fun and joy that we do not mind going to sleep during winter any more than you mind going to bed at night.

JUST as there are many kinds of flowers there are many kinds of seeds. But in one thing all seeds are alike. In each seed there is the heart of a plant, and we grow again from that heart in the seed. Leaves come out first, next the stem that bears the flower buds, and we are in those buds just waiting to burst out in our pretty dresses once more—the same kinds of dressed we wore last year, and the year before that year. We never change styles, because we want the folk who knew us before to know us again; and if we did change, maybe the bees would get puzzled and not know what to do, for in each flower they expect to find a certain kind of sweet which they must take back to the hive.

NOW there is one thing people, and children especially, can do for us,—keep us from getting lost. For instance, I like so much the plot where I am spending this summer that I would like to return to it next year. Won't you help me, you and your little friends? Just watch out for my seeds. There will be many of them, and mine are not closed up tightly in a box. Of course, they would drop on the ground and stay there all through the winter, maybe, because my seeds have no wings to travel with like the seeds of the dandelion. To make sure that nothing happens to me, however, pick up my seeds when my beautiful golden yellow dress dries up, and keep them in a safe place until spring, otherwise if I am left on the ground some hungry sparrow might chance along and eat me up. Oh! I should not like that! I am sure you won't let that happen. Please help me on to another summer of joy and happiness.

THE PRAIRIE MOTHER

(Continued from page 10)

the piano played; Schnider, with his mania for my slippers and undies, which he carried into most unexpected quarters, and Gyp, God bless him, who was so homely of face and form but so true blue in temper and trust.

"Life, to a dog," I went on, "really means devotion to man, doesn't it?"

"What are you driving at, anyway?" asked Dinky-Dunk.

"I was just wondering," I said as I sat staring into Bobs' eyes, "how strange it would be if, after all, God was really a dog, the loving and faithful Watch-Dog of His universe!"

"Please don't be blasphemous," Dinky-Dunk coldly remarked.

"But I'm not blasphemous," I tried to tell him. "And I was never more serious in my life. There's even something sacred about it, once you look at it in the right way. Just think of the Shepherd-Dog of the Stars, the vigilant and affectionate Watcher who keeps the wandering worlds in their folds! That's not one bit worse than the lamb idea, only we've got so used to the lamb it doesn't shock us into attention any more. Why, just look at these eyes of Bobs right now. There's more nobility and devotion and trust and love in them than was ever in all the eyes of all the lambs that ever frisked about the fields and sheep-folds from Dan to Beersheba!"

"Your theory, I believe, is entertained by the Igorrotes," remarked Dinky-Dunk as he made a pretense of turning back to his tractor-pamphlet. "The Igorrotes and other barbarians," he repeated, so as to be sure the screw was being turned in the proper direction.

"And now I know why she said the more she knew about men the better she liked dogs," I just as coldly remarked, remembering Madame de Stael. "And I believe you're jealous of poor old Bobs just because he loves me more than you do."

Dinky-Dunk put down his pamphlet. Then he called Bobs over to his side of the table. But Bobs, I noticed, didn't go until I'd nodded approval. So Dinky-Dunk took his turn at sitting with Bobs' nose in his hand and staring down into the fathomless orbs that stared up at him.

"You'll never get a lady, me lud, to look up at you like that," I told him.

"Perhaps they have," retorted Dinky-Dunk, with his face slightly averted.

"And having done so in the past, there's the natural chance that they'll do so in the future," I retorted, making it half a question and half a statement. But he seemed none too pleased at that thrust, and he didn't even answer me when I told him I supposed I was his Airedale, because they say an Airedale is a one-man dog.

"Then don't at least get distemper," observed my Kaikobad, very quietly, over the top of his tractor-catalogue.

I made no sign that I had heard him. But Dinky-Dunk would never have spoken to me that way, three short years ago. And I imagine he knows it. For, after all, a change has been taking place, insubstantial and unseen and subterranean, a settling of the foundations of life which comes not only to a building as it grows older, but also to the heart as it grows older. And I'm worried about the future.

Monday the—Monday the I-forget-what

IT'S Monday, blue Monday, that's all I remember, except that there's a rift in the lute of life at Alabama Ranch. Yesterday of course was Sunday. And out of that day of rest Dinky-Dunk spent just five hours over at Casa Grande. When he showed up, rather silent and constrained and an hour and a half late for dinner, I asked him what had happened.

He explained that he'd been adjusting the carburetor on Lady Alicia's new car.

"Don't you think, Duncan," I said, trying to speak calmly, though I was by no means calm inside, "that it's rather a sacrifice of dignity, holding yourself at that woman's beck and call?"

"We happen to be under a slight debt of obligation to *that woman*," my husband retorted, clearly more upset than I imagined he could be.

"But, Dinky-Dunk, you're not her hired man," I protested, wondering how, without hurting him, I could make him see the thing from my standpoint.

"No, but that's about what I'm going to become," was his altogether unexpected answer.

"I can't say that I quite understand you," I told him, with a sick feeling which I found it hard to keep under. Yet he must have noticed something amusingly tragic in my attitude, for he laughed, though it wasn't without a touch of bitterness. And laughter, under the circumstances, didn't altogether add to my happiness.

(To be continued)

EDITORIALS

ST. LAWRENCE DEEP WATERWAY

NOW for several years, a deep waterway from the Great Lakes to the ocean has been a subject for discussion between Canada and the United States, with other nations as interested spectators. For the most part, the project has received much favor from the citizens of both countries directly affected by the enterprise.

During the last 18 months, two eminent engineers, Col. W. P. Wooten, for the United States, and Mr. W. A. Bowden, for the Dominion of Canada, have been studying the features of this international canal. They recommend it unreservedly, and suggest that it should go by way of the Welland Canal and the St. Lawrence River. They estimate that a 25-foot-deep channel can be established all the way from Lake Erie to the sea for $252,782,200.00, and it can be made 30 feet deep for an additional expenditure of $17,986.180.00. This construction would include 9 locks, 33 miles of shipping canal, 40½ miles of lake channel, and 108 miles of deepened river channel. The annual expense of maintaining the canal when it is opened would be $2,562,000. At the present time a delegation of United States congressmen and senators, in company with a party of prominent Canadians, are going over the route to give it an official view. These proceedings bring to focus an undertaking that in size is but little less than the Panama Canal. It is difficult to estimate the advantages it will give to the great timber and agricultural sections of Southern Canada and the rich Middle West of the United States.

The only opposition that has been raised so far came from New York and New England, to complain of damages likely to befall railroads entering the Atlantic ports. However, the governments interested in building the deep waterway have so far ignored these objections, and it seems now to be settled that the money will be provided, and the channel cut so as to connect up the Great Lakes with the sea, and thereby give the citizens of two great nations cheaper shipping and a share in the prosperity that has heretofore been monopolized by certain seaboard cities.

Geographically, most of the channel will be through Canadian territory, but being built as an international enterprise will make it entirely the property of both countries, and, as pointed out by prominent statesmen, it will become the greatest guarantee of continued friendship between Canada and the United States.

CANADIAN PAPER

EVER since the administration of President Taft, there has been discussion of the pulp industry between the two countries. Canada controls the paper market of the American continent by virtue of having within its domains the vast pulp-producing forests of North America. In a few years more the limited reserves of the United States will have been exhausted, and that country will depend entirely upon Canada for its newsprint, unless a substitute is discovered that will be cheaper than manufactured Canadian pulp. At the present time three-fourths of the newsprint used in the United States comes from Canada, and the American government has favored that importation by removing all duty from foreign pulp.

It has been noticed by Canadian publishers, however, that many grades of paper used in the Dominion cost in Canada more than they do in the United States. There must be some inequality somewhere in the handling of Canadian paper in the Dominion, for since there is no duty on pulp into the United States, and since the bulk of paper manufactured on the North American Continent is produced in the Dominion, it is strange that Canadians are forced to pay more for paper than the citizens of United States.

This is partially explained from the fact that United States mills are more expert in the manufacture of the higher priced papers, as coated book and the various varieties of the fibre lines, but we see no reason why Canadian mills should not acquire the necessary equipment and facilities for producing as fine a paper as any of the mills of United States, so that its citizens will not be compelled to buy fine book papers across the line and pay 35% duty in bringing it into Canada, when the raw material out of which it is manufactured is largely taken from the great forests of the Dominion. What is the explanation of this inequality, to the detriment of Canadians?

THE INVESTOR'S DIFFICULTIES

PRIOR to the Great War, general investing was confined mostly to England and France as nations. In other countries, certain cities were given over to the flotation of stocks and bonds, but when the War of 1914 was ushered upon civilization all countries were obliged to appeal to their citizens to buy Victory or Liberty Bonds, issue after issue, to defray the enormous expense of victory. As a consequence, many hundreds of thousands were taught the A B C of investing money, so that to-day there are few, even in remote districts, who do not know something about investments.

The investor's difficulties are multiplied from time to time, and there are always sharpers and disreputable brokers' houses ready to fleece the unsuspecting of their money.

In periods of prosperity or "boom times," all manner of persons, many of whom know better, are swept off their feet by the rise in stock prices. Thousands who are in no position to take risks, do take them, not so much against their better judgment as with that faculty relatively inactive. Not primarily through ignorance of fraud are investors led astray, but chiefly because of their own natural sympathetic response to the frenzy of speculation and extravagance that then provides the difficulty. Much may be done to protect the investor there by co-operative action on the part of bankers, or by governmental regulations. Rapid strides have been made in the United States and Canada during the past five years along these lines, for the governments discovered that through the media of oil stocks and other doubtful flotations, people in these two countries had been relieved of more than $500,000,000, that can be counted as loss.

It is absurd to waste much pity on the man who parts with his savings for doubtful securities, but with the many thousands who have so recently learned the art of buying bonds and script, it is easy to understand how the young investor can be influenced by the surety representative of the brokerage house dealing in oil stocks and other securities that promise enormous returns.

"The saddest feature of the investment situation is that at the very time when this simple, elementary lesson in first principles is being borne home so bitterly to so many people, many stocks are perhaps cheap. Obviously the time to buy stocks is when other people are selling, at the bottom, when

the darkness is about to break away before the dawn. The bold speculator, and the one who will probably be rewarded, was he who a short time ago sent his broker an order to buy twenty-five shares each of twenty basically sound stocks, all of which had but recently reduced dividends or stopped paying them altogether.

"But most investors are not equipped, are not financially strong enough to take advantage of the great cycles of stock prices and dividend fatness and leanness. If they buy stocks at all, the better time is probably when the corporations are just beginning to recover from a period of depression and are past the danger of failure or bankruptcy, without as yet being on the high road to full-blown prosperity. No one knows the best time to buy stocks. It is a search for the philosopher's stone, for the unfailing index in a world where failure must always be present, and perfection usually absent.

"For most savers and investors it is wiser to be sure of a few thousand dollars than to be uncertain about many thousands. The nest egg that one is certain of pays more grocery bills than the lucky fortune in the winning of which the chances are several thousand against and one or two for. But once the backlog is assured, then the risks of stock ownership may be taken on. Those who have ample means can and should take these risks. Indeed, their readiness to do so is the justification of private property itself."

THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE

AT the first meeting of the League of Nations in Geneva, Canada surprised the world in taking its place among the older nations as a factor in international affairs. The Dominion Government foresaw its opportunity in the League and took advantage of it by sending two of its most able statesmen to represent the country in the deliberations of the League Council. The laurels won by these representatives, in a measure, prepared the world for the role that Canada has rightfully assumed in the Imperial Conference recently held in London.

England, during its entire history of more than two thousand years, has stood before the world as a single entity in fighting its own battles. The British Empire, which developed on the British Isles, has also stood alone in maintaining its glory among the nations of the earth until the breaking out of the war in 1914, when it found itself unexpectedly set upon by the greatest powers in Europe. Then its colonies from every quarter of the globe came voluntarily to its assistance, and in conjunction with other factors that made up the power of the Allies, won the war. For the first time in history, the Home Government in Downing Street was made to appreciate the strength of the colonies, and foremost among these colonies was Canada. From the beginning to the end of the war, Canada served England as a colony, doing more than any of the other colonies because of its enormous resources, and also from the beginning to the end of the war, Canada acted independently, managing its own affairs throughout as an individual nation, and recently when the colonies of the British Empire assembled in London with the object in view, as stated by Lord Northcliffe, to bring into closer unison the families of the British nation, everyone felt Canada was entitled to first place as the recognized leader. This Canada did better and more generously than could have been predicted even by its most brilliant statesman; Premier Meighen proved himself as equal to the demands of representing Canada in world politics as did Lloyd George in representing England in the International Peace Conference at Paris at the close of the war. Canada is no less British, but it is recognized as a wing of the British Empire that must be consulted and reckoned with in all future plans that affect its citizens. England to-day is prouder of Canada as a nation than it would be of Canada as a mere dependency.

The Imperial Conference, attended by all of the British colonies except Newfoundland,—slight disaffection in Newfoundland kept its delegates away,—succeeded in accomplishing its great aim, namely, to arrive at an understanding among Britons that will cause the perfect machinery of the British Empire to go on forever, and the principle power of the Mother Country was clearly recognized in its independent nation.

CULLED FROM EDITORS

THE LEAGUE OF EMPIRE

London Morning Post.—The appointment of a Canadian Minister in Washington undoubtedly raises serious issues. Geographical considerations makes it reasonable, but geography may pull one way, constitutional procedure another. Canada and the United States have so many interests in common, particularly their long frontier and their close and growing trade relations, that it seems only common sense that the Dominion should be represented diplomatically in Washington. Without committing ourselves one way or another regarding the wisdom of this step, it is clear that, if it be ultimately carried out, it can be accomplished without breaking up the Empire. All these questions bring home to the reader in the Mother Country the somewhat staggering but, at the same time, inspiring thought that the Dominions are growing and that the war has accelerated their growth to a very remarkable extent. We have been trying to create in a narrow room an artificial structure called the League of Nations, while outside in the open air there has grown up by a natural, and perhaps also by a divine process, a tree which, without boasting, we may surely describe as the King of the Forest.—*Montreal Weekly Star.*

A FAITHFUL SERVANT OF THE EMPIRE

Smuts did a service to the Empire, as a citizen of the Empire; and as such he deserves our fullest thanks. He went to Ireland, not as Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa, but as a plain servant of the Sovereign and of the Empire, who acquiesced in his going. Few men are qualified to carry such a mission to a successful issue. He is recognized as one of the clearest thinkers among the public men of today. He is an acknowledged authority on international law. In a manner firm and conciliatory, he enjoys to an exceptional degree, by reason of his past history and his present conduct, the confidence and the goodwill of the Irish people. He was the ideal man for the task and his high sense of duty would have urged him to its accomplishment, even if his personal desires held him back.

Having performed a service to the Empire and tackled the thorniest problem in the Empire today, at a time when, according to the British Premier, the visiting statesmen who "had their own difficulties, were not particularly anxious to take up the Irish question of their own free will," it would be base ingratitude either to minimize the splendid work which he did or to picture him as a busybody, eager to poke his nose into other people's business.

The bubble of his meddlesomeness has been pricked, and we may as well double our meed of gratitude to General Smuts for adding one more service to the brilliant roster of golden deeds done in the cause of the Empire of which he is so able and devoted a servant. The answer of the British Premier also disposes of the enquiry whether or not the late Imperial Conference assumed or even accepted the task of arbiter and judge between Great Britain and Ireland. It did nothing so silly, so presumptuous or so dangerous.—*The Montreal Daily Star.*

THE DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE

If the coming conference at Washington is to reach any useful decisions, it must be left alone by the peoples most interested until it is ready to report results. To reach such decisions and get them accepted will be a difficult enough job in itself with so many captious and self-seeking critics in all the countries concerned, eager to find flaws in the work of their political enemies, and to inflame public prejudice against them. But the task would be rendered practically impossible from the first if all the preliminary negotiations had to be exposed to this cross-fire.—*The Montreal Star.*

WOODROW WILSON

News comes from Washington, D. C., that Woodrow Wilson, the foremost advocate of disarmament, should be a logical selection for one of the American delegates at the Disarmament Conference. Senator King, in an interview with the United Press, declared that the name of Woodrow Wilson will naturally suggest itself to President Harding in his careful consideration of the appointment of delegates in order to select men of the highest ability, experience and training. Mr. King pointed out that the former president had sufficiently recovered from his long illness to assume a more active practice of law, as indicating that Wilson's health would permit his participation in the conference.—*The Boston Evening Transcript.*

LATIN AS A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE

The linguistic troubles of the Peace Conference are notorious; in the Big Four, Clemenceau was the only member who spoke both French and English. Paris has lately been agitated by an unverified report that only English is to be used at the Washington Conference. If Esperanto had won such general acceptance as to be taken seriously it would have been helpful for diplomatic uses on many occasions during the past three years. But no manufactured language can command the prestige and authority of Latin, and no single modern tongue can take its place. For a time French seemed in a way to succeed it, but it is now strongly challenged by English; the controversy between them would be very easily disposed of if Latin were available.—*Springfield Republican.*

DANISH SOVEREIGNS IN GREENLAND

These must be gala days on the western coast of Greenland, since that arctic dependency of Denmark is extending, for the first time in its history, a welcome to a Danish sovereign. King Christian and Queen Alexandrine are easily the most distinguished visitors who have set foot on the soil of Greenland, since the Norwegian Eric the Red, back in 982, pushed forth from Iceland and, landing on its southwest coast, spent three years in exploring its uncharted coast line. Eric the Red later returned with fourteen ships, founding Norse colonies at several points, and during the succeeding years other colonies were formed. More or less regular contact with Norway was maintained for several hundred years; but after the middle of the fourteenth century these arctic outposts of Norway almost totally vanished from the record of history, and it is by no means clear just what happened to the Norse inhabitants. Many families doubtless became extinct, while those who remained after the passing of generations, in all probability, became absorbed in the native Eskimo population. And among those who greeted King Christian and Queen Alexandrine at Goothaab, the chief settlement along the 1,000-mile western coast line of Danish Greenland, were doubtless found lineal descendants of the Norse settlers who seven and eight centuries ago carved out for themselves new homes in the icy fastnesses of Greenland.

Since 1814, the settled part of Greenland has been held as a Danish crown colony. Its population numbers some 11,000 or 12,000 Eskimos and 300 Europeans, grouped in sixty or seventy tiny settlements along the shore. The colony is administered by Danish officials, responsible for the proper discharge of their duties to a government board at Copenhagen. Whatever measure of prosperity the colonists may have, comes from the trade in blubber with the mother-country; and if this trade does not produce a plethora of millionaires, it seems to be sufficient to supply the wants both of the Eskimos and the handful of Europeans who have braved the terrors of Greenland's isolation.

The visit of the Danish sovereigns to their colony in Greenland may possibly foreshadow new colonial activity on the part of the Danes. Colonial expansion elsewhere has been, for the most part, in temperate zones. In Greenland, Denmark possesses a colony of 45,000 square miles, and there seems little reason to doubt that the Danish colony can prove a more profitable holding than it does at present.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

Pacific Cable Station, Barnfield Creek, Barclay Sound, West Coast of Vancouver Island. From this building stretches the greatest length of telegraphic cable in the world—from Vancouver Island to Fanning Island in mid-Pacific, a distance of four thousand miles.

PINK AND BLACK

"Whom shall you marry," said Jack to Matt;
"The girl in pink, or the one in black?"
"I'm not quite sure," said Matt to Jack.
"But I'll let you know when I get back."

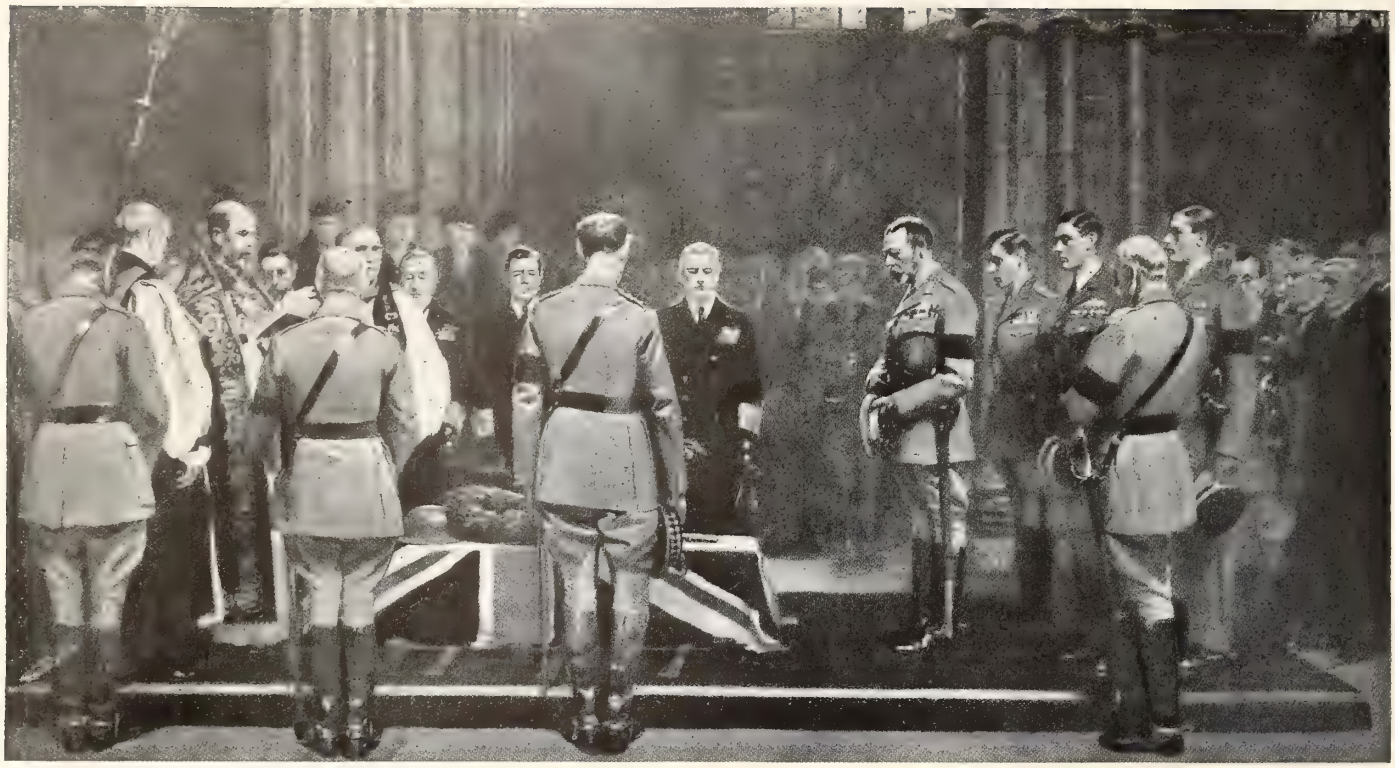
The girl in pink was a frivolous thing—
And though not a cook, she sure could sing.
She powdered her nose, wore expensive clothes,
And everyone said she showed too much hose.

Now the girl in black was quiet and neat,
Prepared for the worst of this life to meet.
And though not a singer, she surely could cook,
So Matt put her name at the top of his book.

Then Matt came back and married the black,
And often laughed at poor old Jack,
Till Jack got mad, and married the pink.
Now they are happy, 'tis very distinct,

That men, like women, are not all the same,
But each considers life a game.
He plays his cards, and hopes to win,
The one best suited to live with him.

NEM. CON., *in the Montreal Daily Star.*



AND THEY BURIED HIM AMONG KINGS —*Painting by Frank O. Salisbury.*

The UNKNOWN WARRIOR

By LILITA LEVER YOUNGE

Midst kings and queens who lie in state,
Midst effigies of knights in stone,
Priest, prior, conqueror, prelate,
He rests—the Warrior Unknown.

Unknown, but not unsung while souls
Have power to feel emotion's thrill;
Unnamed amid armorial scrolls,
Our hearts enshrine the hero still.

Not one of all the warlike Dead
Entombed midst pomp and pageantry,
With arms emblazoned overhead,
More claim to glory hath than he.

He sleeps, nor heeds each silent guest,
Within Westminster's hallowed gloom,
The secret locked within his breast
No lip shall breathe this side the tomb.

Patriot, pause! In him behold
Earth's bravest, noblest, typified,—
The dauntless ones, unnamed, untold,
Who gloriously fought and died.

On Flanders' Field, in trench, on sea
Where human life the least was prized;
The Unknown Dead, where'er they be,
Behold in him immortalized!

Soft through the Gothic window streams
The mellowed ray of moon or sun;
On many a 'scutcheon proud it gleams,
Of mailed knight whose course is run.

Those heroes of forgotten wars,—
How boastful of their deeds men are!—
Perchance, no braver Son of Mars
Lived than this Unknown Warrior!

HARVEST MOON

(Continued from page 15)

"Dearest," said Anne hesitatingly, "will you be very angry with me if I tell you something?"

"Angry with you? Hardly!"

"Well, then—I haven't forgotten my promise—but I miss Osborne—terribly."

"Anne!"

There was reproach in his voice.

"But I can't help it, Billy. I keep thinking how he'd love it here. I've written every day, of course, but I know he's lost without me. You haven't any idea what good friends we are—we're beginning to be actual comrades."

"You promised," answered her husband, "that—just for two weeks—it was to be me only."

"I did," she said, "and you're ungrammatical—but—"

"Oh, well," he answered, "I understand—I feel that way about Elizabeth, too—sometimes—I'll bet my bottom dollar that she's twice as pretty as when I saw her last."

"I wonder," said Anne presently, "if you have any idea what a really wonderful nature Osborne has? Oh, I know that you know—and yet he comes to me so often with things he wouldn't tell any one else—he's such a dear, Billy."

"Nice boy. But—I'm holding you to your promise, remember—and I can't help being jealous, Nancy."

"You needn't be," she said, on a deeper note. "I know that there have been times when you resented him, Billy. Times when I have neglected you. But, after all, my dear, if it ever came to a showdown—it's you, Billy, first and last and always—much as I care for him—you belong to me, and I—"

But here, Evans, staring into his wife's horrified eyes, removed himself from the bed and tiptoed very lightly, for so big a man, to the window.

"Billy!" said Anne, as she heard the window close, "suppose they heard?"

"What of it?" he answered cheerfully.

"But I refuse to explain!" she added, following her own line of thought.

"Why should you?" he said, casually. "Let them think—whatever they think. Come here and kiss me, you witch. You look about fourteen!"

Next door—

"A brother, of course!" said Mrs. Evans, hurling the pins from her hair.

"Of course," said her husband, and they discussed the matter no further. But, after breakfast—

"I've written home," said Mrs. Evans, vaingloriously, "half a volume. It gets itself read by parents and aunts and uncles and no less than five sisters and brothers."

"Aren't you fortunate," commented Anne Norton, just a little wistfully. "I often think I've missed a great deal by being an only child—and without even a cousin to quarrel with."

"Ouch!" remarked Harry Evans suddenly, apparently apropos of nothing.

"Wager I'm black and blue to-morrow," he told his wife later. "My hat, May, but you can pinch!"

To which she replied absently.

"Sorry, old fellow,—but—isn't it awful?"

"What? Oh, the Nortons? See here, May, don't let your fiction-mind run away with you—this Osborne bird is probably some old friend—and everything's quite all right—after all, this is America, and these are modern young people."

"It explains such a lot," his wife said, sorrowfully. "I knew there was something the matter. It isn't natural for any bride and groom to understand each other so well. They're married with some ridiculous idea of each-for-himself, a sort of contract, a declaration of independence. And I don't like it, Harry! It's bad enough after ten years—but, at the beginning!"

A day or so later they motored, the four of them, to the Third Lake for tea. It was a very lovely spot, with rows of trees marching sedately to the water's edge, and the little tea-house rambling rustically over a foundation of natural rock.

"It's too wonderful!" said Anne, drawing a deep breath—"Billy ——" she turned to her husband, "I don't care what you say—I'm going to send for Osborne."

"You little wretch," said her husband, "it's positively—indelicate. What," he asked, turning to May Evans, "would you think of a girl who goes honeymooning and then gets so bored with her husband that she insists on sending for an old beau?"

"I think it's dreadful!" said Mrs. Evans, with sincerity.

"So do I. But have it your own way, Nancy—and when you wire for Osborne, I shall wire for Elizabeth. We'll do the thing properly or not at all."

"It's a bargain!" said she, and stretched her slim brown hand across the table to him.

Harry Evans lighted a cigarette, his gaze carefully averted from his wife.

"Who's Elizabeth?" he asked, casually.

"My best girl," answered Norton promptly, "and next to my wife, the most charming creature of my acquaintance."

"Why claim her in that I-discovered-it tone?" asked Anne gaily. "I introduced you to her, Billy."

"Bless you for it!" he replied, smiling.

They were rather silent, the four of them, returning to the Inn in Norton's lean, gray roadster.

At luncheon, the following day, Anne bore down upon the Evans' table waving a yellow sheet.

"They're coming!" she announced triumphantly. "Both of them. Friday. And this is Wednesday."

"How jolly!" said Mrs. Evans, blankly.

"It's disgraceful," she said to Harry when the Nortons had finished a hasty lunch and departed, beaming, for an all-afternoon paddle. "I never heard of anything so cold-blooded. And I like them, Harry!"

"Of course you do," he said comfortably, "so do I.

The Evans were on the Inn veranda when Anne and Billy left to meet the train, on Friday.

"Don't you move 'til we get back," commanded Anne, "and if you dare to win Osborne's heart away from me, May Evans, I'll never speak to you again!"

Alone with her bigger half—

"I'm not going to wait here," said Mrs. Evans, wildly, "it is perfectly absurd—"

"It ruins our bridge," her husband responded thoughtfully. "Want to golf, May?"

But she didn't. And when the gray roadster purred up to the side door, rooted to the spot, the Evans heard it come.

"Osborne, dear," said Mrs. Norton, with the prettiest thrill in her young voice, "this is Mrs. Evans — and Mr. Evans—"

"And here," said Bill, proudly, "is Elizabeth."

William Osborne Norton, Junior, aged eight, and every inch a man, shook hands with the two most amazed people in America. And Elizabeth, going on six, very blonde and very shy, dropped her careful courtesy and fled to the side of a correct and comely nurse.

For a minute there was confusion.

"Show the kiddies and Mary to their rooms," commanded Mrs. Norton,"while I fan May and take her husband's pulse."

Billy, one broad grin, obeyed.

As the sound of their footsteps and the children's eager treble died away, May Evans looked down at the shining hair as Anne, curled up on the top step, tilted her head to meet the other woman's eyes.

"How long have you been married, Anne Norton?" asked Mrs. Evans sternly.

"Ten years. I'm thirty-two," the bride responded meekly.

"Good Lord!"

Thus Evans, coming out of a trance.

Anne laid her arm across May Evans's white-linen knees.

"We couldn't help it," she explained in laughing defiance. "I told Bill that when we arrived here, with all those new bags, and my oodles of new clothes, that everyone would think we were honeymooners. Well, we are! We always have been. You see, when we were married, we couldn't afford a real wedding-trip. And we decided it wasn't necessary. That we didn't need moons and scenery and things! So we went right home, to our first little flat. Bill took three days off, and we spent our time exploring New York. Neither of us knew it very well, parks and zoos and things, though we had lived there all our lives. And we vowed that when we had the money for a real splurge, we'd go away somewhere and have our wedding-trip. But the babies came along, and we didn't like to leave them. But this year Bill insisted. And I promised not to talk about the children or worry or anything for two weeks; we were just to honeymoon and rejuvenate and be happy. But I got lonely for my infants. And so did Bill."

"You deceptive little creature," began May Evans, her hand on the pretty hair against her knee."

"Honestly, we didn't intend to fool you—to keep it up so long. I mean. But you were so taken in! And so wise about marriage, May! And so full of old-married advice. Billy and I nearly died sometimes—it was too absurd!"

"You're a wonder!" said Evans, with conviction.

Anne looked at him sideways, from narrowed brown eyes.

"I'm a wife!" she said, and then sprang to her feet. "Forgive us," she begged prettily, "and get acquainted with my son, for here come Billy and Osborne."

She went to meet them and brought them back to the others, Osborne between his parents, a hand in each of theirs.

After a time, as the three male personages discussed fishing amiably, Anne, turning to May Evans, said softly,

"Elizabeth's asleep. Want to come up and see her?"

They stood together—presently—by the small bed and watched the long lashes lying close and thick on the beautifully tinted little face.

"She's lovely!" said May Evans, enviously.

Mary, in the background, slipped silently into the next room.

"She's all Bill," answered Anne Norton; "see her mouth? And the cleft in her chin? Even her little hands are his."

There was more than mother-pride in her voice. May Evans caught her hand.

"Happy Anne!" said the Little English Novelist. "Happier at thirty-two than twenty-two. Am I right, Anne Norton?"

Anne, tucking the blankets in about Elizabeth's restless little feet, looked up in surprise.

"Of course," she said. "The first year is nothing compared to the tenth—if you've got a Bill."

Mrs. Evans laughed, softly.

"The tenth year," she said, her beautiful gray eyes misted with dreams, "and still a moon of honey."

"A harvest-moon," said Anne, "a moon of fulfillment, of content. The loveliest moon of all. Come—let's go down, Billy will be waiting."

"HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN MARRIED, ANNE NORTON?" ASKED MRS. EVANS STERNLY

MUSIC

(Continued from page 31)

as Mme. Galli-Curci is doing,—by developing the purely esthetic part of her art. In Patti's time the public was satisfied with much less, musically, than it will accept now; hence we have the case of Mme. Galli-Curci, repeating as a colorature soprano, though in lesser measure, the successes of Patti, but, also, laying stress on the more lyric side of her singing, and giving concerts that would absolutely have fazed Patti, could such a program ever have been presented to her.

* * *

IN this imperfect world, progress, I take it, can only be effected by sacrifices of one kind or another; and progress in singing is no exception to the rule. If we have lost much of the smooth beauty of the older style of vocalization, we have gained sounder musicianship and pressed forward to higher ideals. The fusion of perfect technique and the most artistic interpretation is, of course, the goal to be striven for, always; but if the majority of our singers cannot warble trills and runs as fluently as their ancestors used to do, and if they are less thoroughly equipped for the battles of arduous operatic and concert singing, they are, on the other hand, better musicians and artists of greater culture, so that we have no reason to be discouraged—no matter what the croakers say.

TOSCANINI will conduct the orchestra at the famous "La Scala" Theater of Milan when it gives its gala performance, at its reopening on December 26th. The theater, which was closed during the war, has since been redecorated and the stage rebuilt.

for September

SCOTTISH LAND AND HOUSING PROBLEMS

EXPLAINED TO CANADIANS

By W. L. MANSON

SCOTLAND is recovering from the war—slowly. The process is much slower than we thought it would have been. In proof of this, quite a number of things might be quoted. Let us see if we can refer to a few of these, a few of Scottish-Canadian interest. This qualification narrows the radius of selection considerably, but not so very much as it might seem. For Scotland and Canada have a great deal in common, more probably than any other two countries in the world.

Suppose we take, for example, that greatest of all social questions,—the land question. There are few things regarding which Canada and Scotland have more in common than this, and there is nothing more important from the point of view of post-war reconstruction. Very well, then. We are making very slow progress in settling ex-service men on the land. We promised them a great deal, but when we,—that is, the men at the head of our national affairs,—made the promises, we spoke lightly. We did not know what we were talking about. We thought that the passing of acts of parliament would settle the whole business. Once that was done we could rest content. We were never more mistaken.

It is coming on three years since we ceased to fight Germany. The big armies have been disbanded, the men who survived are back in civil life, and 5,647 of them have applied for small holdings under the three Acts of Parliament—the Small Holdings Colonies Act, the Sailors and Soldiers' Act, and the Land Settlement (Scotland) Act,—all three administered by the Board of Agriculture for Scotland. Of applicants, only a very small number have actually obtained land, and there are ever so many difficulties even in acquiring the estates necessary for breaking up into small holdings. The Board of Agriculture find that there are lions in the path, and that they have not so much power to take over land as they once thought they had. There is, also, the question of money. The applicants require capital for stocking and equipping the land, and the great majority of them have got very little. Something like 60 per cent. of them have had less than £200 each,—say one thousand dollars. Now, a thousand dollars will not go far in these days in the way of starting a man on the land. It won't buy half a dozen good cows, in this country, at least.

There is also human nature—the greatest difficulty of all. When human nature expects to get something for nothing, it is disappointed when it finds that, after all, there is something to pay. So, for the ex-service men who have got land, for some of them at any rate, the Board of Agriculture gets money from the Government, and it lends them the money for the purpose of paying for stock and implements. But the Board finds that a good many of them do not quite appreciate the conditions of the loan; they "endeavor to evade their obligations." They also seem to think that the Board should provide them with farms fully equipped and ready, instead of with the ground and loaned capital, which they themselves have to spend economically after they have settled on the land —to pay interest on, and repay in accordance with a definite scheme of instalments. They look upon the Board as if it were the proprietor of an estate with whom they can argue and bargain, whereas the Board is only administering Acts of Parliament, and must work within the limits of these acts. It cannot be generous with State funds, or allow State interest to fall into arrears.

So the process of making the country a land fit for heroes to live in is slow, slow, and gives some justification for the saying that it is a country in which only heroes can live. But were it not for the hard times and the barriers that are placed in the way of immigration by the Canadian and other governments, the heroes would not live in it,—not all of them. They would shake its dust off their feet. So, at any rate, many of them are saying. If they could only muster up the number of dollars which they must have before they can land on the other side; or if they could provide the authorities with evidence that they have jobs waiting them, they would emigrate to where there are fewer difficulties in obtaining land. The shipping companies say they have no end of inquiries for berths on liners to Canada and the United States, and if the inquirers could all have fulfilled the conditions, there would not have been enough ships sailing from Glasgow to carry them. So, as soon as Canada wants men, it has only to say the word and they will come.

Housing is closely associated with land. It, too, is a matter in which we are recovering very slowly from the paralysis of the war. It is being looked after by the Scottish Board of Health, and the man who speaks for that body in Parliament says the conditions are "very lamentable indeed." Something like 11,450 houses are being built, but of these only 1,945 are yet occupied. That is poor business, and very disheartening to the enthusiasts who spoke about two years ago of a great whirlwind of house-building, which would provide homes for all in the shortest of time. House-building was to be organized as the making of munitions had been. But it has not come off. Materials of all kinds were so dear, and wages were so high, that when houses were built the rents had to be so large to pay interest on their cost, that no ordinary working men could take them. So there had to be a great slowing down in house-building, and, up to date, fewer than 2,000 homes have been found for families who need them. If the total of nearly 12,000 started had been occupied it would not have been much. But only some 2,000!

There are other things to which we might refer as evidence of the poor progress we are making, but these may suffice at this time. Let us now look for a moment at the other side of the picture. There are some ways in which we *are* making progress. Landlords all over Scotland are trying to dispose of their estates,—if possible, to their tenants. There never has been so much willingness, eagerness even, on the part of lairds to sell their land. Small holdings should soon be more easily obtained. Then, prices of farm stock and implements are falling. They have already fallen some, and they will fall a good deal more very soon. It should cost less to make a start on the land than it has done for some years back. Next, the prices of house-building materials and the wages of tradesmen are falling. This, again, will make for the cheapness of new houses. So, perhaps before Canada is ready to admit immigrants as freely as she did before the war, there may not be so many Scots eager to leave their own country. One never knows.

RAGS AND COMPANY

(Continued from page 38)

"Do! Try!" With a wicked gurgle in his throat Bandyke flung off his dress coat and placed himself in a belligerent attitude. "If you have come to turn my daughter's night into a scene of ridicule and shame, be man enough to tackle her father first."

Hereward stooped and picked up the coat. He gave a peculiar gasp, as of pain, and handed the garment back to the quivering host.

"Your daughter's night," he echoed. And Bandyke was so amazed by the change of tone that he fought down his temper, and nodded weakly. "She is a beautiful girl, Bandyke."

"Yes—yes—thank you, Hereward." He struggled into the coat.

"Listen, old fellow." Hereward found difficulty in steadying his voice. "Those were hard words you used just now, but I've forgiven them. So far as I am concerned—and I feel privileged in speaking for Miss Mallairs—there will be no more sincere congratulations than ours to-night. Do not say another word. With your permission, we will return."

THE dinner was one of those successes which justify a newspaper in saying so. And of all the company, none was so bright of speech as Hereward. There came an opportunity to propose the health of Septimus Bandyke (there was little in the nature of conventionality at that table), and Hereward dared to spring to his feet before anyone else could claim the privilege. Kitty, on the other side of the table, flashed a signal with her brown eyes; the saffron gown stirred like a bank of daffodils in the wind. This was the moment.

Hereward must have seen the signal, but refused to read the instructions in it.

"My old friend—a friend with whom I toiled in the dear dead days—a friend who was ever teaching me the grandeur of courage when the clouds were the darkest. Forgive the personal note; it will not be suppressed. The fortune that has come to him has brought gladness to my heart. Septimus Bandyke has fought on when the odds against him were incalculable. Defeat he has refused to recognize. What the Drama owes to his splendid resolution and undoubted art, the public will never know. . . Ladies and gentlemen, as bohemians, let us up on our feet and raise our glasses to Septimus Bandyke and his beautiful daughter."

That and a great deal more. Even the prospective bridegroom enjoyed the lack of restraint, for the host took the liberty of whispering to him that Hereward was just a dear, delightful idiot who must be allowed some latitude lest he explode.

Carriages at twelve. Hereward was almost the last to leave. He told the footman at the door that he preferred to walk to his hotel; and at the end of the street he came upon *her* waiting for him, as arranged.

"No, child, there is no explanation—at least, not to-night. My head is full of whirling thoughts—"

"Wine." This with intense bitterness.

"No, child—thoughts that enlarge this world for me. There is in human nature something deeper and grander and more pitiable than I had imagined. Let us walk briskly, Kitty; how perfect the night air!"

They walked on, keeping the park on their right, and clinging to the shadows cast over the pavement by the branches of the border trees. There was no one about, and, in a most natural manner, Hereward's arm lifted so that hers might creep under it. . . .

"I—can't—can't wait till to-morrow. Why did you change—deceive me?"

He stopped in the path and looked down into her eyes.

"Why, child, spit me if you're not weeping!"

She forced down the sobs that were in her throat.

"I have been weeping for years," she said slowly. "You told me that you meant to humble him."

"I went to humble, and remained to praise."

She waited a second. "I went to do something desperate."

"Because——?"

"Because the years have gone in his service and—and I'm still a failure."

"DEAR child!" He moved his hand along the forearm until the fingers gripped hers. "It is when we recognize our failures that we are on the road to success. When I met you yesterday I was overjoyed to learn that Fortune had been sweet to you, because I know of no one more deserving——"

"I lied to you, Hereward." Her face showed deathly pale in the faint light cast by the street lamps; he felt her fingers twitching in his. "It was all pretense. I have no cottage of my own; for four years I have been slaving in the service of two maiden ladies"—her voice teemed with bitterness—"ladies, presumably, who are more important to the world than I, although they have never done more than kiss the muzzle of a hideous toy dog. I gave my best years to Septimus Bandyke, because—because——"

"I can guess, child," whispered Hereward.

"Yes, you can guess. Then, when he had no further use for me, he pushed me aside. I might have clung to the profession, but—but a woman of thirty with one or two wrinkles across her face has to fight so hard for a square deal with agents."

"I know—I know, child."

"I'm a slave to two women who sit all day making silk cushions for dogs to lie on. I have to read to them because they're too lazy to read themselves, sing to them, amuse them, because—because I'm over thirty and have lost all ambition! When you told me of your circumstances—when I saw you looking so prosperous—I think I hated you for it——"

"Steady, child, steady."

"And when I read of the luxury in which he was wallowing I believed that God had forsaken me. I came up to town with the idea of walking into that house, to-night, and . . ."

"I understand. . . Poor little Kitty."

"But your idea seemed better than mine. This gown . . . I hired it from—from Goldstein & Brugg. You remember we passed the shop—the 'Rag Shop,' as we used to call it—yesterday. I pretended that I was opening in a new drama; I pretended to you that I was staying in a hotel; I pretended to myself that——"

"That all the world was against you, Kitty, eh? Do you think that I didn't see beneath the pretense?" He spoke so sadly, so tenderly, that the tears gushed from her eyes. "Thirty, Kitty? You're just a child."

She shook her head slowly.

"It would be difficult to convince the agents of that."

He tightened the pressure on her fingers.

"Agents," he said, "were probably the first 'rogues and vagabonds' of the profession. I think you're the most delightful child of your age."

IT flashed across her mind that he was making light of her misery. With a swift movement, she flung open the cloak she was wearing, he heard the click of the hook as it left the eye in the waist-band of her gown.

"Strike a match and look," she said.

He obeyed wonderingly.

She turned down an inch of the waist-band. A white linen tab was sewed on the inside, and on the tab was lettered: "*Hired from Goldstein & Brugg.*"

"Now, do you believe?" she asked, her voice all a-shake.

"I never doubted it," he said. "Here, take the matches and strike one in your turn . . . . Now," as she struck the match at his bidding, "I'm going to turn my back on you.

(Continued on page 61)

FLANKED

(Continued from page 21)

say? He was a good man to me, always. He gave me a home and fine children. Then he was taken away from me, and I have you, only you, to lean upon. You ask me for the money and to sign strange papers, and I know nothing, just as when he asked me to go to America. But I am afraid of this big store, and I do not like Mister Barker. I hope all will be well, only I cannot feel so."

"Never fear, mother dear! we'll come out all right. Barker will get his money when it is due—that's a whole year away—and then we'll be out of his power."

So ended Albert Olesen's first day as a business man of Bentham Center; and many followed like unto it. You shall be spared the details of how the business grew and prospered and how S. Olesen & Co. established reputation and credit, not only in the Cut-Over country, but with the wholesale houses of Minneapolis and St. Paul. But Albert found that as his business grew, his investment kept pace, and there was a constant demand upon his bank account for new stock. The earnings of the business were largely put back into goods, and when mortgage day was only a few months off, Albert dropped into the bank and interviewed Ezekiel Barker.

"Will it be all right," he asked, "if I pay off the mortgage on the home and let the three thousand against the store stand for another year? I need the money for new goods. The business is making a profit, but it will be crippled if I have to pay off the whole five thousand this year."

"Old Zeke" smiled, as he could on occasion. "Certainly, my boy. I wish I had a lot more loans as good as yours. By the way, send me over your financial statement for the last quarter. We bankers must keep posted on those we loan money to, you know. Mere matter of form, but still necessary."

Albert knew that the statement would please any money-lender. It showed a net profit of over a thousand dollars, of which only two hundred had been drawn for living expenses. Remember, you who turn up your noses at such insignificant sums, that Bentham Center is far from Wall Street, and that the hard-won silver of the poor is golden in the eyes of the Lord!

Three days before the mortgage was due, Albert went to the bank to pay off the two thousand dollars, with all interest, and to renew the other three thousand. "Old Zeke" wasn't smiling this time. There was a hard, wicked glitter in his eyes that made Albert's heart miss a beat or two. However, he went straight to the point as was his custom.

"Hold on!" cried "Old Zeke." "What's this? Two thousand cash and a renewal of the other three thousand! Well, I guess not. I need the whole five thousand, and need it bad."

"But, Mr. Barker," said Albert, turning pale as the whole iniquitous scheme flashed upon him, "you told me positively three months ago that you would renew the note for three thousand. I went ahead and bought more goods. I haven't the money to pay you."

"Get it, then," flashed the banker. "You trimmed me a year ago, but I hold the trumps now."

"All right, Mr. Barker, I will get it," Albert flashed back. It will be worth a lot to me to be done with you for good."

Albert spent all the next day scouring the county in a borrowed automobile, calling on bank after bank. But everywhere there was the same excuse: the farmers needed money to move the wheat crop; loans were over-extended already; it might be possible a little later, but three thousand dollars in two days—sorry, but it couldn't be done.

That night was the blackest of Albert's life. A year before, when his mother wept at the disgrace of his arrest for riding a bicycle on the sidewalk, he had to appear shamed, but his heart flamed with joy, for he knew that his enemy had fallen into a trap—the trap of the decoy letters from Minneapolis. To-night it was he, himself, Albert Olesen, just turned twenty-one, and a man of business, who was in the trap. For the want of three thousand impossible dollars he was going to lose the store into which he had woven the best year of his life. He was about to be hurled back to the sawmill or the harvest field at a laborer's wage. All his hopes of college for Hilda and Karl and Anna; all his dreams of a visit to the home of her girlhood for his patient, loving mother, all the fine plans he had for the betterment of Bentham Center, were shattered, and bitterest of all, "Old Zeke" would step into unmerited possession of the fine, profitable mercantile business that had grown under his hand and by the exercise of his brain, and reap the profits thereof so long as he cumbered the earth.

He couldn't bear to tell his mother, though her love sensed that something was wrong; but after he had shooed her off to bed with many endearing Norse words, Albert sat long hours beside the kitchen stove, thinking, thinking! At last he had an idea that brought him comfort, and then sleep came to lead him with opiate hands to the threshold of another day.

Albert was at the store before dawn. By eight o'clock he was on his way to the "Courier" office, where, as was due a good customer, he got his order for two thousand handbills put through in a hurry. While the printers were busy he mobilized five automobiles and three boys on bicycles, and gave each a route through the surrounding country, with instructions to travel fast, but to see that a handbill was left at every farmhouse—placed in the hands of the farmer's wife if possible. Karl and a quartet of small comrades covered the village.

Albert was advertising a "Special Bargain Sale" for that very night at eight o'clock!

"The fool!" thought "Old Zeke" when he heard of it. "He must be crazy to think he can sell three thousand dollars' worth of stuff out of that place in one night."

"Old Zeke" didn't go to the sale. Instead he went to bed early and slept the peaceful slumber of the wicked man who knows that on the morrow he will reap both revenge and profit.

"The sale will start at eight o'clock sharp," the dodgers had read, but long before that hour the store was crowded. The bargains offered were remarkable, but more than the lure of the bargains was the last paragraph: "I need money. You need goods. If you are my friends, I ask you to bring all the money you can spare and take away all the goods you can use. Albert Olesen."

This unusual document had set all the countryside telephones ringing. During the year of Albert's career as a merchant, his honest methods and frank, friendly manner had made him popular in the community, and particularly so with the farmers. All felt that there was something startling back of his appeal, and it was an expectant audience that waited for him when, at five minutes to eight, he came in from the back room and mounted a box behind the counter, midway of the store.

"My friends," he said, "the sale I have asked you to attend starts at eight o'clock. It lacks five minutes of the hour. Will you give me that five minutes?"

"Sure," cried a dozen voices. "Go to it, Olesen. What you want? Running for office?"

"I want just what this circular says," replied Albert, holding up his dodger. "Money! The sale will start in a few minutes, and you will be welcome to buy freely at the prices quoted, but I know that we cannot sell you enough goods to keep this store from being bankrupt to-morrow. The facts are these: S. Olesen & Co. owes Ezekiel Barker five thousand dollars. We made a profit during the past twelve months of over four thousand dollars. Until two days ago I was assured by Mr. Barker that he would accept payment of two thousand dollars and renew the firm's notes for three thousand, so I put the other two thousand of our earnings into additional goods. He now demands payment in full to-morrow, and if it is not made, will foreclose the mortgage. I have tried every bank in the county, but all have refused to loan me the money I need, in

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spite of the fact, which I can prove, that the stock here is worth more than five thousand dollars. You can guess why. I have tried to run a place that was a credit to this town, and have, I hope, dealt fairly and honestly with all of you. I know you have money to spare. I have here notes for one year, in sums of twenty-five, fifty and one hundred dollars, to the amount of three thousand dollars. They pay six per cent. Will you buy them?"

The crowd hesitated after the manner of crowds. Men shuffled uneasily as men will when asked to part with ready money. Women exchanged glances as to say, "That's the kind of bargain sale he meant!" The thirty seconds of silence that followed Albert's appeal seemed to him like thirty hours; and then there was a rustle near the door and a slender, feminine person slipped through the throng. Midnight ringlets under a jaunty hat, fringing eyes of wondrous blue, and a smile that was like a burst of June sunshine were uplifted toward Albert, and a daintily gloved hand extended five bills.

"I'll take a fifty-dollar note, Mr. Olesen, if you please," said Dora Barker.

"Hooray for the little lady!" roared a deep Scandinavian voice in the far corner of the room, and before Albert could hand the note to the fair customer, money was fairly raining down on the counter before him.

"Will to-morrow morning be too late?" queried a voice.

"I have until noon to make the payment."

"Put me down for two hundred. I'll be back in town when the bank opens," replied the questioner, "and get the money from Old Barker himself." "Me too!" "And me!" shouted others.

Almost in less time than it takes to tell it, the three thousand dollars in notes were taken or pledged. Albert had won again! "Thank you, my friends," he said, "now we will go on with the sale that was advertised."

"If I took advantage of this boy by buying his goods at less than they cost him, I'd feel that I was a bigger skinflint than 'Old Zeke' himself," bellowed a bearded giant. "I'm going home."

"Bully for you, Seth!" echoed another farmer. "We're with you!" cried others, and with much shouting and laughter the crowd faded out of the store into the night. When Albert had locked the door behind the last of them, he went back of the counter and wept over the pile of greenbacks, after which he took five ten-dollar bills from a separate place and put them in the worn wallet that he carried in an inside pocket next his heart.

NATURE NOTE

If flies are flies because they fly,
And fleas are fleas because they flee,
Then bees are bees because they be.
—*Border Cities Star*

JOHNNIE KNEW

Johnnie (to new visitor)—So you are my grandma, are you?

Grandmother—Yes, Johnnie. I'm your grandma on your father's side.

Johnnie—Well, you're on the wrong side; you'll soon find that out.
—*Border Cities Star*

Every singer in a quartette can point out three good reasons why the organization isn't perfect. —*Border Cities Star*

"Dearest, will you marry me?"

"I can't, Edgar. I'm a dyspeptic."

"Oh, that will be all right. You can go to your church and I will go to mine."
—Selected.

First Commuter—"What do you think about Japan and the Island of Yap?"

Second Commuter—"Let her have it, but in return make her give the U. S. California."—Selected.

Customer—"Give me a dime's worth of lemons, please."

Grocer—"Sorry, ma'am, but we don't slice them."—Selected.

Old Gent—"Here, little boy, you dropped two cents."

Boy—"Oh, that's all right. You can't buy anything with it."—Selected.

Prisoner to Guard—"What time is it?"

Guard—"What do you care? You ain't going no place."—Selected.

Teacher—Johnnie, "Who discovered America?"

Johnnie—"I don't know."

Teacher—"You don't know. Why, I am astonished. Columbus did of course."

Johnnie—"Well, how could he miss it?"

FISH

I met a man who wore a smile,
He tramped along a country lane,
I marked the light upon his dial
And called upon him to explain.
Says he: "I've been down past the park,
I'll tell the world it was excitin'—
Take one look here, but keep it dark—
The fish are bitin'."

I met a man who wore a smile,
He jaunted on a city main,
I marked the light upon his dial
And called upon him to explain.
"I'm selling oil stocks—what a lark!
The stuff I tell 'em is excitin'—
Pipe this roll here, but keep it dark—
The fish are bitin'."

Winnipeg. —D. B. McRAE

PEARLS

By JACK BALLARD

MODERN recognition of pearls as objects of value dates back to 300 B. C., although they were known to very ancient peoples, who, however, knew surprisingly little about the pearl-producing shellfish, though they were well acquainted with the pearl itself.

Many curious beliefs were held by the ancients regarding the origin and structure of the pearl. The Incas, of Peru, believed it to be the "egg" of the creature, while certain writers in the time of Alexander spoke of them as small white "bones," that were very hard and shiny. The Indian Sea's pearls were known centuries before Christ. Most likely they were collected by people as mere curios, or as objects of a superstitious regard. They are mentioned in Hindu literature. In the books of the Brahmans they are spoken of about 500 B. C. They are also mentioned in Chinese records as early as the 23rd century B.C. Mother-of-pearl is known to have been used by the Egyptians in the 6th dynasty—3200 B.C., but not until later did pearls come to be looked upon as having any great value. The Greeks and the Romans were thoroughly acquainted with them and their values; in fact, some think that the presence of pearl shellfish in the rivers of Britain was a great factor in influencing Cæsar to come to those shores. It is said, however, that at that time the pearls found there were considered inferior to those of the Orient.

Pearls did not come into use in England until the 12th century, simply because of the fact that the Anglo-Saxons, unlike the southern nations, were not so generally artistic. Scotch pearls were known to certain jewellers in Paris in 1355. The trade became so important that during the reign of Charles II, large numbers of shellfish were "cultivated" in that country. Soon afterward, the over-fishing of most of the rivers caused the industry to be confined to just a few streams, as it is to-day. The shellfish are now found only irregularly in the Spey, Tay, and in the South Esk; also, to a lesser extent, in the Doon, Dee, Don and Forth. The river Conway, in Wales, is the chief fishing ground in that country to-day. One of these Conway pearls is thought to still form a part of the British regalia.

In the 19th century, diamonds took a great step forward in popularity, but despite this fact, the pearl was, at the close of this century, far more valuable and sought for than ever before in its history.

Pearl oysters are more closely related to the common edible mussel than to the edible oyster. These oysters go by the name of shellfish or "molluscs"; the former name, shellfish, being the most popular. It is in the soft parts of these shellfish that the pearls are found. Many are extracted from the mussels that are found in the principal rivers of North America, and in Central Europe.

Ceylon shellfish are not only found in Ceylonese waters, but are to be found in the waters of the Red Sea, and in the Persian Gulf. They also inhabit East African and Malay waters. Since the opening of the Suez Canal, large numbers of these shellfish have migrated from the Red Sea into the Mediterranean. That makes a pretty long trip for an oyster. The largest and the most valuable mother-of-pearl oysters live in the waters around northern Australia, off the coast of New Guinea, the Malay Archipelago and the Philippines. In Shark's Bay, western Australia, is found one of the leading shells of the button industry. Those pearls gotten from common mussels are, as a rule, dark and dirty-looking; being good only as working material for scientific investigators. The ear shell, in which they are sometimes found, is fished extensively near the Channel Islands. The interior is a dirty color, and is coarse in texture. The inhabitants of the islands use the shells often to decorate the exteriors of their homes.

(Continued on page 63)

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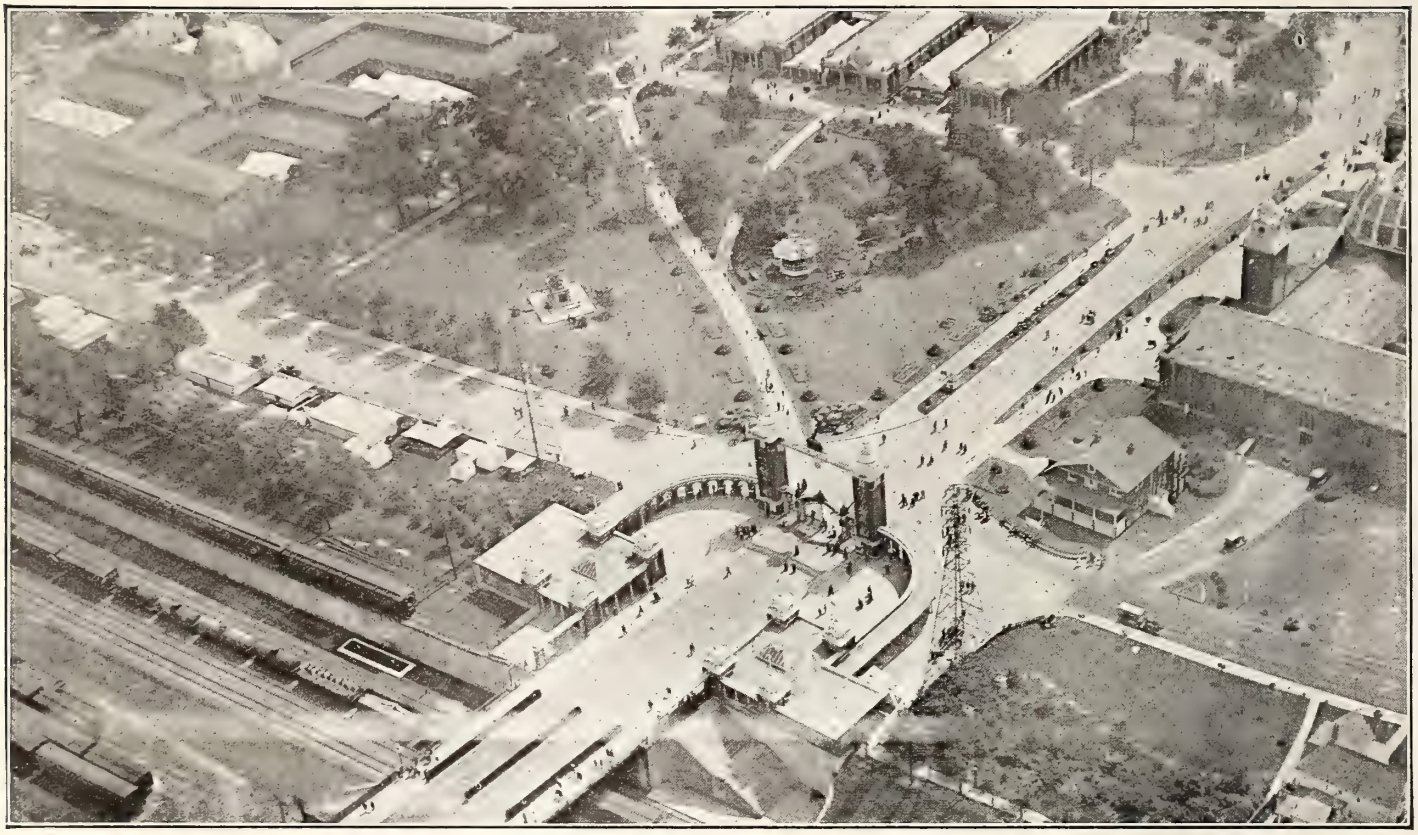
CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION



AERIAL VIEW OF MAIN ENTRANCE AND WESTERN SECTION OF THE CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION GROUNDS, TORONTO, CANADA

FOR the past forty-three years Canada has been relying upon the Canadian National Exhibition, held each year at Toronto, Ontario, to embody in its various displays the concrete results of the Dominion's endeavors.

The Canadian National Exhibition is now so thoroughly representative of Canadian life, pursuits, interests and achievements, "epitomizing the development of arts and crafts, education, invention and the various sciences of industry," that it has become the best medium of acquainting the people of Canada and the outside world with what has been done, is being done, can be done, and will be done in Canada. It also gives Canadians who have neither the time nor means for extensive travel an excellent opportunity of comparing Canadian and foreign products.

It is not the object of the Canadian National Exhibition to want to rival in fame and proportions any of the gigantic world expositions, where, too often conditions are such that the mind is distracted by a thousand wonders which the visitor discovers at every turn. It considers that knowledge gained under more normal conditions is more easily assimilated and more beneficial. The Great Fair, held yearly at Toronto, is a substantial National Institution, neither commonplace nor far-fetched. The exhibits are housed in buildings of stone, brick, cement and steel, constructed on pleasing lines with facades and contours and roofs appropriately decorated, but with the idea of usefulness, solidity and permanency uppermost in the minds of the architects. The Canadian National Exhibition invites comparison and competition, so we find numerous displays from England, United States and other countries. But it is the properly-balanced selection and distribution of material, the correct "valuation of values" which governs the Exhibition, that makes it so interesting to Canadians. The percentage of foreign element introduced is just large enough to stimulate the spirit of enterprise and encourage laudable competition.

Exhibition City, the official home of the Canadian National Exhibition, is uniformly constructed in accordance with the principles that are the life of the Great Fair. Its stone, brick, concrete and steel buildings, silhouetted on the skyline in cupolas, minarets, spires and domes, are invitingly impressive. The park of 264 acres, in which the self-contained city stands, with its one mile of lake front, is in itself at all times worthy of attention. The principal buildings are the Government, Horticultural, and Manufacturers' Buildings, with an annex to the latter; then the Industrial, Transportation and Women's Buildings; the Art Building and Industrial Building; the Dairy Building and Inspected Meats, Machinery Hall and the Poultry Building. Altogether there are 80 buildings. The Indoor Exhibit Space is 750,000 square feet. The Grand Stand has a seating capacity of 16,800, and a standing capacity of 8,000. Within the limits of Exhibition City there is stabling for 1,500 horses. This year a $1,000,000 Live Stock Arena is being erected.

The Great Fair is part of the city of Toronto's life,—a pleasing event to be expected in the year's programme of happenings. But thanks to its yearly recurrence, it does not

provoke any undue excitement or congestion, nor cause it to suffer from any of the after-effects which usually follow world fairs. Thousands of visitors merge in with the resident population and are easily accommodated. They thoroughly enjoy their visit to the hub of the Dominion, Canada's second city in point of population, which, despite the fact that it leads as a manufacturing and distributing centre, is a city of beautiful homes and educational institutions.

From a picturesque and artistic standpoint, the Canadian National Exhibition is as successful as it is industrially and agriculturally. Not only is it a well-rounded-out educational proposition calculated to show Canadians the benefits they can derive from application to their individual avocations, but it brings about yearly, in a way that could not otherwise be accomplished, the welding of national pursuits and interests. "National Progress" is the slogan of the Canadian National Exhibition, which employs the best, surest and most effective method of the times for going forward,—that of practical illustration and right incentive. Let none tarry by the wayside who can possibly visit Toronto between August 27, the Opening Day of the Great Fair, and September 10, inclusive.

DOGS AND DOGS

(Continued from page 42)

Long practice of catch-and-keep-if-you-can by these sturdy, muscular, handsome fellows, has taught them many tricks and sharpened their wits. A bully, for example, will watch the delivery of a big sale of fried chicken and its consumption through the car window. He promptly takes a seat on his haunches, outside, facing said window—and figuratively draws a ring about him, say eight feet in diameter! Woe to the yellow, or black, or white, or brown, or spotted or streaked, cur that is so foolish as to tresspass! The older the dog, the sharper his wits, for he finally reaches a stage in the struggle for existence whereon he subsists largely by his wits. One of these old dogs touched my heart at Esperanza, the station near where Carranza met his last defeat.

This old dog, his muzzle all gray and his eyebrows shaggy and overhanging, was a big, yellowish-red baron of the by-gone days. His jowl was still broad and heavy; his chest broad and sinewy; his forelegs of the bench style. But his teeth were blunted and his joints stiff. He could no longer hold the fort on the arena of "and dogs!" Nevertheless, he watched me purchasing chicken—and got my eye! A Parisian brunette never did a neater job on Rue Scribe! I winked the other one, and the old dog shuffled to the steps and came into the train and sat by me—panting with his tongue out! What would you have done? I divided my chicken more than fairly with him! As the train moved off, I saw my "old dog" limping away to take his siesta—between trains,—and there was a look of triumph about him.

Do not doubt for one moment that there is honor among the homeless "and dogs" of the Vera Cruz route. They fight for their food, but once a dog has won by might, he is left free to enjoy the bone. And they respect the cripples! There are cripples among them, too,—curious freaks of maimings. For once in awhile, a dog gets careless and carries his "catch" under the train to eat it in peace. He forgets his surroundings, the train moves off, and "and dog" escapes if he can. Sometimes he manages it—by leaving behind one leg, his tail, one ear and often two legs. Since he has no master—no home,—no human being troubles about him, and he is left to get well and fight on for existence. These unfortunates are invariably respected by the army of "and dogs."

At a small station near Orizaba, I saw a grand example of this honor and preference. There was a humble black dog with only three legs that had taken up his stand with perhaps twenty burly self-providers. His left foreleg had been crushed off by a car wheel, close up to his body, giving him an odd appearance. A passenger flung out the carcass of half a chicken, practically untouched. Luckily it fell within reach of the cripple. Although it was a morsel tempting to Dogs and Dogs, and the throng of hurly-burly canines looked at it, with chops adrip, not one stirred to take it from Blackey! He hopped away with his prize, in the perfect assurance that he would not be molested.

BRIEFS HERE AND THERE

A FRENCH scientist, Countremouline, who is chief of the bureau of radiography for the hospitals of Paris, is preparing a report to the French Academy of Science, dealing with his experiments with an X-ray apparatus. Countremouline has proven that he can photograph subjects through a stone wall. It will take, he claims, from 10 to 15 years to insure the success of his work as applied to biology. It will be steady uphill work, but he is certain of reaching his goal. The results he has obtained were gotten by means of an apparatus that photographed through a one-inch marble slab at a distance of 50 to 200 feet. It may be stated that the first radiograph machine was used in 1896, requiring eight hours' exposure with the plate only 10 inches distant. The remarkable advance in gain of time exposure and increased distance makes it quite plausible to believe that soon people will be living as in glass houses.

* * *

Director Gatti-Casazza of the Metropolitan Opera, is too wise an impresario not to make preparations for any contingency in his administration of the important post he holds. Devoted as he was to the departed tenor, Enrico Caruso, as man and artist, he had to keep in mind his duty to the directors of the opera company and the public. Signor Gatti therefore took what precautions he could to insure its usual brilliancy at the approaching season if that were ever possible without the co-operation of the distinguished tenor.

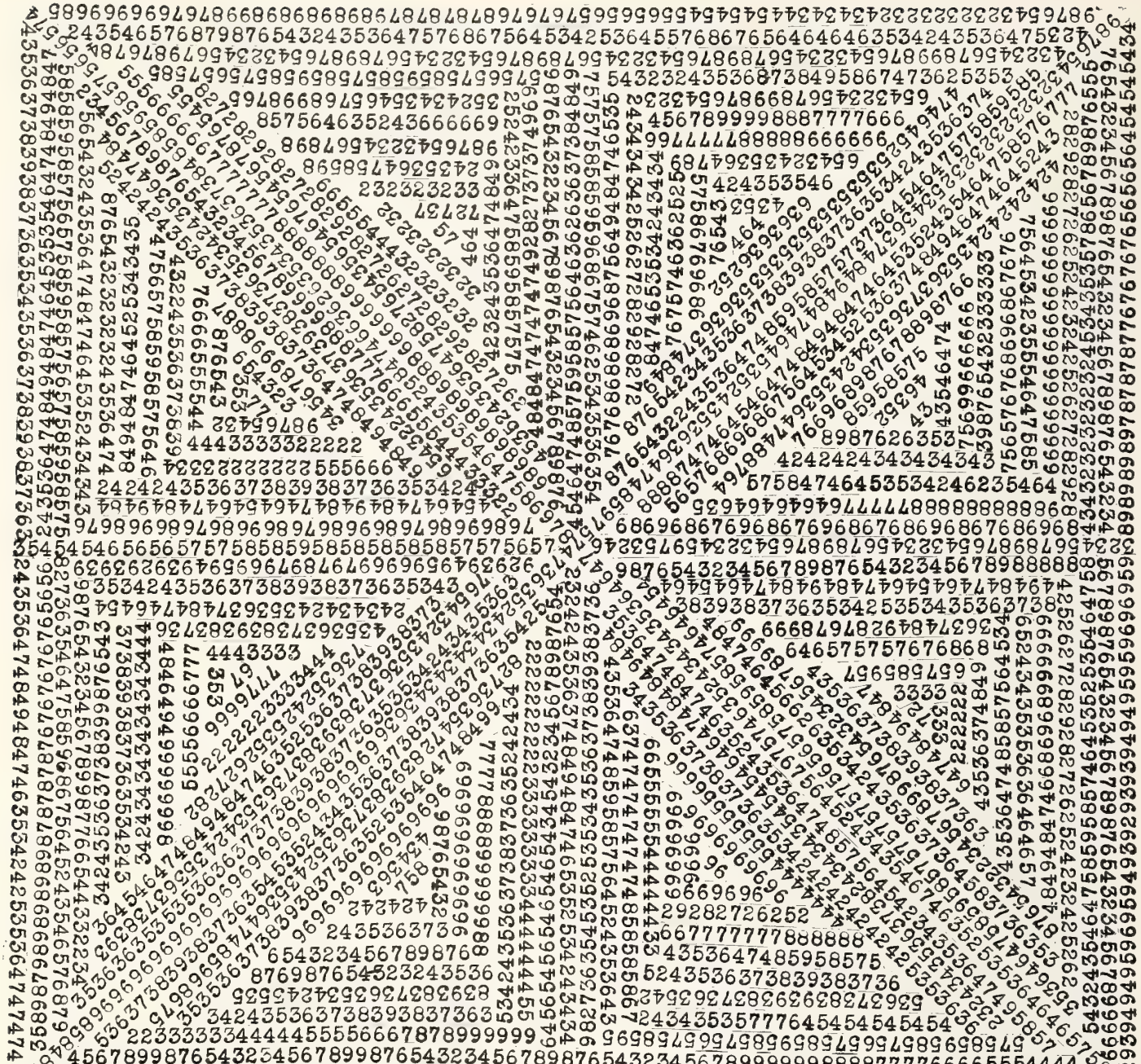
He sought the two operatic artists of the day who have recently met with the greatest success before the New York public. They are Amelita Galli-Curci and Titta Ruffo. He engaged the soprano and the basso. Mme. Galli-Curci's term of allegiance to the Metropolitan was materially lengthened after there came to be reason for fearing that it might not be safe to count on Caruso. No other artist in recent years has aroused such popular enthusiasm as Titta Ruffo.

But in the tenor choir? In Gigli the Metropolitan Opera House possesses a singer of the first rank who may under competent direction develop into an important performer. It was on the Metropolitan stage that Jean de Reszke and Caruso attained their greatest artistic stature. Gigli's future there lies promisingly before him. The most popular tenor in this country next to Caruso is John McCormack, and there may be a feeling of disappointment that he is not to be on the list of singers. But Mr. McCormack has his own public. He is essentially a concert singer and probably he could not under any conditions be induced even in the future to give up his unique place in the musical world.

* * *

Many British historians and antiquarians seriously believe the legend of Joseph may be founded on fact, and that the Grail, after more than nineteen centuries, will be uncovered at Glastonbury Abbey, where the work of excavation is being conducted. It was there that Joseph of Arimathea, who, legend says, brought the Holy Grail—the cup or chalice of the last supper, in which blood that flowed from the wounds of the crucified Saviour had been miraculously preserved—to England, founded a church. The excavation is being made north of the existing Lady Chapel and at the base of a pillar on which marks of Joseph's church have been discovered.

PUZZLE CONTEST



A Fascinating Offer

Thousands of people throughout Canada are subscribing to NATIONAL PICTORIAL, Canada's wonderful new Magazine.

In order to add a tremendous element of interest, and to afford a fascinating intellectual treat to its many subscribers, NATIONAL PICTORIAL is making a special contest offer during the next three months, which will result in awarding some two thousand dollars in cash prizes.

A puzzle contest has been arranged which will prove of decided interest to the thousands of readers of NATIONAL PICTORIAL. A figure chart has been prepared in which hundreds of figures from the figure two to the figure eight have been mixed up in a decidedly confusing manner.

Note the figure nine is not used in the entire puzzle. What may look like a nine is a six upside down.

Any reader of NATIONAL PICTORIAL has a right to enter this contest. All you have to do is to solve the puzzle and send in your solution accompanied by a subscription to NATIONAL PICTORIAL for from one year to three years, as you wish. Any present subscriber to NATIONAL PICTORIAL can become eligible to win a prize by sending in a renewal or extension of his present subscription.

This is a splendid offer and one that should attract thousands of young people who have the time and ambition to win a handsome prize. They can try to solve the puzzle, and if satisfied that they are correct, forward their solution with a cash payment for a subscription.

If you are doubtful about winning the highest award, which will amount to from $300 to $500 in cash, try for the second or third prizes, or in any event win

one of the $10 prizes, and secure that amount plus NATIONAL PICTORIAL for the length of your subscription.

If you are a young lady and are ambitious to win a college course, or a course in a commercial college, try this puzzle. You do not have to be the leading winner in the contest to secure this special prize. It will be awarded to the young lady who makes the best showing in the contest. Suppose that you only win a $10 cash prize, but have the best answer to this puzzle, or any tie-breaking puzzle that may be necessary to break ties, you can elect to accept the educational course instead of the cash award you would otherwise be entitled to.

Cash Awards

The cash award list, or prizes for the solution of the Puzzle, is as follows:

Highest award $300, to which will be added fifty times the amount of the subscription paid in by the winner. This award may amount to $500 if won by a subscriber who has taken out a new three-year subscription, or extension of a former subscription. If won by a two-year subscriber the award will amount to $450; or if won by a subscriber of one year it will amount to $375.

Second highest award, $200, to which will be added ten times the amount of the subscription paid by the winner of this prize. This may amount to $215, or to $230, or to $240.

Third highest award, $100, to which will be added ten times the amount of the subscription paid by the winner of this prize. This may amount to $115, or to $130, or to $140.

Fourth highest award, $50.

Fifth highest award, $25.

Also forty prizes of $10 each to the next forty successful solvers of the puzzle.

Also thirty prizes of $5 each to the next thirty successful solvers of the puzzle.

SPECIAL OPTION—To the young lady who wins highest award in this contest will be given the chance to select a year in a ladies' college. This will include her board, room rent and tuition fees for the regular college course. She may select this course in preference to any prize she may win, or may accept the cash prize instead of the college course if she so wishes. Or, if the winner prefers, she can select a six-months' course in a commercial school.

SPECIAL AWARD—A special prize of ten per cent. in gold will be awarded each of the winners of the five leading prizes if they send in their puzzle solution and subscription to NATIONAL PICTORIAL during the month of September, or five per cent. in gold if they send in their solution of the puzzle and subscription during the month of October. The sooner you send in your solution and subscription, the larger the prize you may win.

Rules of the Contest

1. Add all the figures of the same denomination together and state the total amount of each set of figures when added. Then add the totals of each set of figures, and state what is the gross amount of the seven sets of figures when added.

2. Remember that the figure nine is not used in the entire puzzle.

3. Every solution must be accompanied by a Subscription to NATIONAL PICTORIAL of from one to three years, as the contestant may decide, at the rates herewith stated. Present subscribers may become eligible to compete for a prize if they forward a renewal or extension of their subscription with their solution. Full payment must accompany each subscription or renewal.

5. In the event that more than one contestant send in the same answer to the puzzle, a tie-breaking puzzle will be prepared for them to solve in order to break the ties. They will have full opportunity to solve the tie-breaking puzzle, and the prizes will be awarded in accordance.

6. No employee of NATIONAL PICTORIAL, or of the Contest Department, or member of their family, will be eligible to enter the contest or win a prize.

7. Contestants may submit more than one solution to the puzzle if they accompany each solution with a separate subscription or extension of former subscription.

8. All contestants entering the contest will, as a condition and consideration, be required to abide by the rulings of the Contest Manager, whose decisions shall be final.

9. Contestants can send in the solution in their own name, and be eligible to win a prize, but can have the subscription sent to some friend if they so desire.

10. The contest starts August 27th and ends November 19th, 1921. The prizes will be immediately awarded and paid to the winners, except in the case of ties, in which event the tie-breaking puzzles will be immediately sent out, and as soon as the ties are broken the awards will be made.

Subscription Form

CUT OUT THIS SUBSCRIPTION FORM AND FORWARD WITH YOUR SOLUTION AND SUBSCRIPTION PAYMENT.

To the Puzzle Manager, NATIONAL PICTORIAL, 148 Carleton St., Toronto, Ont.

I herewith enclose $.....for a..... years subscription to NATIONAL PICTORIAL.

NAME.....Date.....

Town or City.....Province.....

My solution is as follows:

Figures 2 added amount to ..... Figures 3 added amount to..... Figures 4 added amount to..... Figures 5 added amount to..... Figures 6 added amount to..... Figures 7 added amount to..... Figures 8 added amount to..... The total of all the figures, when added, amount to.....

SUBSCRIPTION RATES "NATIONAL PICTORIAL"

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Two years,	3.00
Three years,	4.00

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An exclusive "*Onyx*"
feature fashioned to
accentuate the delicate curve
of trim ankles

RAGS AND COMPANY

(Continued from page 52)

I'll turn down the collar of my dress coat—the coat you admired so profoundly in the cab. What do you see there?"

Her voice was scarcely audible as she replied.

"'*Hired from Goldstein & Brugg*'."

He laughed quietly.

"Dear Kitty," he said, as he rearranged the collar. "'Rags & Company' seem to have been doing good business this blessed night. . . . *There was a similar tab on the collar of Bandyke's coat!* I saw it in the study when he challenged me to mortal combat. Poor devil! Our pretense is nothing to his. Among that crowd of guests were a dozen money-lenders and duns. The son of the knight must pay; he is Bandyke's only asset. . . . Kitty,"—she was strangely quiet—"Kitty, I'm tired of pretense; so are you. Listen, child: One part of my story was true. There is a brother of mine in Queensland; there is a chance for me out there. But—but I should hate to think of Kitty Mallairs, the queenly *Desdemona* to my tragically weak *Othello*, combing the hair of a miserable poodle while I was glorying in the new-found joy of honest toil among honest men . . . yonder . . . in Queensland. Kitty, will you come with me?"

She didn't answer, but he drew her head to his breast all the same. And the stars, looking through the dainty filigree work of the leaves above their heads, smiled benignly.

Dr. Van Hamil, Director of the Legal Section of the League of Nations, registered the first treaty communicated to the Secretariat, under the rules of the Covenant. The Registrar of Treaties is Senor Teixidor.

* * * *

Dr. Cope, head of the British Anarctic Expedition, according to despatches received at Vancouver, B. C., has discovered a new continent in the vicinity of the South Pole. It is described as rich in minerals, oils, furs. Strange birds of immense size abound, also brilliant emperor penguins, seals and sea-leopards. It is all south of Terra del Fuego. As he does not mention any inhabitants, may we hope that a continent so rich will reduce the H. C. L. for the rest of the world.

* * * *

Now Edwyn F. Naulty announces he is about to fly over the "Top" of the earth, making a stop at the North Pole. The world must be hard up, indeed, when it seeks so strenuously to make the ends of the earth meet.

* * * *

The Arctic Explorer, Donald MacMillan, left for his proposed one or two years' stay in Baffin Land. He and five others, three of whom are scientists, went on the schooner Bowdoin, which is equipped with wireless apparatus. The explorer expects to receive daily the noon-time signal given out from the Naval Observatory at Arlington, Va., also from the wireless station at Port Nelson, Hudson's Bay, 900 miles south of his winter quarters. There is no doubt that he will receive the messages, but the sending power of the Bowdoin apparatus remains to be tested. In case of accident to the schooner, Dr. MacMillan has taken along two thirteen-foot dories, equipped with runners of greenheart or "iron" wood, which takes a glassy surface in contact with ice. These dories can be used as sledges. The party are provided with all necessary scientific instruments and carry five chronometers, besides enough supplies to last two years and permit them to journey over 4,500 miles. They intend to construct non-magnetic compass-houses in Baffin Land from lumber they are taking with them. Let us hope that the wireless of the Bowdoin will not fail Dr. MacMillan's expectations. It would be jolly interesting to get a message on Christmas Day, when he might let us know what the Eskimo kiddies think of Santa Claus and the dolls he brought them.

The Face of Anita Stewart
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RECIPES

By FRANCES MARION FLOYD

The raisin is one of the most important of the energy-producing foods of man, because of its high percentage of carbohydrates.

This carbohydrate, which forms 75 per cent. of the edible portion of the raisin, is in the form of grape-sugar or fructose and levulose, both of which are practically predigested in Nature's laboratory and, therefore, ready for assimilation.

The value of the raisin as a food is by no means confined to its percentage of carbohydrates, for analysis of the ash shows that it is rich in many of the elements essential to health.

It contains Calcium, Magnesium, Potassium, Sodium, Phosphorus, Chlorine, Sulphur and Iron in form ready for assimilation.

The raisin is the richest of the dried fruits in the mineral elements of iron and phosphorus.

Canada's Cake

2 cupfuls brown sugar.
2 tablespoonfuls of lard.
2 cupfuls hot water.
1 teaspoon salt.
1 package seeded raisins.
1 teaspoon cinnamon.
½ teaspoon cloves or ginger.

Boil all these ingredients together for 5 minutes after they begin to bubble. When cold add: 3 cupfuls of flour, 1 teaspoon baking soda dissolved in 1 teaspoon hot water. Bake in 2 loaves for 45 minutes in a slow oven.

This cake is better at the end of a week or even longer. It "ripens" as does all fruit cake.

Raisin Paste for Sandwiches

2 cupfuls seeded raisins.
½ cup orange juice.
2 tablespoons lemon juice.
1 level teaspoon salt.
1 cup nut meats (or ½ cup peanut butter).

Wash and dry the raisins, put through meat chopper, add fruit juice, salt and ground nuts, either English walnuts, roasted peanuts or peanut butter; mix together until smooth; pack in jelly glasses. It will keep a long time, and makes most delicious sandwiches.

Caramel Apples with Raisins

½ cup seeded raisins.
6 tart apples.
2 tablespoons butter.
1 cup light brown sugar.
⅓ cup water.

Pare, core and halve the apples and arrange in a broad saucepan or aluminum frying-pan. Cover over with the raisins, then sugar; add the butter, cut into bits, add water and stew gently until apples are tender and the butter and sugar have formed a rich caramel. May be served hot or cold, with or without cream, or as an accompaniment to plain boiled rice.

Oatmeal Cookies

Cream three-fourths of a cup of butter and one cup sugar, then add two eggs; sift three-fourths of a teaspoon of soda into two cups flour, half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon cinnamon, or a little grated nutmeg, then add two cups of rolled oats and one cup chopped raisins; this will seem very stiff, but must be so. Drop from a teaspoon into pans and bake.

Corn Chowder

2 rounded tablespoonfuls bacon.
3 rounded tablespoonfuls onions.
1 pint diced potatoes.
½ pint turnips.
⅓ can corn.
1 teaspoonful salt.
1 quart milk.

Cut the bacon into fine pieces and fry until crisp, then add the onion, which has been cut fine, and cook until a golden brown; add the potatoes and turnips, which have been diced, and cover with cold water. Cook until vegetables are tender, then add corn and milk, but do not cover after the milk is added. Let boil slowly for 20 minutes and serve with strips of toasted bread. The turnips may be omitted.

Cabbage Stewed with Sausage

2 dozen small sausages.
1 head cabbage.
1 tablespoonful lard.
Salt to taste.
1 inch of red pepper pod.
1 pound of fresh pork.

Wash the cabbage well, after having cut into quarters and allowed it to soak half an hour. Cut the cabbage into shreds and scald with boiling water for about 15 minutes. Throw off this water and cover it again with boiling water and let it boil for twenty minutes. In the meantime prick each sausage in several places and cut the meat into pieces of about two inches in length and one in thickness; put the lard in the frying-pan and fry the sausages and meat until they are about half-done, then drain the cabbage and turn into the sausage and meat and the fat drippings. Cover and stew gently where it will not scorch, for at least forty minutes; season with salt and add, immediately after turning in the cabbage, an inch of red pepper pod. Let all simmer till the cabbage is quite done, and then put in a dish with the sausage and meat piled in the centre, and the cabbage heaped around as a border.

Suggestions

In case of emergency, nice clean wrapping paper makes a splendid substitute for a bread board.

The right side of cuffs, collars, belts, or any portion of a garment which has a lining, will iron out smoother if the lining side is ironed first.

To have napkins or handkerchiefs just right for ironing, dampen them by placing a wet one between two dry ones, fold over, roll tightly and leave until ready to iron them.

A pinch of soda put in milk that is slightly sour will restore its sweetness.

Cheese keeps fresh much longer if wrapped in a cloth dampened in water to which vinegar has been added.

Keep the top of the salt cellar tightly covered with waxed paper between meals, and the salt will not become damp.

The syrup used for boiled icing should be cooked very, very slowly.

Tomatoes are recommended, not only for their nutritious qualities, but for the soluble salts they contain, which make them the best medicinal vegetable on the market. Where formerly, when first discovered, they were considered poisonous, tomatoes are now proclaimed a most healthful food in whatever form they may be served.

PEARLS (Continued from page 55)

This shell has been fished along the coasts of China, Japan, California, New Zealand, and South Africa. They attach themselves to other shells, or to rocks by the use of a large muscular foot, just as the limpet does. No doubt it is thought by many readers that these "gems of the ocean" are bought and sold according to their actual weight; but such is not the case, as they are sold by the square of their weight instead. Thus: say that the base value of a one-grain pearl be taken at 20s., a two-grain pearl, then, has a value of £4. Of course, the values of those of extreme lustre and perfection are computed otherwise. Some manufacturers are showing great skill in the production of artificial pearls. A large number of those seen on the market are not the genuine article at all, as many owners of them suppose them to be.

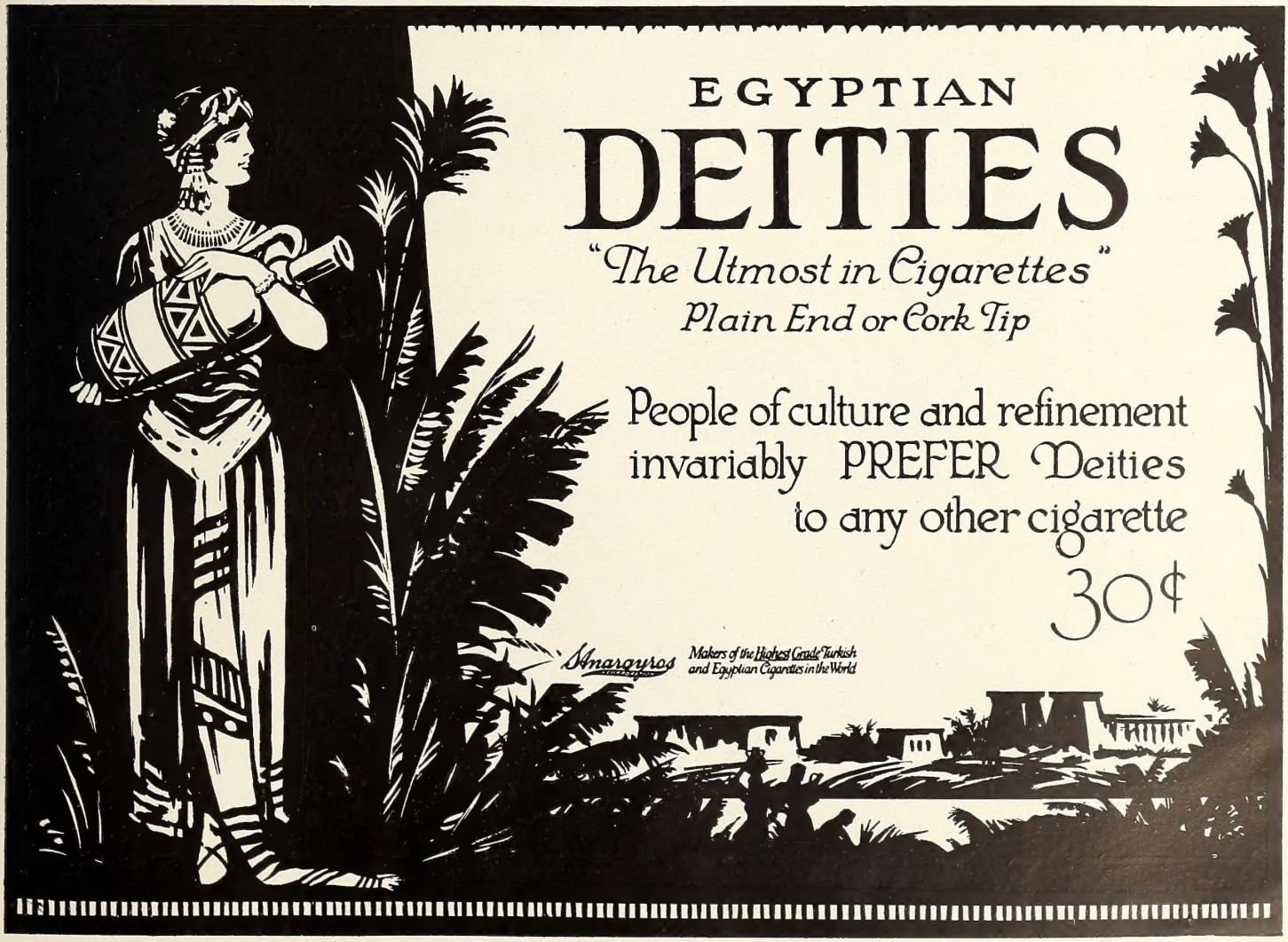
Fashionable jewellers of the Rue de la Paix are smiling among themselves over the recent reports that a Japanese expert has devised a cultivating process by which he claims to produce pearls that cannot be told from the genuine Oriental variety, and bring about the same kind of price. The Japanese gem is reported to be propagated by the introduction into the oyster of a small stick of mother-of-pearl; or a tiny ball of meerschaum; which, in the course of events, becomes covered over with a good coating of the substance that the oyster secretes in the formation of real pearls. It takes several years' time, however, for this process to take place. It would probably require at least fifty years to form a solid pearl by this method, and who is it that wants to feed and care for an oyster for fifty years?

Not only must they be given the best of care possible in the fisheries, but when they are being prepared for the public to see and buy, pearls must be treated with an equal amount of consideration. One instance in a pearl's lifetime when it is handled with the utmost caution is when a hole is being put through the centre of it, previous to stringing. This is a very delicate operation indeed, but if there are any defects in it, they may often be hidden entirely; or even partly so, if a great amount of skill is shown by the workman. The cord used in stringing pearls is the best of silk. Restringing should take place at intervals of from three to six or twelve months, according to the amount of wear given to them.

There have been many famous pearls that have been mentioned in the world's history. The first that we will mention in this respect are those famous gems worn by Cleopatra, the story of which is known to the majority of people. Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, 1433-1477, is said to have possessed a very large and valuable pearl, ranking well along with those of his time. Those owned by Mary Stuart were also among the most famous of the time. They were considered to be the most beautiful in Europe.

The total value of the pearls used in the building of the Peacock Throne, in the Orient, was thought to be around £12,000,000, although, at present, it would more than likely be nearer £2,000,000. The shawl or carpet of pearls, in the possession of the Gaikwar of Baroda, is supposed to be the most costly ornament in the world. It is worth about £1,000,000. The Hope pearl and La Pellegrina are very large and fine specimens, often referred to by writers. The latter is one of the most wonderful in the world, perfectly spherical, and weighing 111½ grains. It is now believed to be in Moscow. The Hope pearl belongs to a banker in London, and is considered the world's largest. It weighs 1,800 grains, or about 3 ounces. Its present value is now set at £9,000.

Commercial pearl fishing is still a great speculation, and only after a great deal more experimental work in accord with scientific advice is done, can nature be reined to the laws of man, and guided along paths suitable to industry.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LIBERTY SUPER-TEAM TRACTOR

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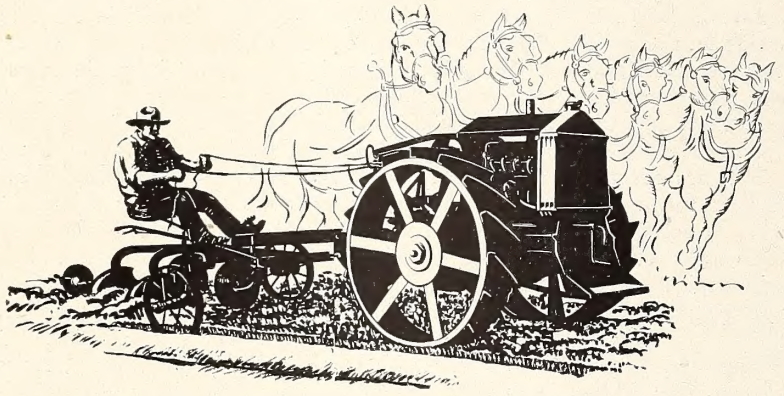

For your enlightenment, see the "SUPER-TEAM" tractor
and put it to any test

THE best LIBERTY Advertisements are never published in any newspaper or magazine.

They are the words of praise freely spoken by those who have tested the LIBERTY "SUPER-TEAM."

After the first demonstration you will say, "I always knew there would be such a tractor."

The end of every workday adds further practical proofs as to the higher excellence and greater economy of

LIBERTY "SUPER-TEAM" TRACTORS

LIBERTY TRACTOR CORPORATION

Authorized Capital, Michigan Corporation - $1,000,000.00

Geo. D. Gray, President R. J. Sherman, Vice-President Roy J. Neely, Secretary-Treasurer

Factory and General Offices: DETROIT **Canadian Offices: Windsor, Ontario**

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